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By Meryl Gordon

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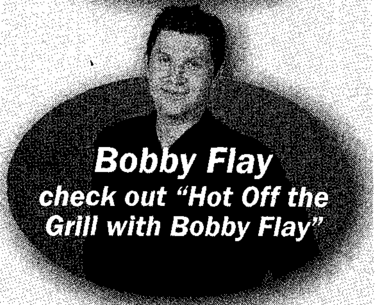

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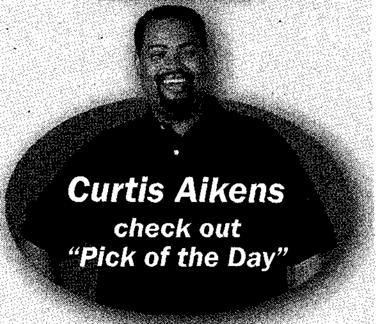

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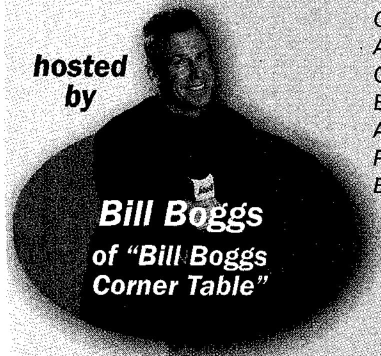

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By Meryl Gordon

The city's elite Democrats are waging hand-to-hand combat with their checkbooks in what has become the first presidential face-off: the money primary. And the battle is not just between Bill Bradley and Al Gore; it's pitting Spike Lee against Steven Rattner and Tommy Hilfiger against Tim Zagat. Bradley may be riding the predictable Clinton backlash, but he's also roused anti-Establishment fervor in the set who went "Clean for Gene" 30 years ago.

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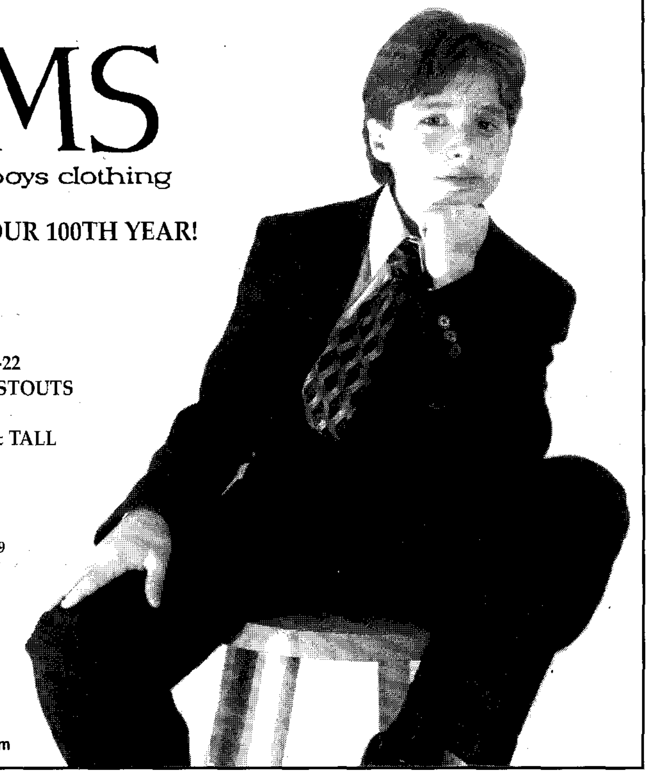

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Greed Is Not Good

Little sympathy for the merely rich: Happiness is not a weekend estate in Bedford; Dennis Block a defector? Weil, Gotshal & Manges begs to differ.

THANK YOU FOR REAFFIRMING MY desire to move out of the city. After reading Joanne Kaufman's "Manhattan Mother Lode" [May 10], I had questioned my decision. Wouldn't it be nice, I thought, to live steps away from the Met and have the local deli owners and dry cleaners know my kids' names? Wouldn't I be doing them some cultural or educational disservice by giving them the same kind of upbringing I had in the suburban town where I grew up? But Ralph Gardner Jr. ["Class Struggle on Park Avenue," June 14] brought me back to my senses. While my husband's successful career as an investment banker has provided us with a fairly large apartment on the wrong (oops, I mean West) side and I have every reason to believe we will be able to afford to send our kids to a New York City private school, we won't, based on principle. I refuse to let my kids even begin to get the inkling that somehow not arriving at school in a private car or not having a weekend estate in Bedford is a character flaw. Better they forsake music lessons at Diller-Quaile and play Barbies with kids who don't know where the Hamptons are.

Ryann Pegler
MANHATTAN

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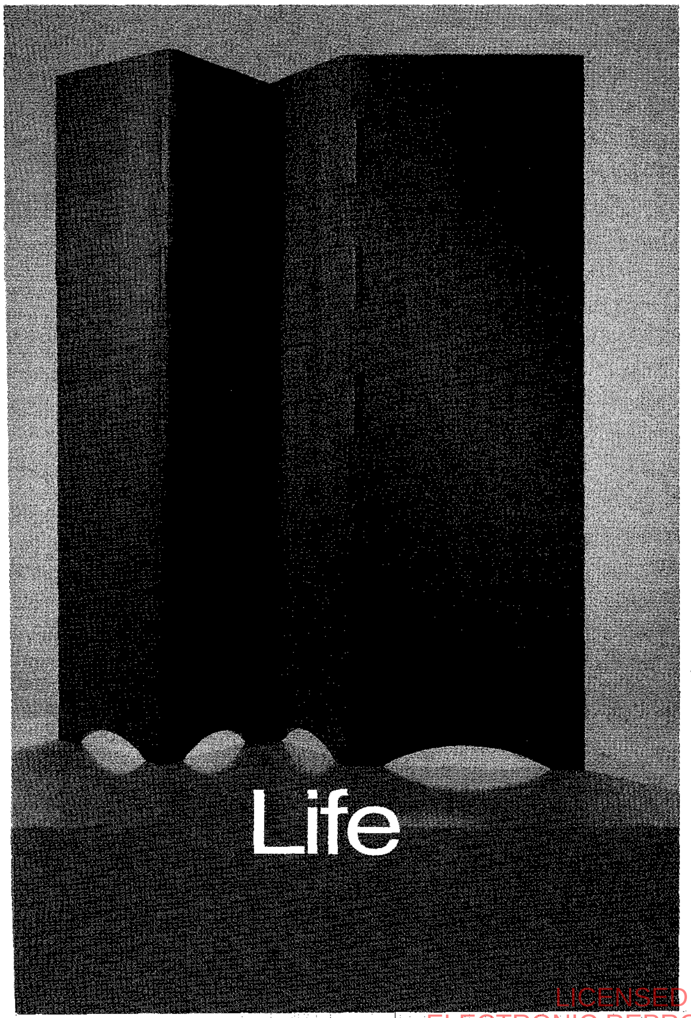
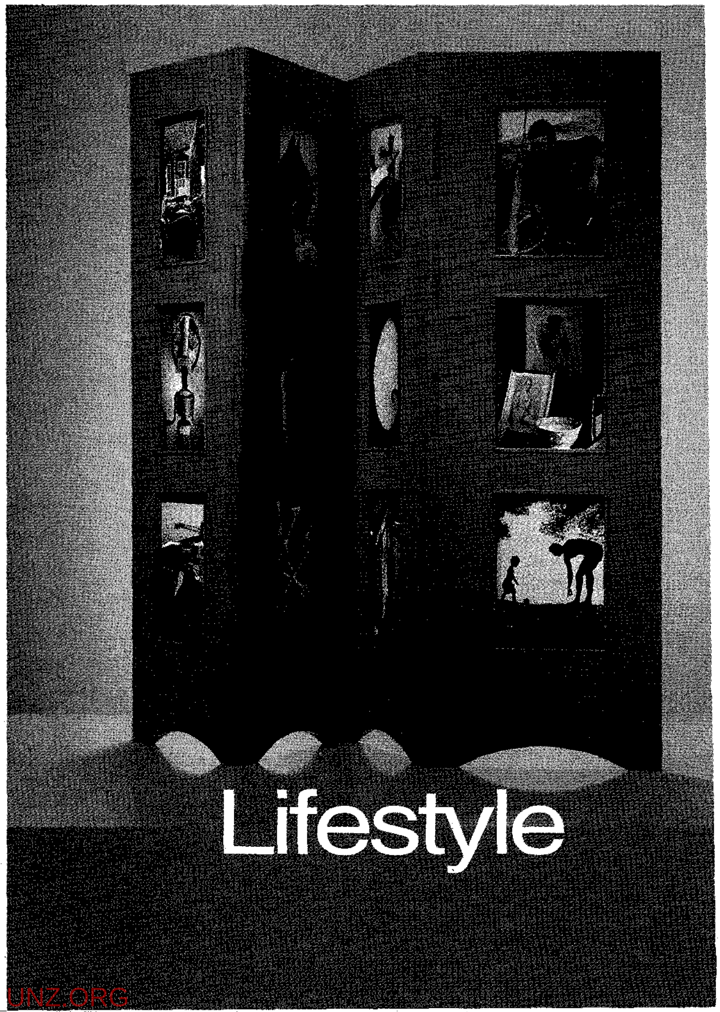
"ANN" SHOULD BE COUNTING HER BLESSings that she doesn't live in a cardboard box. Instead of worrying about not giving her daughter $3,000 watches, she should be trying to prevent her children from growing up to be shallow like their mother. Ann has two homes, brings in a steady income, and sends her children to private schools—that doesn't sound like owning nothing. She says that her parents' lives were emptier than hers: She sounds pretty damn empty to me.

J. Waring
FAIRFIELD, CONN.

I WAS MORE THAN A LITTLE BIT SICKENED BY your recent issue on envy. Like some of the professionals profiled, I put my Ivy League education toward a particularly unlucrative career: urban education. While I've also seen a number of my peers "make it" and have occasionally been bitten by the demon of envy, my career choices have also allowed me to develop an appreciation for the privileges my middle-class status confers. What's





painfully apparent to me in my work with New York City's public schools is not how much happier I would be with 100 times my assets but how many people in this city are not able to share the comforts of financial stability. I wish the Upper East Siders bemoaning their measly incomes as lawyers and bankers would take a walk two miles north and count their blessings.

Karen Rosenberg
MANHATTAN

YOUR "ENVY" ISSUE REALLY SNAPPED ME back into reality. With a strong marriage, two healthy children, a loving family, and great friends, I thought I had really "made it." But since I have assets of way less than a million, I guess I need to get with the program and start paying attention to what is really important.

Nina Lerner
MAPLEWOOD, N.J.

IF THE SO-CALLED NEW-SUBCLASS NEW Yorkers are feeling left out of the new money boom, maybe they should stop and ask themselves: Is it worth keeping up with the Joneses? Perhaps those interviewed for the piece need to look at the vast majority in this country who don't have stock options in order to feel better about their standard of living. Call it keeping above the Simpsons.

Ivan Carvalho
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Unfinished Business

IT IS OVER A YEAR SINCE DENNIS BLOCK was asked to leave Weil, Gotshal & Manges. Since the firm's decision was considered by us to be internal firm business, we attempted to avoid characterizing the circumstances of Mr. Block's departure when dealing with the press. Sadly, he has elected to do the opposite. It is now clear from his comments to your magazine ["The Drudge Report," by T. Z. Parsa, June 21] and other publications that we have no choice but to set the record straight.

There had been a long history of inappropriate conduct by Mr. Block toward partners, associates, staff members, and vendors that, despite repeated warnings, went uncorrected. Finally, in May 1998, Mr. Block was told by the firm's management committee that he should leave the firm and that if he did not do so, the partnership would be asked to expel him. This ultimatum led to an agreement for Mr. Block's departure. We advised him that we would afford him time to relocate his practice, and he agreed to do so as quickly as possible, indicating that he believed he would be at a new firm within several weeks. Unfortunately, because of his difficulties in finding a firm to join, this process took nearly three months. Only one partner, out of many he solicited from both his former department and the corporate department, chose to follow him. WGM is a much better place following Mr. Block's departure; his former department is thriving and (in contrast to how Mr. Block managed it) is now totally integrated into the firm. There has been no adverse financial impact from his departure; the entire firm continues to be successful and growing in the United States, England, and the rest of Europe. We had hoped, for Mr. Block's sake, not to publicly elevate the circumstances surrounding his departure. Unfortunately, Mr. Block chose to put the matter into the public forum.

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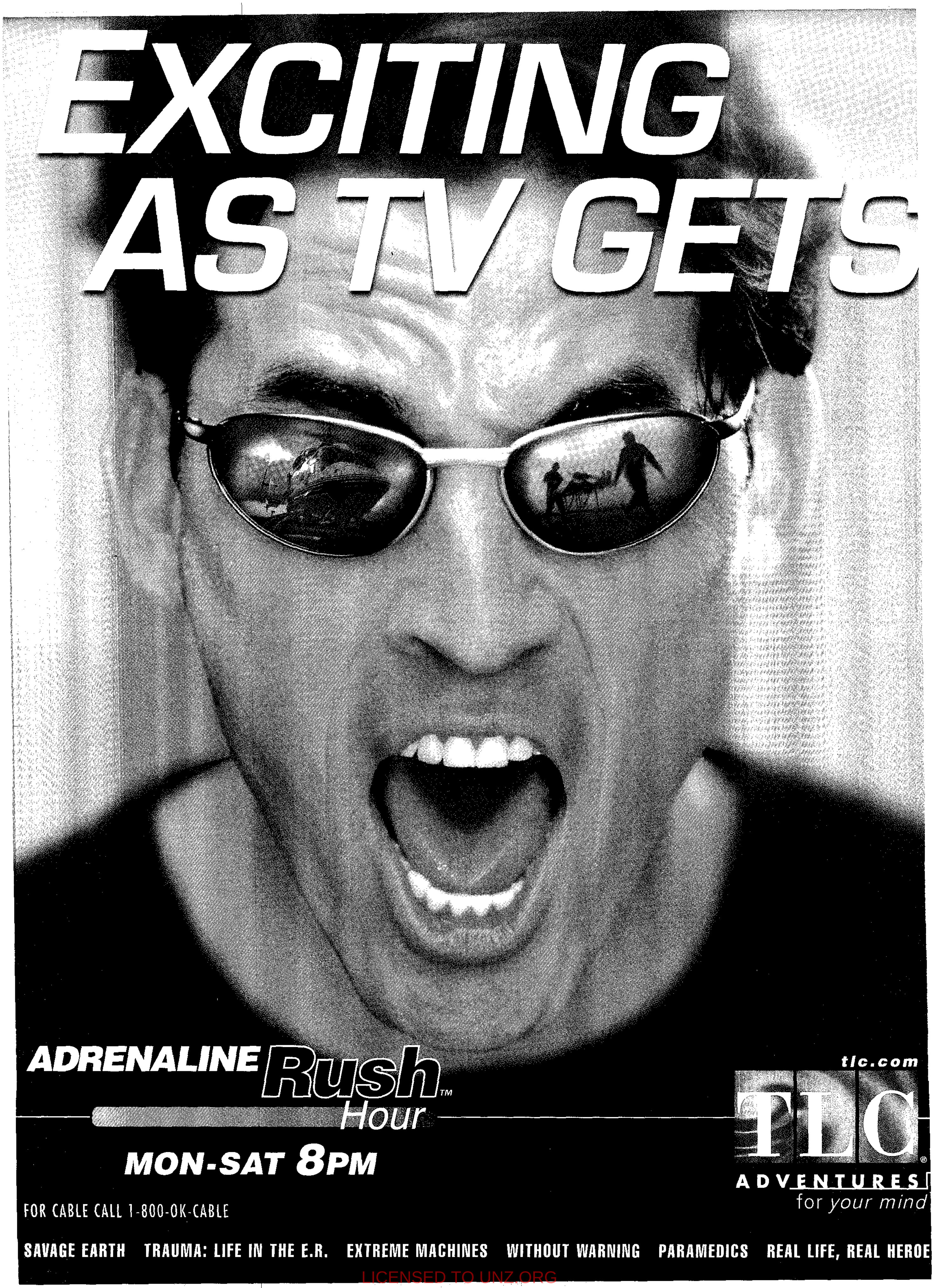

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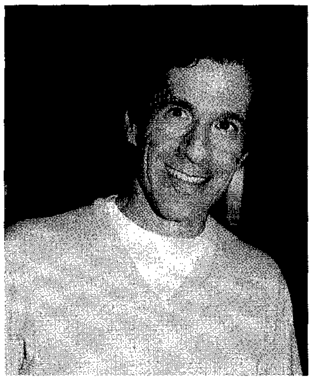
INTELLIGENCER

MORTON'S NOT SOLOW ON THIS DEAL

How could the same house have been sold to two different people at the same time? It happened in East Hampton last year, when Hard Rock entrepreneur **Peter Morton** agreed to pay about $10 million for an oceanfront home near **Kelly Klein**'s and **Steven Spielberg**'s. Manhattan builder **Sheldon Solow** bought the same house for $4.9 million three days later. Huh? Morton, buying from Dr. **Gary Feldstein**, signed not a traditional contract but rather an agreement to buy once Feldstein had title. It turns out that Feldstein himself had bought the house from **Jack Rounick** for $7 million in a complicated deal that allowed him to live in the house while he was paying for it. But when Rounick heard about Feldstein's plan to flip the property to Morton, according to a source close to the imbroglio, he got "mad." So this past August 13, Rounick signed a contract with Solow to sell the house for $4.9 million (which was about what Feldstein owed Rounick at the time). Signing that contract, charges Morton's attorney, **Errol Margolin,** was like "buying a lawsuit." Make that three lawsuits: Feldstein sued Rounick and Solow to get title (an action still pending in state court); Solow tried to have Feldstein evicted in landlord-tenant court (a case he gave up); and, most recently, Solow sued Morton in federal court (also pending). Tensions are so high that retired judge **Armand Araujo** has been assigned to sit in on depositions among the warring moguls. Now Solow has the deed, Feldstein has the keys—and it's up to the judges to decide how to get both components of successful home ownership into the same pair of hands.



Peter Morton:
Whose house is it, anyway?

MURDOCH BREACHES OWN SECURITY

With a multibillion-dollar media empire, one could expect a little recognition, but that wasn't the case recently when **Rupert Murdoch** tried to walk into his own New York *Post* offices. According to an eyewitness, Murdoch attempted to enter the building a mere five minutes into the late shift—when all employees are expected to produce I.D.—and found himself waylaid by a particularly zealous security guard, whom one *Post* staffer calls "a notorious stickler." When the hypervigilant sentry barked "Do you have I.D.?" a stone-faced Murdoch replied flatly, "I have six floors." The undeterred watchman still refused to let Murdoch pass until a perceptive bike messenger clued him in, saying, "Dude, that's Rupert Murdoch!"

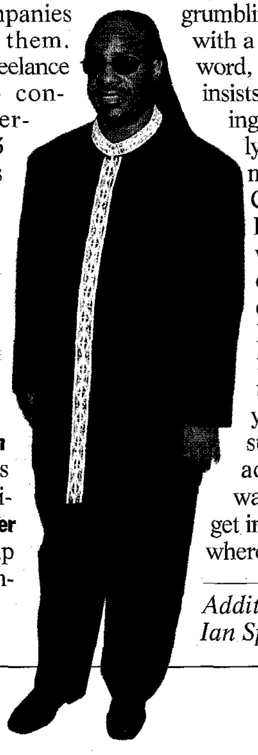
EXPENSIVE TALK, CHEAP *TALK*?

FAVORITE SON: In case you still haven't heard enough about the .44-caliber killer, **Spike Lee**'s *Summer of Sam* may spawn even more Son of Sam–related matter. **David Berkowitz** has granted only two television interviews to discuss the 1977 serial murders, and now various cable and home-video companies are hot to buy them. **Maury Terry**, the freelance journalist who conducted the interviews in 1993 and 1997, says that he and former *Post* reporter **Wayne Darwen**, who co-owns the rights to the 1993 sessions, have already cut a 90-minute product from their material and are fielding offers. Terry wouldn't comment on the specifics of any offers but did say that "the interest has been respectable."

START ME UP: Former *Details* man **Michael Caruso** is now a consultant on the first issue of **Tina Brown**'s *Talk*. While many writers around town are grumbling that *Talk* is cheap, with a top rate of only $2 a word, one publishing source insists that Brown is spending money as she usually does, even sending a manuscript out to Caruso's house in the Hamptons via car service. Caruso wouldn't discuss that, but he's eager to let us all know how "exciting" it's been to meet "the terrific group of young editors" at the start-up. "Besides," he adds, "this is a good way to make sure that I get invited to the party"—wherever it is.

WILL KERZNER TRUMP WYNN?

Now that he's going head-to-head with big spenders **Donald Trump** and **Steve Wynn** on Atlantic City's boardwalk, **Sol Kerzner** isn't cutting corners for his opening salvo. The casino mogul, whose empire includes Connecticut's Mohegan Sun and South Africa's Sun City, will unveil the result of his $50 million face-lift of the Resorts Atlantic City casino with a July 10 gala costing upwards of $1 million. **Oprah Winfrey**, **David Blaine**, and **Bridget Hall** are expected to be among the 1,200 guests Kerzner is flying to the shore in a fleet of a dozen helicopters as well as several private planes. For entertainment, a source close to Kerzner says he got **Stevie Wonder** (pictured, right) to play the gig for a significant sum. A.C. old-timer Donald Trump voices nothing but best wishes for the upstart contender: "It's great that Sol's coming," says Trump. "I'm happy he'll be my neighbor at the Taj Mahal."



Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

Photographs: left, Frank Trapper/Sygma; right, James M. Kelly/Globe Photos.

CHRIS ROCK
BIGGER & BLACKER

Saturday, July 10 HBO® 11:15 PM ET/PT

IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.®

See it right after Lethal Weapon 4 at 9:00 PM ET/PT

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IMMORALITY IS RAMPANT—*BILLY GRAHAM*

GOTHAM

Night Shift

Is John Davis the city's next Peter Gatien?

As he awaited jail time last month after his conviction for conspiracy to distribute narcotics at the Peter Gatien nightspots Limelight and Tunnel, clubland impresario Steven Lewis offered this bit of advice to the up-and-coming club promoter John Davis: "The biggest tree in the forest always falls first."

While the British-born Davis, 36, isn't yet a Gatien-size sequoia, his branches are growing rapidly. And as the controversial club kingpin's future becomes more uncertain, Davis—responsible for the wildly popular party "Body & Soul," perhaps the most important New York club presence since the Paradise Garage—is poised to succeed him.

Davis is also behind Life's Wednesday-night party "Legends," is about to launch the Sunday-night party "Heartbeat" at Life, plans a series of one-off events (and eventually an actual club) called "Rockstar Loft," and intends to expand the "Body & Soul" empire with a record label. His accomplishments are even more impressive when you consider that he doesn't kowtow to boldface names ("All the celebrities who've been to 'Body & Soul' have paid to get in," he says with a laugh), doesn't swig champagne or preside over slavering minions in VIP rooms, and doesn't even have a publicist. With his unkempt goatee and shoulder-length hair, Davis looks more Grizzly Adams than Ian Schrager.

It's no surprise that his entry into New York nightlife was accidental. In 1995, Davis, then a computer consultant in London who fancied the city's Sunday-afternoon parties, was transferred to his company's New York office. "I thought, Great, I'm gonna be in New York, the home of house music," he remembers. "And then I went out to every club in the city and was very disappointed. The only party I enjoyed was 'Underground Network' at the Sound Factory Bar."

Inspired, Davis decided to throw a party of his own. Naïve about the Upper East Side location ("I didn't realize that all the clubs were downtown") and his lack of connections ("I thought that I could throw a party and 500 people would show up"), he admits that the night was a disaster.

But a visit to the downtown club Vinyl lifted his spirits, and Davis decided to try again. "I went down on my lunch hour in a suit and tie," Davis recalls. "I said, 'I'd like to try a Sunday-afternoon party.' The owner said, 'Are you crazy?' But he gave me the club."

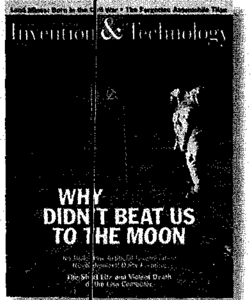
A friend suggested that Davis talk to François Kevorkian, the D.J., producer, and clubland fixture, and "Body & Soul" was born in the summer of 1996. The no-velvet-rope, no-guest-list, and no-alcohol party was a big risk, and for the first weeks, only a few people trickled in. So Davis and Kevorkian brainstormed a tribute to Larry Levan, the Paradise Garage D.J. who had died from heart failure at 38. That night, hundreds of people crowded into the club. "It was very emotional," Davis remembers. "People in their forties and fifties came out. People were weeping, screaming, 'Larry's in the house!' I realized that we had something very special."

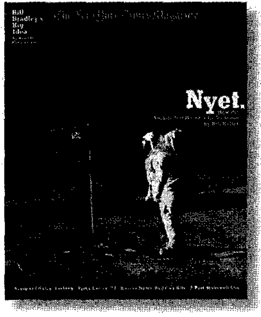
Davis and his crew have preserved that rapturous atmosphere for the past three years, garnering a cultlike following and recognition that reaches far beyond the city's clubland cognoscenti. "You can find 'Body & Soul'–style parties in London and Tokyo," says *Billboard* dance-music editor Michael Paoletta. "It's a global phenomenon."

Now, with more than 1,000 "Body & Soul" devotees crowding Vinyl's dance floor every Sunday, Davis finds himself in a new position: actually worrying about where to put all those dancing feet. "We're literally a victim of our own success," Davis says. "Everybody wants to come to our party." Ethan Brown

West 43rd Street, We Have a Problem . . .

"We kinda hoped this one would slip on by," admits *New York Times Magazine* editor Adam Moss. Although the current *Invention & Technology*, a quarterly spin-off of *American Heritage*, has been on newsstands since late May, nobody raised a red flag at the *Times*, says Moss, *till* the June 27 magazine was off the presses. The space-race subject may invite Cold War comparisons, but *I&T* editor Frederick Allen says he's only "greatly flattered" and "delighted" by the whole thing, as does art director Wylie Nash, who cooked up the high-flying concept (the first time, that is). Moss, needless to say, is a little less delighted: "With no offense to the editors of *Invention & Technology*, clichéd minds think alike." Christopher Bonanos





Photograph by Amilcar.

God Said, 'Ha!'

Tom McGuinness delivers a stand-up sermon.

'HOW MANY OF YOU don't believe God has a sense of humor? Well, just look at the person next to you!"

Meet Pastor Tom McGuinness, the Don Rickles of the Resurrection. He's been saving souls at his "full gospel" born-again Christian ministry out in Holtsville, Long Island, for almost twenty years, and now he's bringing the good word to Sin City, via a cable-access program on Channel 40 in the Bronx and Brooklyn that debuted last week.

Witnessing McGuinness's screaming delivery, more suited to TNT's prime-time wrestling show *Nitro*—you expect the aneurysm at any moment—even a pro-gay, pro-choice, hell-bound rock-and-roller would have to concede that the pastor delivers irresistible full nelsons to the soul. Disparaging facial expressions, down-home wisdom, and off-the-cuff self-deprecation keep his parishioners hooting and hollering as he exhorts them to get on the good foot with Jesus.

And then there are the barbs. To an overweight supplicant: "How's the tire tube holding you up?" To a bald one: "I can see you've been through the fires of hell." Of his wife of 36 years, a co-pastor at the Jesus Is Lord Church: "She won't even let me look at her in the morning until she puts the makeup on." A grimace: *Good thing.*

"God has a sense of humor," insists the tough-talking Bay Ridge native. "And God loves us no matter what we look like." At 55, McGuinness looks like your textbook Brooklyn Irish ne'er-do-well-with-a-heart-of-gold who hung up his drinking shoes and found solace in the Good Book. "I was an alcoholic for seventeen years," he says, "and I was very much into music as a kid, but doo-wop is the Devil's music."

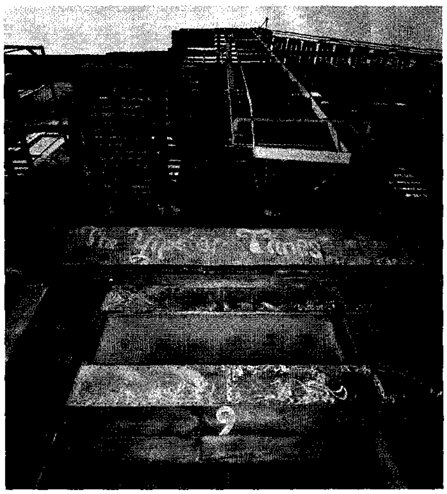
Maybe so, but his choir is an exhilarating juggernaut of black, white, and brown believers kicking out celebrations of Christ to an almost carnal backbeat. And McGuinness dresses like he's ready to rock: One Sunday, he's in a searingly chartreuse suit; the next, he's strictly Tom Wolfe in an oversize ensemble that perfectly complements his white ducktail. "I pay $150 for my suits and $50 for the shoes," he laughs, short-circuiting any Jim Bakker suspicions.

The verbal arrows might find joyous targets in McGuinness's loyal flock, but the *Jesus Is Lord* televised hour of higher power (filmed at the Holtsville church and aired Tuesdays at 7 P.M.) has been toned down—for now. McGuinness admits that the unwashed masses need to be gently eased into his baptismal belittling. "What we say in here," he tells his parishioners, "they're just not ready for yet!" He offers thanks to the Lord for video editors, then approaches a fiftyish woman in the pews. "I love the hair. Did you always want to be a lampshade?" TOM GOGOLA

Times a-Changin'

Has Bleecker Street's last holdout gentrified?

THE DOOR THAT THE ANARchists once tried to blow up has been replaced by an oak-and-stainless-steel number worthy of Balthazar, but the splintering *Yipster Times* sign still hangs over 9 Bleecker Street like the middle finger of New York's last Yippie. Ensconced in a chair beneath a huge cloud of pot smoke, building super Dana Beal explains: "It started with a broken lock. We had to put on a new door, and instead of doing a cheesy job, we decided to redo the entire front of the building."



In its heyday, No. 9 was ground zero for an often contentious collection of counterculturalists. The newly gentrified exterior conceals the time-capsule Aquarian atmosphere within, where it reeks of cat urine and bong water and the walls are plastered with pamphlets and bumper stickers that read MY OTHER CAR WAS SEIZED BY THE DEA. Beal, every bit the aging radical with silver Dennis Hopper–circa–*Easy Rider* hair and pants tucked into cowboy boots, is happy to give a tour to—or burn a joint with—a visitor.

It all started in 1967, he says. It was the Summer of Love, the Fillmore East was rocking, and 9 Bleecker Street was known as Pablo's Dispensaria of Joy. Owner Pat Firpo designed psychedelic light shows for the Fillmore East and ran a love-bead boutique at No. 9. He also allowed such groups as Abbie Hoffman's Diggers (which would merge with Beal's own Provos as the Yippies) to hold meetings.

In 1972, after three years on the lam for what he calls a trumped-up dope charge, Beal returned to find a different type of meeting being held at No. 9, where a legendary East Village coke-dealer-to-the-rock-stars was living. "He and his friends were doing more than they were selling," says Beal, "and they stopped paying the rent." Beal moved in and made No. 9 the home of his radical rag *The Yipster Times*, which changed its name to *Overthrow* before ceasing publication as a quaint artifact in Reaganomics-driven 1989.

But Beal never took down the sign. Like a carefully preserved museum exhibit, 9 Bleecker Street serves as a derelict historic landmark, its curator perfectly embalmed. "I'm the last Yippie," says Beal, exhaling, "for the sheer reason that I survived." JIMMY JELLINEK

Photographs: top, James Baigrie; bottom, Bernd Auers.

BRAND X

Plug Ugly

BRAND: MTV AGENCY: FALLON MCELLIGOTT CREATIVE DIRECTOR: JAMIE BARRETT ART DIRECTOR: PAUL MALMSTROM

You know, there's only so much prettiness any one person can take. So now that MTV's on-air talent has gotten almost unforgivably cute, the cable channel has decided to even things out with its truly repulsive "Jukka Brothers" campaign. The plot: "Big Jukka" and the two "Middle Jukkas" share a hut in some unnamed foreign backwater, nurturing their inner hipness by watching MTV. "Little Jukka" lives alone, MTV-free, and inadvertently shows up while his brothers are watching music videos, inviting their scorn for his lack of style. We see he's wearing, say, the wrong shoes, and after the flash of a title card that reads SO NOT COOL, we see his fat ass get paddled by the violent, vengeful Big Jukka. The showstopper? The Jukkas are *shockingly* ugly. Once the gag reflex passes, you have to admit MTV has gotten it right again: The time has come for ugly. And not Calvin Klein pretty-ugly, but Xtreme ugly. It's payback and penance for all that teen-girl pretty-boy culture MTV has been aiding and abetting. Rude, ugly boy culture is taking over, and now that Leo is SO NOT COOL, it's time for his musical equivalents to get kicked to the curb. So long, solo New Kids. Leave now, 'N SYNC. Bye-bye, Backstreet Boys. Oh, well, except for that one really ugly Backstreet Boy with the hairdo that looks like a macramé plant hanger. He can stay. SIMON DUMENCO

She Got Game

Mary J. Blige: Street-basketball hero.

THE R&B STAR MARY J. Blige, sitting pretty in a gold-lamé halter top and matching stretch pants, leans forward at courtside, cheering on her team. Front row at the Garden? Not quite. Blige is getting her game on at the far grittier Holcombe Rucker Memorial Park at 155th Street and Frederick Douglass Boulevard. Like a proud parent, Blige hollers along with the 500-plus crowd as her center delivers a dunk that leaves the backboard begging for a time-out. The Team Mary All-Stars are running all over their opponents—a team from a certain boxer's Tyson Records—but for Blige, today's game is about more than a victory.

"When I was growing up, there were rec programs, things for kids in the community to do. Now there's nothing," says the star as she autographs posters for her upcoming album. "That's why this tournament is important and that's why I sponsor a team, 'cause it gives these kids something—it gives them hope."

What started nineteen years ago as a pickup game between two rival rap crews is now the Entertainers Basketball Classic, the most celebrated street-ball tournament in New York. Held every year at Rucker Park, the summer-long event is the pride of a neighborhood filled with abandoned buildings, bulletproof bodegas, and 24-hour takeout joints. Eager to grab the attention of the exploding "urban" market, Reebok foots most of the tournament's bill—which explains why players are allowed to wear only Allen Iverson sneakers on the court. Celebrity sponsors like Puff Daddy, Lil' Kim, and Tommy Hilfiger provide moral and financial support, and the VIP section, packed with famous fans like Shaquille O'Neal and Denzel Washington, rivals Moomba's. Even in the blistering heat, the line to get in the park ropes around the block.

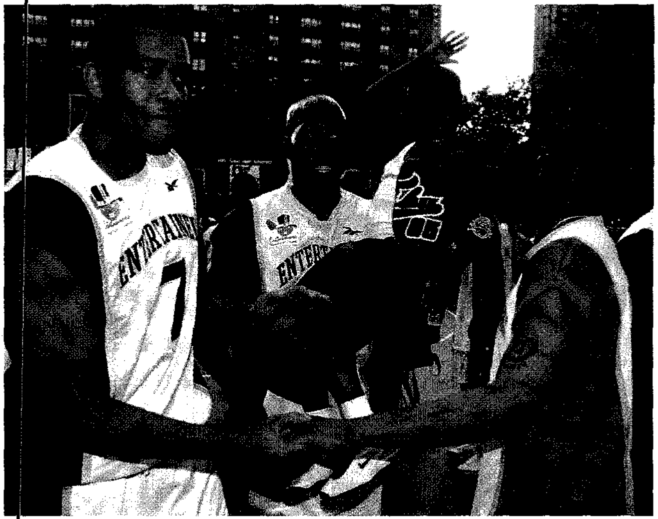
"This is nothing. You should see it when Bad Boy plays," says Greg Marius, the tournament's organizer. "We've gotten way over a thousand people for some games. L.L. [Cool J] was here yesterday, and Jay-Z and Iverson were here earlier in the week."

For true basketball enthusiasts, the games—played Monday through Thursday at 6 and 7:30 P.M.—are more than autograph opportunities. The tournament is a testament to the playground style of basketball that has revolutionized the NBA in recent years, showcasing killer crossovers, finessed finger rolls, devastating dunks, and alley-oops for days. "You can't leave your seat when you're watching these games," warns Hannibal Ward, a 31-year-old entrepreneur. "I've sat here thirsty, hungry, with a full bladder—and haven't moved. 'Cause as soon as you get up, that's when some spectacular shit that everyone talks about for years happens."

After doing a 360 dunk over two defenders four years ago, Waliyy Dixon, a six-foot-four-inch guard for Puffy's undefeated Bad Boy team, was christened "Main Event." Dixon feels a responsibility to live up to his title in every game. "A lot of the people out here watching can't afford to go to NBA games at the Garden, so when I come out here, I'm giving them pure entertainment from beginning to end."

The notoriously ruthless Entertainers Classic crowd will let players know when performances aren't up to par. "If you're not going to come correct, you might as well not even step on the court," advises Munique Lee, a 26-year-old tournament loyalist who grew up watching the games from her Polo Grounds Housing Projects window. "It's like the Apollo—if you're wack, you *will* get booed." That goes for platinum-selling celebrities too. "Mase came out here, and he was messing up and missing shots," recalls Lee. "He got booed and never came back."

LOLA OGUNNAIKE

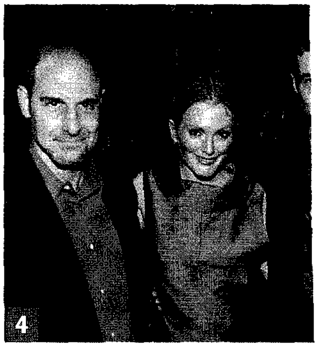


Photographs by Serge J-F. Levy (2).

The Big League

Photographed by Patrick McMullen

CAMRYN MANHEIM MADE HER RUNWAY DEBUT JUNE 29 WITH A gang of grandes dames at Lane Bryant's Venezia Collection fashion show at Hammerstein Ballroom. Dieter Esch, the president of Wilhelmina Models, stumbled for the appropriate words as he tried to convey his enthusiasm: "The plus-size market is *huge* right now . . . uh . . . I mean, it keeps *growing*." But all awkwardness dissolved when the lights went down and Fatboy Slim's "Rockafeller Skank" blasted through the speakers. Manheim strutted down the runway as the fashionable audience—most of whom looked as if they'd fit comfortably in a size 6—roared with excitement. The *Practice* actress was followed by a parade of big beauties, including a bare-midriffed Mia Tyler—the sizable sister of Liv—who seemed pleased by the spirited commotion, which was pierced by whoops and whistles from television stars like *Just Shoot Me*'s Wendie Malick and *The Sopranos'* Jamie Lynn Sigler. There was no room for that *other* TV-lawyer actress and her waifish ways at this party. Indeed, the audience held a number of male-model types who could not hide their exuberant appreciation of the fuller figures before them. One handsome twentysomething, Sharone Parnass, the star of Israel's *Deep Blue* (the Middle East's answer to *Baywatch*), smiled mischievously when asked if he had any big dreams: "I like *all* the ladies here." MAURA EGAN



1. Mia Tyler and Camryn Manheim at Lane Bryant's fashion show. **2.** Former New Kid on the Block Joey McIntyre at the Elite Model Look USA National Finals at the Supper Club. **3.** Jimmy Rodriguez and Derek Jeter at Jeter's birthday party at Jimmy's Bronx Cafe. **4.** Stanley Tucci, Julianne Moore, and Jeremy Northam at the party for the premiere of *An Ideal Husband* at the Pierre. **5.** Russell Simmons, Kelly Bensimon, Simon Critchell, and Andre Harrell at Cartier's launch of its Collection Paris Nouvelle Vague at its Easthampton store. **6.** Billy Baldwin; Frederique van der Wal; Peter Bart, editor-in-chief; and Gerry Byrne, publisher, at *Variety*'s tenth-anniversary party for Bart and Byrne at Fred's at Barneys New York. **7.** Anthony Michael Hall and Noah Wyle at the party for the premeire of *Pirates of Silicon Valley* at Belgo. **8.** Johnnie Cochran, Chris Rock, and Slick Rick at the taping of Rock's show *Bigger and Blacker* for HBO at the Apollo Theater. **9.** Edgar Bronfman Jr., Tom Freston, Graydon Carter, and Art Cooper at The Four Seasons restaurant's fortieth-anniversary party.

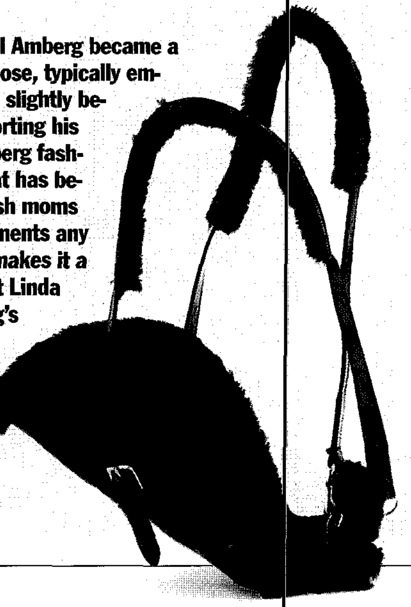
GOTHAMSTYLE

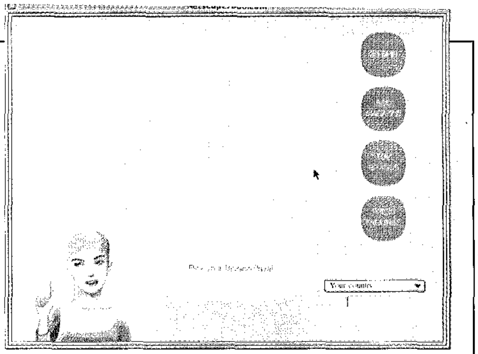
A Rare Vintage

This summer, beach-bound shoppers are choosing vintage swimsuits over contemporary high-tech styles with underwires and padded bras. So when word got out that a mother lode of dead-stock Fiorucci suits discovered in a store in Argentina had arrived at Resurrection, downtown's hippest vintage emporium, the store was instantly overrun by retro cultists hot to get their hands on the Pop Art and camouflage-patterned suits ($45) from the Italian company that oufitted teenagers in angel-logo T-shirts and colorful denims back in the eighties. Owner Katy Rodriguez still has a limited supply of the brightly colored bikinis and one-pieces, but hurry—Resurrection's racks are regularly ransacked by Lili Taylor, Gretchen Mol, and the usual model suspects. Gigi Guerra

The Fashion Pack

When the British accessories designer Bill Amberg became a father, he found the traditional baby papoose, typically embroidered with bunny rabbits and flowers, slightly behind the fashion curve. Instead of transporting his precious cargo in a frilly pink pouch, Amberg fashioned a leather-and-sheepskin version that has become a must-have item for London's stylish moms and dads. The sleek sack ($395) complements any urban uniform, and the sheepskin lining makes it a comfortable ride for infants. An expectant Linda Evangelista just purchased one at Amberg's Notting Hill boutique; Spice Girl Victoria "Posh" Adams carries her baby, Brooklyn, in the black version. Hip parents on this side of the Atlantic can buy into Amberg's baby boom by visiting Takashimaya or calling Amberg's U.S. office to order directly (625-9565). M.E.





Modem à la Mode

Attention, cool-hunters: Searching for Jil Sander's limited-edition Puma sneakers but can't find them in downtown shops? Never mind pounding the pavement—just log on to boo.com. The international cyberstore, backed by fashion powerhouses including Benetton and a private company run by Bernard Arnault (the chairman of LVMH), opens its virtual doors this month and will sell the latest in streetwear styles: North Face parkas, Australia's favorite Royal Elastics sneakers, FUBU track suits. The shopping experience is almost eerily realistic, complete with male and female dressing rooms, a 3-D rotational viewer so you can examine stitching up close, and a sassy talking sales assistant, Ms. boo. If you feel like practicing your high-school German, Ms. boo can recommend outfits in six different languages. *Danke!* Maura Egan

Paint by Numbers

Last season's clog craze has gone one step further with hand-painted models that are quickly becoming summer's shoe of choice. Stacey Fucile, a Los Angeles–based former animator, originally painted traditional Nordic designs on Swedish clogs. Soon she decided to go beyond the predictable and try her hand at more contemporary motifs: mendhi-style filigrees, sailboats, a rendering of the Eiffel Tower. The clogs are a surprise hit in sophisticated stiletto circles, where the pastel versions (available at Henry Lehr for $110 and from the Olive & Bette's catalogue for $98) are proving a comfortable alternative for summer trekking. Come fall, a pair of woolly stockings should keep things suitably Scandinavian. M.E.

Photographs: clockwise from right, Tommy Naess (2); Amy Freeth.

CITYSCAPE **KARRIE JACOBS**

Robert Moses Lives

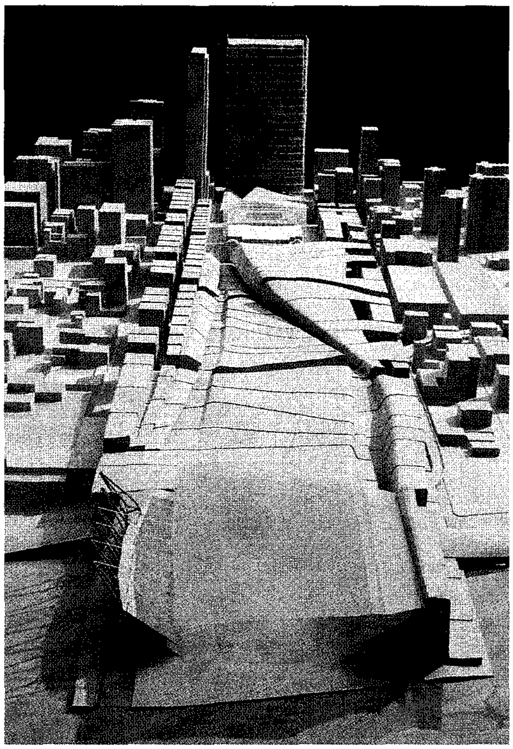
A cunning plan to cover the West Side rail yards with a vast park and commercial ventures—with a stadium in the Hudson on the side—has a master builder's grandiosity.

PETER EISENMAN, HIS WHITE HAIR closely cropped, his red bow tie as bright as a carnation, is staring at his fingers. The architect is sitting next to me at the award dinner for an urban-planning competition sponsored by Montreal's Canadian Centre for Architecture, and he doesn't appear to be paying a bit of attention to the speaker, the CCA's founding director, Phyllis Lambert. She is about to announce the winner of the $100,000 prize for a new vision of Manhattan's far West Side, a neighborhood rising above the MTA's rail yards. Eisenman, one of the finalists, is concentrating on his cuticles.

As it turns out, he doesn't need to listen. He knows. Someone had called him late the previous night, after the all-star cast of jurors—including architects Frank Gehry, Elizabeth Diller, Arata Isozaki, Philip Johnson, and José Rafael Moneo—had voted his plan the winner. (Eisenman is on a roll; the previous week, his Holocaust memorial, to be built on land adjacent to the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, was approved by the Bundestag.)

I was pretty sure I knew as well when, earlier that day, I examined the plans by finalists Ben van Berkel and Caroline Bos of Amsterdam; Morphosis of Santa Monica; Cedric Price Architects of London; Jesse Reiser and Nanako Umemoto of New York; and Eisenman, also of New York. I noticed that his isn't just an architectural plan; it's a political one. His is the scheme anchored by a sports stadium, presumably an unabashed nod to one of the other jurors, Joseph B. Rose, chairman of the City Planning Commission.

Conspiracy theorists in the architectural community also thought they knew. When the five finalists, culled from a field of 110, were announced in February, rumors began circulating that the competition was a sham, a vehicle for Eisenman. Lambert (née Bronfman—as a young woman she was instrumental in hiring Ludwig Mies van der Rohe to build her family's Seagram Building) is close to Eisenman, the story went, and had recently spent $1 million buying his architectural drawings. To which Lambert responds: "That's so crazy, I can't bear it." She points out that the CCA, which, after all, is an architecture museum, has been buying Eisenman's work for years. But she's also purchased the drawings of countless others. And she didn't select the finalists, the jury did. Elizabeth Diller, an experimental architect who was the sole woman on the jury, insists the selection process was both unpredictable and fair: "I would be the first to blow the whistle if something bad was going on."



A river runs through it: Peter Eisenman's West Side plan.

"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I FELT MYSELF TO the right of everyone else," Eisenman says in his acceptance speech. "I've always played the bad boy, the lefty." Yet during dinner he tells me that many of his best patrons have been Republicans. For example, there's Leslie Wexner, chairman of the Limited and namesake of Eisenman's award-winning Wexner Center, in Columbus, Ohio. And, for a time in 1997, it appeared that Staten Island's Republican borough president, Guy Molinari, was actually going to build Eisenman's exotic, high-tech conch-shell addition to the Saint George Ferry Terminal. (A more conventional firm has since been selected for the project.)

Not that there's anything overtly Republican about Eisenman's architecture, which is, in stylistic terms, fairly radical. He tends to design buildings that are painstakingly engineered to look as though they're on the brink of collapse. But there is something about Eisenman's go-go attitude, his practiced salesmanship, that people in positions of power—whatever their party affiliation—find enthralling.

The West Side design is a case in point, the perfect merger of outlandish and practical. Between a stadium, conventional but for the fact that it's partially submerged in the Hudson River, and a more-or-less-rectilinear office tower on the present site of Madison Square Garden stretches a bizarre man-made terrain, a building four avenue blocks long and five street blocks wide. The idea is that a verdant rooftop park, resembling a geologic model of restless tectonic plates, sits atop a variety of moneymaking concerns, including a new Madison Square Garden, television studios, hotel rooms, and lots of parking spaces. Better still,

Photographs: top, Joel Sternfeld; bottom, Michael Moran.

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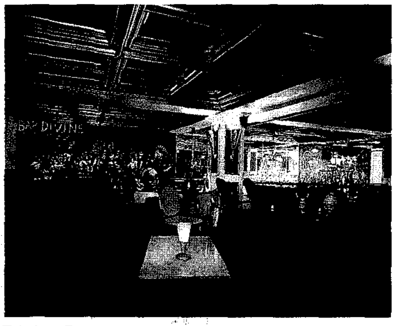

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recent HAPPENINGS

JUNE 9 FOURTH ANNUAL FAMLY NIGHT AT THE DETROIT ZOO. For the fourth year, Primedia Consumer Magazines hosted a special family event at the Detroit Zoo. Guests enjoyed a fun-filled evening that included dinner, entertainment, gifts and raffle prizes. Pictured below are (left to right) Dennis Donlin, MediaVest; his wife Sue Donlin; Janice Grossman, Primedia Consumer Magazines; and Amy Churgin, NEW YORK.

The Detroit Zoo Event

JUNE 16 PREMIERE TERRACE NIGHT PARTY. To kick off the summer, NEW YORK enjoyed a casual evening of margaritas, spicy hors d'oeuvres, and music on the terrace at magazine headquarters. Pictured below are (left to right) Susan Sagan, NEW YORK; Bret Itzkowitch, SFM Media; Charles Sarcone, SFM Media; Leslie Weiss, NEW YORK; and Amy Churgin, NEW YORK.

The Terrace Night Party

JUNE 30 HAMPTON JITNEY PROGRAM. 300 New Yorkers who headed east for July 4th weekend aboard the Hampton Jitney received NEW YORK Magazine gift bags filled with an assortment of posh products, gift certificates, and literature from some very special NEW YORK Magazine advertisers including: Awake, Bantam Books, Baume & Mercier, Cerruti, Cohen's Fashion Optical, Evian, Henri Bendel, Keeper Springs Water, Kenneth Cole, Gallery Eclectic, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mohegan Sun, Perrier, Rent, and Shanghai Tang.

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the developers of the tower at the east end of the complex buy up the air rights from the blocks above the train yards, subsidizing the other-worldly rooftop. And then there's the stadium.

Like a pitchman on late-night TV, Eisenman keeps offering more. His proposal includes an extension of the No. 7 subway line—something the city has been pushing as part of Mayor Giuliani's stadium crusade—down Eighth Avenue, along 33rd Street, connecting to another line linking it with the Meadowlands sports complex—"from Shea Stadium to Secaucus," the designer boasts.

And here's the twisted genius of Eisenman's plan: Embedded in it is the presumption that New York will host the 2012 Olympics. Not only is this a romantic conceit designed to appeal to boosters on both sides of the Hudson, but the Olympics, Eisenman claims, provides a loophole in environmental laws that would otherwise prevent the construction of a stadium in the Hudson River.

> *"Eisenman's scheme is a lesson in why urban renewal was once so seductive for policy-makers.* **It's a security blanket**, *with the architect providing all the answers."*

Well, maybe Eisenman *has* moved to the right of center.

He didn't come up with this all by himself. He brought in high-powered collaborators, notably Marilyn Taylor and David Childs of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, the architects of the proposed new Penn Station. But this project has a monolithic, master-builder quality reminiscent of the bad old days of urban renewal. The design may be breathtakingly au courant, full of complex and irregular forms inspired and facilitated by the computer, but the plan itself is retrograde, promising to impose a unified vision on 100 acres of New York City. "Megalomaniacal," asserts a juror who says he preferred the Morphosis plan, which clearly invited the participation of many architects, as did some of the other proposals.

Eisenman's scheme is a lesson in why urban renewal was once so seductive for policy-makers. It's a security blanket, with the archi-

(continued on page 77)

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Eisner Un-Moused?

He took Disney from the doldrums to the heart of the Dow, but with the loss of Michael Eisner's best lieutenants, the magic has evaporated from the Magic Kingdom.

THE KATZENBERG-EISNER THING is so weird, so extreme, so on-the-sleeve, so futile and unnecessary and just not done, that it suddenly starts to make sense. And to think it is to know it: Michael Eisner's extraordinary reign at the Walt Disney Company is coming to an end.

He is the man in the maelstrom. Starting in 1984, he took Disney—a company with a fading brand and sclerotic management (a nonplayer in the media and entertainment business)—and turned it into the most powerful force in the industry, creating the model of the media merchandising-licensing-branding juggernaut. For his troubles, he became a billionaire as well as one of the most prominent chief executives in America (for ten years, in our family, we've been watching a tape of *Mary Poppins* introduced by Michael Eisner, who glides down the cable car at Disneyland and like a folksy Dad—a Jewish Walt—presents the Disney classic). Then, suddenly, after a heart bypass—or because of the heart bypass (a leitmotif of his autobiography)—or because of the death of his Rock of Gibraltar No. 2, Frank Wells, or because of that midget Jeffrey Katzenberg, or because when you've done it all and done it brilliantly, you can say fuck it, you'll do it your way if you want to do it your way, or because the media business itself just went crazy, it stopped working. It—that executive ability to make it all more or less come out okay, or seem to—shut down. The billion-dollar Eisner stopped being able to turn events in his or Disney's favor.

If you can even conceive of the most powerful man being powerless, then he is. Worse still: His rage makes him seem pitiable. This is tragic-figure stuff.

The Jeffrey Katzenberg mess in and of itself is so colossal, and so costly—not just the billion real dollars *Variety* estimates Katzenberg's departure will cost Disney, and not just the incalculable value in corporate goodwill that has been squandered, but the cost to Eisner himself of looking like a fool, in fact, much beyond fool: Moushwitz Commandant and fool—that it would mean the end of virtually any other chief executive of a public company. But Eisner's problem isn't just Jeffrey.

Everywhere, the company is adrift.

Two tiers of managers have been lost over the last several years (in addition to Wells and Katzenberg, there's president Michael Ovitz; CFOs Stephen Bollenbach and Richard Nanula; Steve Burke, the No. 2 at ABC; Peter Rummel, who ran Disney's hotels; Philippe Bourguignon at EuroDisney; Larry Murphy, who ran strategic planning; Geraldine Laybourne in cable television; and Jake Weinbaum, the company's interactive chief, who left a few weeks ago). Even though *Tarzan* has opened big, that's only served to highlight how expensive animation has become. By some estimates, animated movies almost doubled in cost since DreamWorks started bidding up the price of animators. So no matter how well *Tarzan* does, it will never be good enough. What's more, live action is in the soup; merchandising is off; videos' sales are down; the parks have reached the limits of growth. And ABC—forget about it!

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE GOOD Michael and the bad Michael. The good Michael is the no-Hollywood-jive, drooping-sock Michael, the faithful-to-his-wife Michael, the decent, goofy, puppy-dog Michael. The Michael played by Tom Hanks.

And then there's the bad Michael: controlling, vindictive, dissembling Michael. The avaricious Disney–is–too–small–and–no–company–is–too–big–for–Michael Eisner Michael.

In contemporary Hollywood mythology—a mythology partly authored by Eisner himself in his autobiography (written with Tony Schwartz)—the unflappable and loyal Frank Wells, who died in a freak helicopter-skiing accident in 1994, acted as buffer, counselor, mother. He was the producer handling the tantrums and ego excesses of his difficult star. In Wells's production (it was Wells who brought Eisner to Disney), Eisner is genius, leader, statesman, one of those unique executives—Gates, Henry Ford, Walt himself—who personifies his company.

If Frank hadn't died . . . is the preface to almost every rumination on the part of Disney observers and insiders. If Frank Wells had lived, the thinking goes, Eisner and Katzenberg would not be in court. DreamWorks would not have started and ruined the economics of the all-important animation business (Katzenberg would have left Disney anyway, but would now be running an independent animation studio financed by Disney). Michael Ovitz would never have been hired—and hence the huge and costly embarrassment of firing him would never have occurred. Most of the

Illustration by Tim Bower.

executives who have departed Disney over the past few years would have stayed. And Disney would not have bought ABC.

There is, however, another interpretation of the Wells myth, which, in essence, paints Wells as the great enabler. Because he let Eisner look like a statesman, a CEO of archetypal proportions, a Jack Welch type, everybody got fooled, including Eisner himself. He started believing he was actually a godlike corporate manager instead of the impulsive, immoderate, hands-on (as likely to be idiotic as brilliant, as likely to be dismissive and cruel as he is to be charming and charismatic) showbiz guy without basic knowledge of, or an innate head for, the fundamental details of running a massively disaggregated modern corporation. Eisner has, in other words, the classic attributes of the turnaround guy and entrepreneur.

Certainly his successes—at ABC in the sixties, at Paramount in the seventies, and at Disney in the eighties—all had to do with taking dispirited also-ran enterprises and rolling up his sleeves (at ailing Paramount he got Santa Monica restaurateur Michael McCarty to help him make lists of the Hollywood power elite he wanted to invite to his house for dinner; he picked up films by Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson and gave them offices on the Paramount lot so people would see them arriving every day). He continues to believe, says a former Disney division head, that "anything he becomes personally involved in he betters."

IN THE MID-EIGHTIES, SAYS ANOTHER OF the senior executives who left the company, "the Disney brand was a deflated balloon or empty vessel, and everywhere we turned we could fill it up with something."

"The Disney brand was an asset that nobody had turbocharged in a long time. You would really have to be a horse's ass not to make the Disney stores work, or Disney home videos, or Disney publishing," says another.

But brands are not infinitely renewable resources.

The innocence and novelty wear off. Disney crapola inevitably becomes less interesting than other crapola. When you get to 500 Disney stores, it's not so easy to envision 500 or even 100 more or even 10 more. If your synergistic food chain is built on incredibly expensive animated feature films generating theme-park attractions, live-theater events, video sales, plush toys, publishing properties, and on and on, you're screwed if your animated movie isn't boffo. For a halcyon period from the mid-eighties through the mid-nineties, Disney owned the attention of families with young children. But this afternoon, my 7-year-old is passing up *Tarzan* for a fourth trip to *Star Wars*.

Not growing is, however, not a possible corporate scenario.

So Michael Eisner bought ABC (there is a part of Eisner that has always remained a sixties network guy—his confidence is the confidence of a man who grew up in one of the great easy-money games of all time).

> *"There is an 'impossible,' 'will never happen,'* **'when hell freezes over' knee-jerk response** *in Hollywood to the notion that Michael Eisner could ever be fired. 'Michael has lots of time to recover from his spiral,' said one former Eisner colleague."*

You might be able to justify the $19 billion purchase of ABC, because it included the lucrative cable properties ESPN and Lifetime. But Disney got a network too—it yoked itself to one of the world's most highly visible businesses, one with dwindling market share, exploding costs, and a rapidly deconstructing paradigm. It was, in the most classic sense, a sucker's deal. Eisner thought he had bought the most powerful component of the media business—one of the three major networks—only to find he had acquired an anachronism (like going long on the American auto industry in 1973) that would sap Disney's energy resources and reputation.

IT IS AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND—THE limits of growth, the whiff of corporate mortality—that Eisner, frustrated and furious, tries to reach out and throttle the little midget.

And walks into a trap.

Eisner has lots of serious enemies. In a town of serious enemies, Michael's are more serious. Michael, people say, just cannot be trusted. (This is notable—and preposterous—because no one in Hollywood can be trusted.)

So the trap is set and in he walks. It is supposed to be the Disney machine against the midget Katzenberg, but it turns out as much to be Hollywood—in the form of Geffen and Spielberg among others—against Eisner. "The whole town is rooting for Jeffrey," says one Hollywood producer who has worked with both Eisner and Katzenberg (and who hasn't?). Shortly before the trial opened, the trades were filled with display ads of the we-love-you-Jeffrey variety—Katzenberg had just, coincidentally, been given an award by the American Jewish Committee.

"Jeffrey," says a Disney insider, "holds all the cards, and because Disney has already paid him $100 million as part of the settlement, he is playing with the house money."

In other words, Jeffrey can take a million dollars of Disney's money and pay lawyers to inflict an incalculable value of humiliation on Michael.

Indeed, there is only one issue left, and it is by far the largest issue. How did Michael Eisner get into this mess? And its corollary: What doubts does the fact that he got into this mess raise about his ability to continue managing, even his interest in managing, the Disney Company?

OH YES, AND HOW DO DISNEY'S SHAREholders get rid of him? There is an "impossible," "will never happen," "when hell freezes over" knee-jerk response in Hollywood to the notion that Michael Eisner could ever be fired. "Michael has lots of time to recover from his spiral," said one former Eisner colleague. But, in fact, if you date the spiral from Frank Wells's death, it's been going on for five years. There may not be a bottom. The company's two most influential shareholders are Sid Bass and Warren Buffett. Neither is the bloody-boardroom-brawl type; they are men-of-weighty-counsel types. You can be sure the discussion they've undoubtedly initiated is about how to preserve the equity the company has built up in Michael Eisner and how to deal with the present Eisner liabilities. Surely, what they are saying is that Michael needs a strong No. 2 who is ready to become his successor. An able manager who can immediately assume many of Michael's burdens.

For health reasons, of course. ▬

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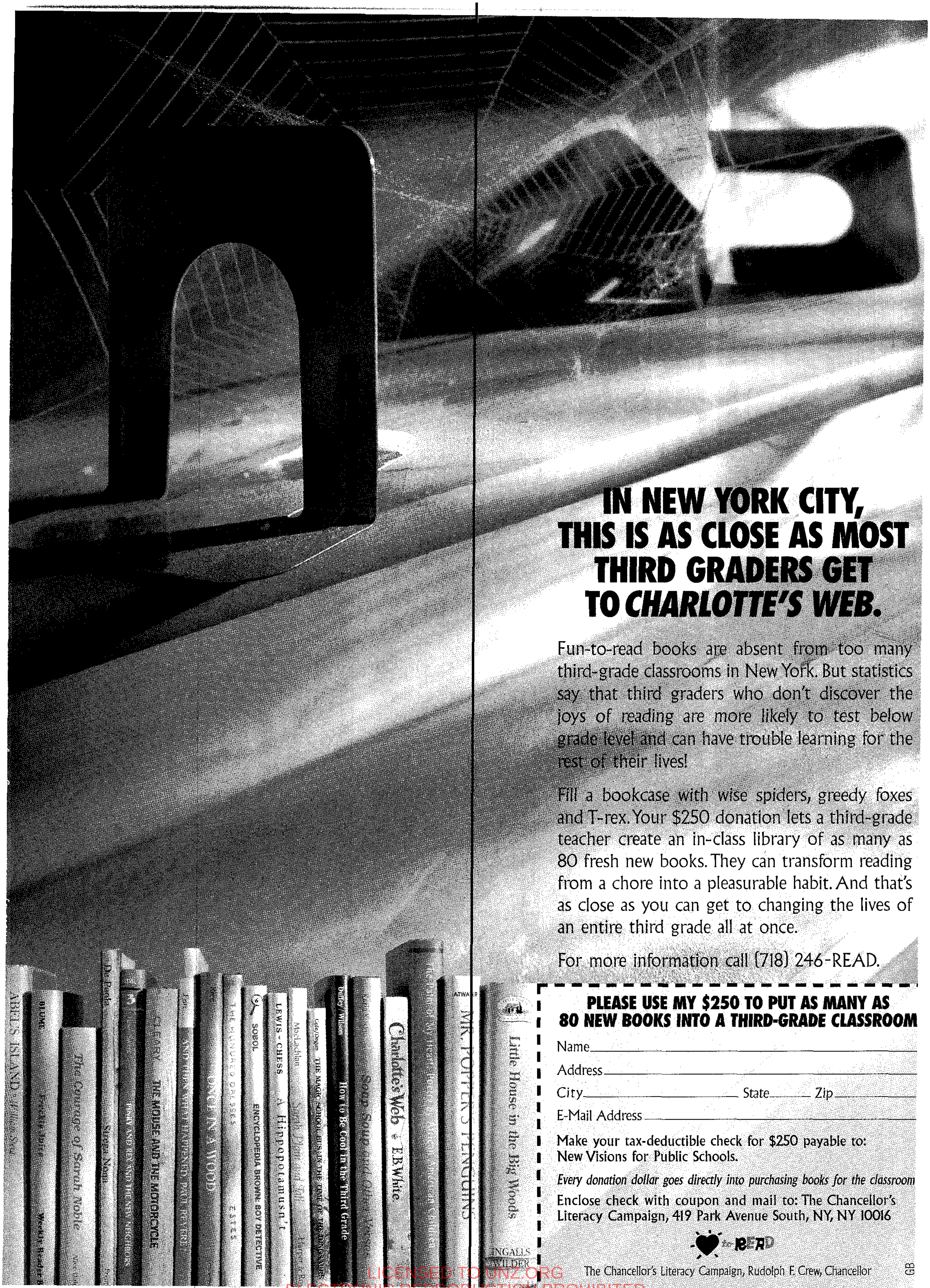
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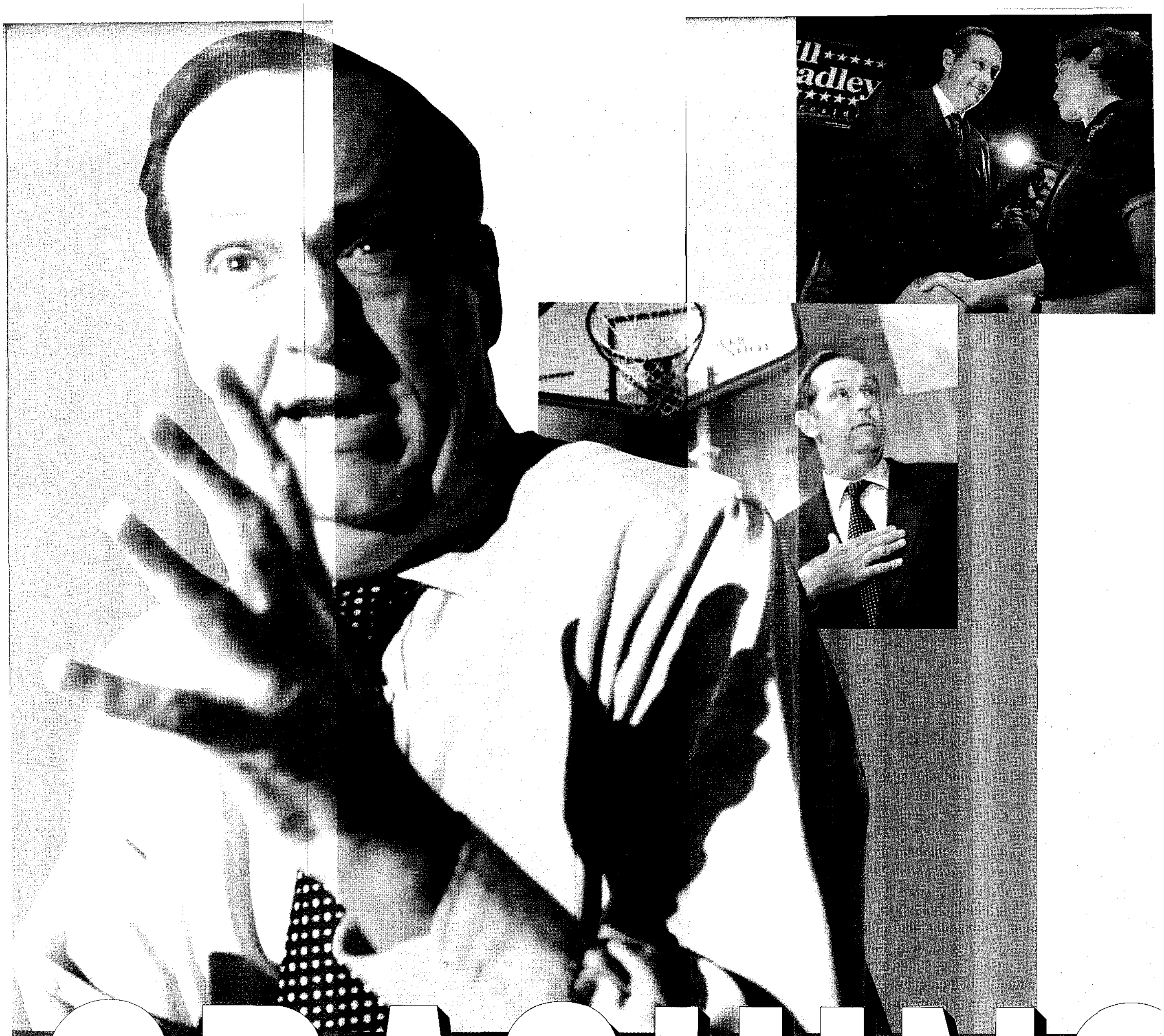
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CRASHING

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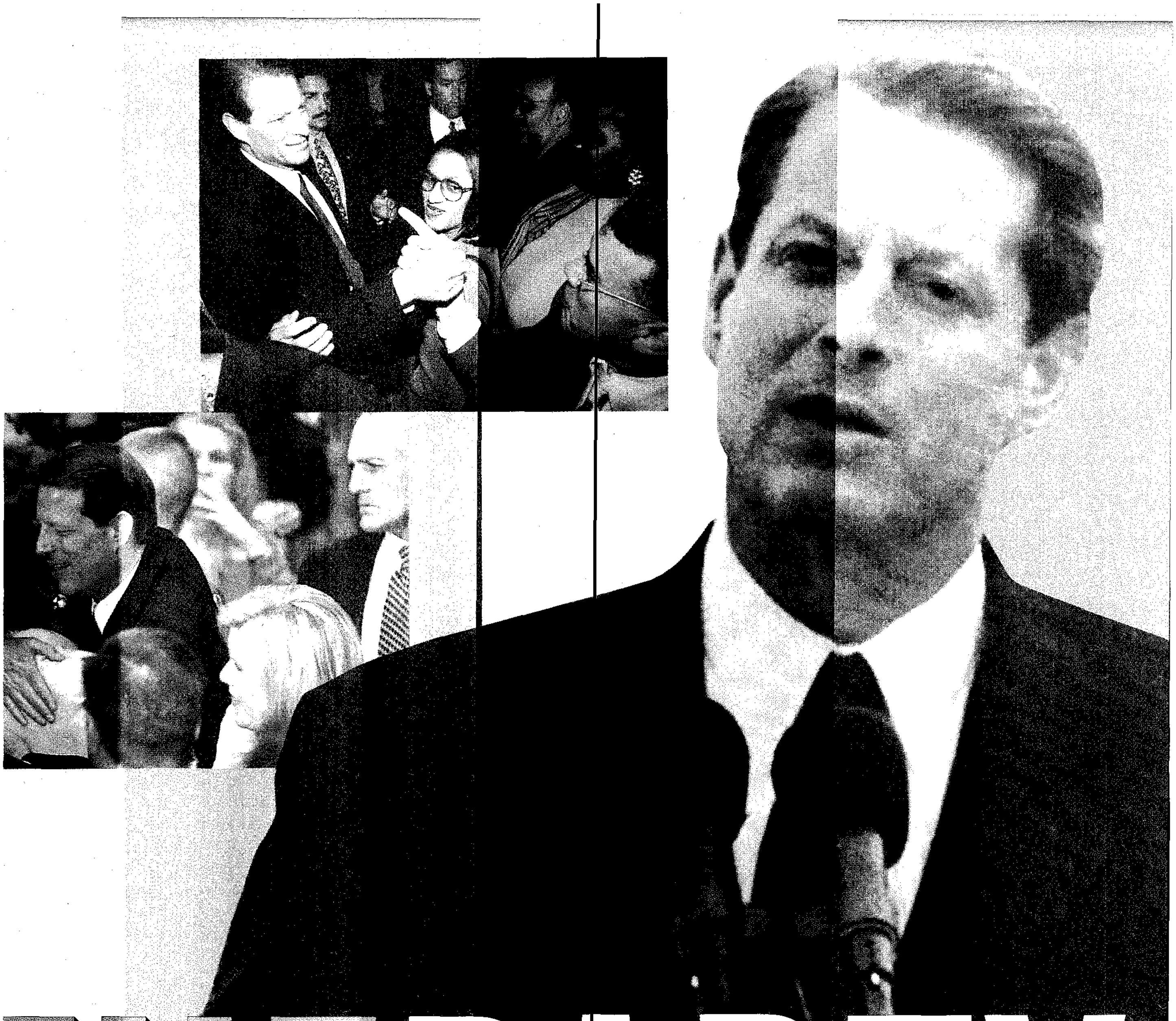

THE PARTY

ut the Gore and Bradley camps are already
ouse fund-raising war in Manhattan. Gore may have
ment. . . . *Say what?* ★★★ By Meryl Gordon

THERE'S BLOOD ON PARK AVENUE THIS SUMMER, SHED IN AN ALL-OUT CIVIL WAR WHOSE FRONT CUTS through East Side duplexes, Hamptons mansions, and Wall Street boardrooms. Husbands are arrayed against wives, close business allies find themselves leading opposing armies, and double agents are playing both sides against the middle. Al Gore and Bill Bradley have come to town, both looking for dollars, and the battle for campaign cash is turning into an all-out Democratic showdown. New York, particularly Wall Street, represents the mother lode for campaign fund-raisers, and no local Democrat with deep pockets will be allowed the luxury of remaining neutral. • Iowa and New Hampshire voters will get their VIP treatment later this year, but for now the only primary that matters is the money primary, the earliest skirmish in Campaign 2000. Last week, Gore managed to win—and simultaneously still lose—a significant contest when the candidates revealed their first-six-month numbers. The vice-president announced a formidable-sounding $18.2 million campaign war chest. But in politics as on Wall Street, expectations matter far more than raw figures. That's why Bradley, whose candidacy was ridiculed by insiders just a few short months ago, has won a huge psychological victory by pulling in $11.5 million, enough to guarantee a serious challenge. (Of course, they both look like pikers compared with a certain Republican governor from Texas whose six-month score is already well over $36 million!)

★★★"I never felt passionately abo
Bradley acolyte. "We're the insurgents, the outsider

To make matters worse for Gore, Bradley seems to be sweeping people off their feet, attracting supporters whose enthusiasm and evangelism make Gore's stalwarts look stodgy. Indeed, Bradley's $7.5 million take over the past three months nearly equals Gore's $9 million.

"I think we're going to surprise a lot of people with the money we've raised," Bradley told a rapt crowd at a fund-raiser at the Harmonie Club last Monday. He compared the early months of the campaign to "playing a basketball game without a scoreboard." Now the world can see he's very much in the game, and that translates into more dollars. "This shows people they're not alone," he told me later. "If they've been intimidated not to give to me, they can have the courage to do it now."

Incredibly, the notoriously unexciting Bradley has become the race's charismatic leader, something that could happen only in a field where Al Gore is the front-runner. Bradley, a former U.S. senator, has even managed to cultivate the image of an insurgent, albeit an embarrassingly safe one. He seems to fill the role of romantic rebel for comfortable boomers who want to relive the rebelliousness of youth, but without shaking things up *too* much. "There's this underground movement for Bradley, real grassroots pressure," says Gail Koff, an undecided Democrat and founding partner of the law firm Jacoby & Meyers. At the insistent urging of friends, she stopped by the Harmonie Club to hear Bradley's pitch. "I thought I'd be raising money for Gore by now, but I've been pressured by several different people to give Bradley a chance."

The Bradley campaign's upstart, anti-Establishment edge is reminiscent—at least for Democrats of a certain age—of 1968, when they went "Clean for Gene," or Teddy Kennedy's roisterous challenge to Jimmy Carter in 1980. An electric fourth-quarter-at-the-Garden magic follows the shambling underdog, even when he isn't saying much at all. And though the Gore campaign can count on the traditional party machinery that's still closely tied to the White House, the Bradleyites are making inroads where it hurts: among the wealthy Manhattan elites who can help finance a nationwide campaign.

So how *did* a guy who almost lost his last Senate race in 1990 to Christie Whitman—and left the Senate in 1997 with a reputation as a policy wonk and soporific speaker—suddenly become the embodiment of Democratic dreams?

The Bradley boomlet reflects, in part, a malady best described as Clinton fatigue, and in New York, the epicenter of both anti–Ken Starr blood lust and the Hillary-for-Senate hype machine, an enough-already mind-set is clearly starting to take hold. The Democrats who are swooning before Bradley's old Knicks jersey are saying, in effect, *There must be a Democrat out there with good liberal values who won't make us relive the past seven years.* Al Gore's self-conscious efforts to distance himself from Clinton's conduct serve only to remind many Democrats that the vice-president was there all along, even standing on the White House lawn the day of impeachment and praising Clinton as one of our great presidents. "People want to get clean," one book editor murmured at a Bradley fund-raiser.

And Bradley is the original Mr. Clean. With his wry sense of humor, his sports-hero aura, and his intellectual credentials, he is capturing the imagination of former Clinton Democrats who are looking to fall in love again. "Al Gore isn't exciting people," says Bonnie Reiss, a Bradley family friend who with her husband, Rick, a prominent money manager, will be hosting an East Hampton fund-raiser later this month. "I don't know if it's Clinton fatigue, but I find an enormous lack of conviction."

MORE THAN A YEAR BEFORE THE Democratic convention, the dialing for dollars here is already as frenzied as a car-rental counter on a summer weekend. "The only way people can vote now is with their pocketbooks," explains one fervent Bradley backer, Lou Susman, vice-chairman of Salomon Smith Barney, who has

Photographs: preceding pages, clockwise from left, Helayne Seidman; Susan May Tell/New York *Post*; Jonathan Elderfield/Gamma Liaison; Mark Lennihan/AP/Wide World; Ed Bailey/AP/Wide World; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

been spending more than 40 hours a week working the phones.

"Every night that I go out, no matter who I sit next to, I ask them for a contribution for Al Gore," says Toni Goodale, a well-connected nonprofit fund-raiser who met Gore through her friend Sally Quinn, the Washington writer. Goodale was given a list of proven Democratic donors by the Gore campaign but says, "It was a waste of time. Everyone had been solicited."

New York is ground zero for the Bradley movement. While detailed state-by-state breakdowns won't be available until July 15, Bradley aides say roughly 30 percent of his money is coming from the New York area; Gore-team members say his number is close to 15 percent. Stressing his hometown roots, Bradley says, "The New York area is very important to me. It's been my home base and media market for 30 years. This is where they know me the best."

Bradley acolytes truly believe they've joined a crusade. "Bill has unleashed something in all of us," gushes Barnes & Noble chief executive Len Riggio, who is hosting a Hamptons fund-raiser for Bradley in two weeks. The most prestigious new recruit is former Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker, whose last foray into partisan politics was as a young man working in Plainfield, New Jersey, for the 1960 Kennedy campaign. The usually dour Volcker sounds positively boyish on the phone as he enthuses about Bradley's "integrity" and "fresh ideas." Unaccustomed to his new role as political proselytizer, Volcker laughingly confides that a Bradley fund-raiser recently invited him to speak at an event and then decided it wasn't worthy of his eminence, telling him, "We'll save you for something better."

In hopes of picking off stray Benedict Arnolds, the Bradley team has also been alling even the most publicly stalwart re backers to see if they can't be lured other side. Orin Kramer, a hedge-manager who has been one of the cratic Party's largest donors of soft y, got a personal call from Bradley g for his help. Kramer told the candidate, "I've been committed to the vice-president for a long time." Bradley was very nice about it, Kramer says: "He said he understood." Clinton friend Deborah Sale, a vice-president at the Hospital for Special Surgery, was startled when a Bradley advocate asked if she'd endorse the former New Jersey senator. "I thought it was ironic," she says, "since my first job out of college was working for Al Gore's father."

After being courted by both sides, New Line Television president Robert Friedman has thrown in his lot with Gore but still sounds torn. "I'm very fond of Bill Bradley," he says. "This is a great problem to have in our country, to have two talented people to choose between."

Many have decided the best way to deal with this dilemma is to write checks quietly to both Gore and Bradley. Frank Savage, the chairman of Alliance Capital Management International, co-hosted a recent Gore fund-raiser, but I also spotted his name on a bulletin board listing Bradley donors at that campaign's New Jersey headquarters. So whose side is he really on? "I've thrown the weight of my support to Al Gore," Savage explained on the phone, sounding less than thrilled to be found out. "My judgment is that he will be the most likely victor. But I've been a friend of Bill Bradley for a long time." Told that both campaigns praise his ability to tap into support in the African-American community, Savage joked: "They may not speak quite so highly of me after this."

AT DINNER PARTIES IN CERTAIN ZIP Codes, the merits of Gore vs. Bradley is the most divisive topic since last year's Bill–Monica–Ken Starr love triangle. "A lot of my friends are very involved with Gore," says Victoria Lea Smith, a Bradley-family friend who splits her time between the Upper East Side and Aspen. She has thrown herself into the Bradley cause, writing and calling more than 100 women to get them to come to fund-raisers. "I have said to a few Gore people, 'I hope this isn't the end to our friendship.' "

The social paranoia is so intense that after I attended a Bradley event, one pan-

olitician before—I'm like this virgin," says one
e comrades in Chanel," says another. ★★★

me if you've heard this one before Al Gore up a future voter, Shanelle Fontaine, at *elen Keller School in the Bronx.*

by Suzanne Plunkett/AP/Wide World.

Flashguns and poses Bill Bradley stoops to conquer last month at a midtown breakfast fund-raiser for 600 New York women.

icked acquaintance called the next day and begged me not to reveal her presence there for fear of causing a permanent rift with a friend who is a Gore loyalist. The secret Bradley supporter wailed, “You know she takes everything personally. I don’t want her to be angry at me.”

Friction between friends is one thing, but it’s even more dangerous when married couples disagree. Jerome Siegel, the chairman of Titan Industrial Corporation, and his wife, Ruth, raised $700,000 for Clinton’s ’92 election, but now they’ve gone their separate ways: He’s backing Gore; she’s organizing events for Bradley. “It’s not fun when you’re sitting on opposite sides of the table,” she says. “It’s a bit of a struggle.”

The fault lines cut through boardrooms too. One can only imagine the entertaining conversations at the prestigious investment firm Allen & Company, where president Herb Allen is backing Bradley and managing director Stan Shuman is raising money for Gore. Shuman didn’t return phone calls, but Allen let loose a surprisingly vituperative anti-Gore diatribe: “I supported Clinton-Gore in 1992, but one kick in the head by a mule was enough. Neither one of them tells the truth.” Citing a series of well-publicized Gore gaffes—from attending that infamous fund-raiser at the California Buddhist temple to claiming he invented the Internet—Allen said, “If I could bet on this election, I’d bet heavy money on Bradley.”

The bad-mouthing, of course, cuts both ways. “Bradley is diffident, aloof; he doesn’t work well with others, and when the going got tough, he got out, he quit,” rails one top Gore fund-raiser. “Al Gore would be a great president. He has a huge legacy of relationships. He knows every nook and cranny of the executive branch.”

★★★“It’s easier to ask one person f

capitalist Alan Patricof. “People used to giving lar

Gore has built a formidable New York money machine, orchestrated by a highly ambitious team of Wall Street wizards. Peter Knight, the Washington lawyer-lobbyist who is one of Gore’s closest friends, came to New York eighteen months ago and organized a meeting of recruits at the Sky Club. To harness the natural competitiveness of New York’s leading moneymen, the campaign has developed an elaborate scorekeeping mechanism to make sure fund-raisers get credit for each check raised, as if amassing frequent-flier mileage redeemable for such future rewards as an ambassadorship or a White House dinner. “We keep a list, we know who’s No. 1,” says a prominent Gore-campaign insider. “People do compete against each other, and we encourage that.”

The area’s “team leaders,” nearly all veterans of past Clinton-Gore campaigns, are well-known names from the business pages: venture capitalist Alan Patricof, Lazard Frères deputy chief executive Steven Rattner, Loews Hotels president Jonathan Tisch, Paul Beirne of Sanford C. Bernstein & Company, ICG Communications chief executive J. Shelby Bryan, Allen & Company’s Stan Shuman, and hedge-fund manager Orin Kramer. While there are women involved in the Gore effort, the widespread perception is that this clique of guys is running the show.

The Bradley campaign, on the other hand, has proved adept at recruiting political newcomers like designer Tommy Hilfiger, who had never previously backed a candidate when he hosted a June fund-raiser for Bradley at his Greenwich home, and Spike Lee, who is planning a Bradley fund-raiser at his New York townhouse later this year. (Rallying novices, however, has its downside: $50,000 worth of checks received by the Bradley camp to date have either bounced or been returned for violating campaign laws.)

Ironically, the current fund-raising fandango is really a battle over chump change: Presidential candidates can accept only $1,000 per person fo maries. The last time Democrats we ing pressured to write such small for a national campaign was in when cell phones were still a nove recent years, to the dismay of cam reformers, the national Democratic Republican parties have been fixate hitting up wealthy donors for “soft

Photograph by Jonathan Elderfield/Gan

ey,” checks that can run to hundreds of thousands of dollars for so-called issue ads that run once the party nominee is chosen. “It’s a lot easier to ask one person for $50,000 than 50 people for $1,000,” says Gore supporter Alan Patricof. “People used to giving large sums don’t think $1,000 is meaningful.”

At such small increments, it takes enough phone calls to blow the circuits on a speed-dialer to build a $33.5 million war chest, the maximum that the law allows candidates like Gore and Bradley, who accept federal matching funds, to spend. But the checks do add up, and being able to bring in $100,000 can make you very popular with the candidate. “The role of the fund-raiser has replaced the role of the donor at the top of the food chain,” says Fred Wertheimer, director of the campaign-reform group Democracy 21. “People know that this is the way to go if you’re interested in power, influence over government decisions, or government positions.”

Of course, it would be crude—and borderline illegal—to discuss such quids pro quo in public. But that doesn’t mean people don’t think about it constantly. Thanks to Gore’s front-runner status, there’s fierce behind-the-scenes jockeying among donors for position. Every time the vice-president comes to New York, event planners are deluged with calls from people demanding a good table or else. “I get calls the next day, no matter what,” says one weary ego-wrangler, adding that the most difficult people to deal with are the insecure ones near the bottom of the campaign-finance food chain.

The Bradley campaign doesn’t give fund-raisers a script; they improvise their own pitches. “I tell people that I think Bill has a better chance of beating the Republican nominee, since Bill can draw crossover Republicans,” says Len Riggio. Broadway producer Emanuel Azenberg says he stresses that Bradley may not be glamorous but is a man of character: “You can trust him. He’s not a conventional politician; he doesn’t stroke you. Maybe it’s time to get rid of sound bites, images, marketing and go for substance.” Azenberg, who met Bradley back in his Knicks days, has organized a number of Broadway fund-raisers for him over the years and is joining this fall with Roger Berlind and Rocco Landesman to host a benefit performance of *Kiss Me Kate.*

WITH ALL THE ACTIVITY AND all the millions pouring in, there’s still a dutiful, even depressed feeling hanging over the Gore money machine. It’s as if Democratic givers bequeathed their hearts to Bill Clinton and now, they guess, they have to at least empty their wallets for his chosen heir. Why back Al? His allies say Gore’s a decent, reliable guy; it’s his turn; he’ll make a good status quo president—but they don’t talk about him with passion. As one Gore aficionado quips, “This is not the civil-rights movement.”

Sure, Gore got a rousing welcome at his June 17 fund-raiser at the elegant Pierre Hotel, but the crowd of $1,000 donors was supplemented with hospital workers from Local 1199, most of whom were comped. (Gore, like Bradley, refuses to accept PAC contributions.) The crowd surged toward the rope line to shake Gore’s hand as if he were Leo DiCaprio. Jubilant supporters high-fived one another after his rally-the-troops stump speech, yelling out “It’s Albert unchained” and “He’s his own man now.”

But at the bar outside the ballroom, environmental lawyer Steven Russo bemoaned the difficulties of getting his friends to write checks. “It’s tough being the front-runner—he isn’t seen as new or as fresh as Bill Bradley,” said Russo, whose buddies claim their donations won’t make a difference, so why bother? “People say Gore is so big, he’s vice-president, he doesn’t need me.” Indeed, the $1,000 donors didn’t get any face time with Gore that night. That honor was reserved for 150 New Yorkers who had either raised from $10,000 to $100,000 or were seen as hot prospects to do so soon.

What’s poignant about watching Gore work a room is that no matter how hard he tries to connect with people, he’s damned by the inevitable comparisons to Mr. Charisma himself, Bill Clinton. Gore gave a moving speech at the small dinner about his commitment to improve race relations, describing the sobering experience, back when he was a boy, of visiting an old Tennessee mansion with his father and seeing slave rings in the basement. But afterward, people seemed disappointed, as if they hadn’t emotionally gotten what they came for.

“Al Gore is an idea guy,” says Deborah Alter, an environmental activist who attended the dinner, adding wistfully, “The president has such charisma, he uses it to draw people in.” Other guests noted that Clinton would have known the name of every person in the room; Gore, eleven years after his first New York campaign in the abortive 1988 primary, still had to be introduced. “He’s just so physically uncomfortable that people aren’t sure he knows them,” says a Gore sympathizer active in national politics. “He winked at me, but with others the warmth wasn’t there.” The press corps, herded to the side, joked about the lack of electricity in the room—or as one news-magazine reporter quipped, “What’s the difference between a Gore event and a Clinton event? No cleavage.”

It was too early in the morning for cleavage to be an issue at a Bradley breakfast fund-raiser for 600 women at the Sheraton New York two weeks earlier. The room was a sea of pearls and pastel suits. Novelist Anna Quindlen gave a pointed keynote speech that implicitly linked Gore in guilt-by-association to the sex-scandal-prone Clinton. “I want a president now whose moral authority is as stellar as his message,” she said, praising Bradley’s integrity. “We will never have to apologize for him. This is not a man who is blow-dried, face-lifted, or custom-suited.”

Loping up to the podium, Bradley grinned at the crowd and said, “I stand before you as a washed-out basketball player in a baggy suit.” He got a good laugh, although the rest of the speech was hardly inspiring. Bradley recited a list of famous women—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Rosa Parks, Frances Perkins—for no particular reason other than to prove he knew his history, and intoned such platitudes as “Something’s wrong when teenagers can assemble arsenals.”

Yet this sophisticated crowd, with co-hosts including Oxygen Media founder Geraldine Laybourne and Woody Allen producer Jean Doumanian, reacted as if they’d had a religious experience. “I have never, ever felt passionately about a politician before,” said Alice Trillin, children’s television producer and wife of author

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ums don’t think $1,000 is meaningful.” ★★★

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Calvin Trillin. "This man has character. It's so weird for me to be here. I'm like this virgin—I've never gotten involved in a campaign before." Sally Susman, Lou's daughter and a vice-president at American Express who is helping the candidate do outreach in the gay-and-lesbian community, described the Bradley bunch with a laugh: "We're the insurgents, the outsiders, the comrades in Chanel."

The Bradley campaign operates out of funky offices in West Orange (aptly tucked behind the give-till-it-hurts Blood Center of New Jersey). On a chalkboard, finance staffers have written a joke list of money-saving ideas such as HAVE OUT-OF-TOWN GUESTS WALK FROM NEWARK . . . PAY BATHROOMS . . . NO LIGHTS AFTER 6 P.M. . . . SELL BLOOD. The finance office has a mom-and-pop atmosphere, run by two Bradley allies who date back to the candidate's early years in New Jersey.

"I've known Bill Bradley since he was 17 years old," says finance director and close friend Richard Wright, who played college basketball with Bradley at Princeton and is on leave from his solar-energy business. Powerhouse fund-raiser Betty Sapoch hosted Bradley's first major campaign event, a spaghetti supper that kicked off his 1978 Senate campaign. The divorced grandmother (yes, she'll show you the pictures) is a human Rolodex who seems to have memorized every relevant detail about anyone who's ever given to the former New Jersey senator.

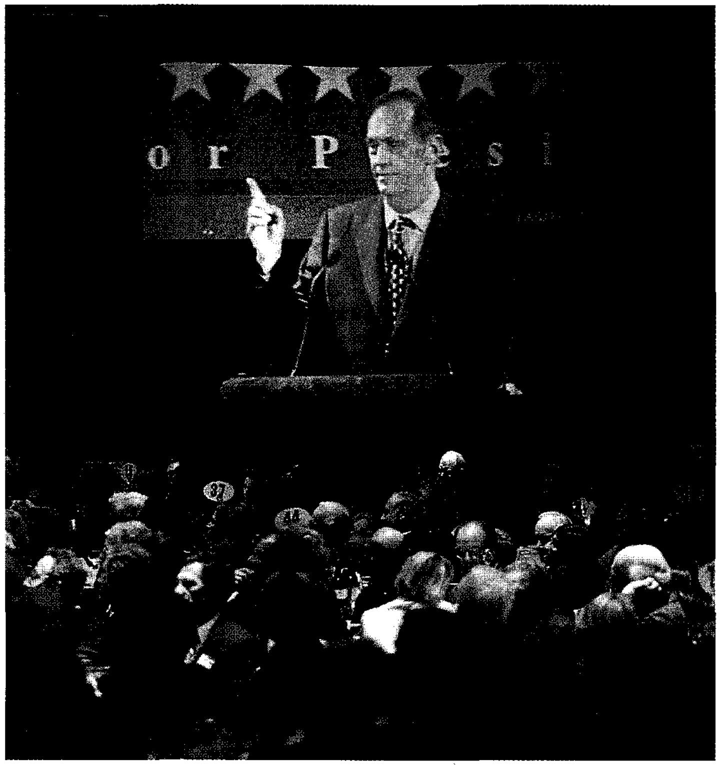
A candidate's time is the most precious asset in any campaign, and Bradley's schedulers have calculated that a fund-raising event has to bring in at least $100,000 to be worth having him attend. Gore, who theoretically has a full-time job and also must support the upkeep of Air Force Two, insists on at least $300,000 for an out-of-town event, although markdowns are available if he happens to be in the neighborhood anyhow. Pragmatically, that means most Gore events are simply too big to allow one-on-one schmoozing with the candidate. "We do smaller dinners in D.C.," says a Gore campaign-staff member in Washington, "but it's hard to get the New York crowd to come, because they don't like to spend the night. Maybe it's the Mario Cuomo syndrome—they want to be back in their own beds."

In an effort to give the impression that he loves New York almost as much as Hillary Clinton does, the vice-president opened a three-person branch office on West 45th Street back in February, and he and Tipper have dropped by the city twice in just the past two weeks. Last Wednesday, Al mingled with Internet entrepreneurs and invited ubiquitous Clinton fan Harvey Weinstein of Miramax and about 50 other CEOs to drop by NYU for an afternoon get-together. Tipper probably had more fun, hosting a gay-and-lesbian fund-raiser at the National Arts Club (a few protesters nothwithstanding).

But Al and his wife are simply not in a position to spend all their time making new friends these days, so campaign insiders are trying to stress all the other fun people you can meet if you join the Gore team. Fund-raisers, in other words, are good places to network. Indeed, the first New York meeting of GoreNet, a group for young professionals, took place at the Tribeca Film Center last week. Morton "Tim" Fry, a New York entertainment lawyer and an organizer of a lawyers' group for the vice-president, says, "The allure of campaign events is not just Gore but the quality of the people he's attracting. It's cool to be out at a dinner with many of these people."

A member of the Gore staff puts it this way: "No one's under the illusion that if they write a $1,000 check they'll spend quality time with the vice-president. But they might spend quality time with Orin Kramer or Steve Rattner." That might be more interesting than watching Al dance the Macarena, but Kramer sounds amused by the notion that people might want to curry favor with him. Still, he's well aware that many donors do have an angle. One money manager told him, "I'll get involved because I hope I'll meet a bunch of wealthy people who'll become investors for me." Kramer remains dubious. "That's a poor use of his time," he says. "People don't get investors through politics."

Kramer tasted White House power twenty years ago as a member of Jimmy Carter's domestic-policy staff, and he has no interest in going back, so now his motivation comes from a lifelong allegiance to the party and the sheer fun of being a player. At the Gore Wall Street rally on June 17, the lanky Kramer plucked whistles and a placard from protesters, throw-



Photographs: left, Lisa Quinones/Black Star; right, Luke Frazza/AFP/Corbis.

ing himself into the effort like an eager new volunteer.

Steve Rattner, who is stepping down as deputy chief executive at Lazard Frères to become the company's deputy chairman in September, is often portrayed as wanting to be the next Bob Rubin, but those who know Rattner well say that his reasons for getting involved in the Gore campaign are more complicated, reflecting a mixture of personal loyalty to the vice-president and fidelity to centrist Democratic politics. "I have no idea what I'm going to do next," says Rattner of his professional life. "I could do something else in the next eighteen months that would preclude Washington. And going to Washington is less intriguing after watching people like Dick Holbrooke get chewed up."

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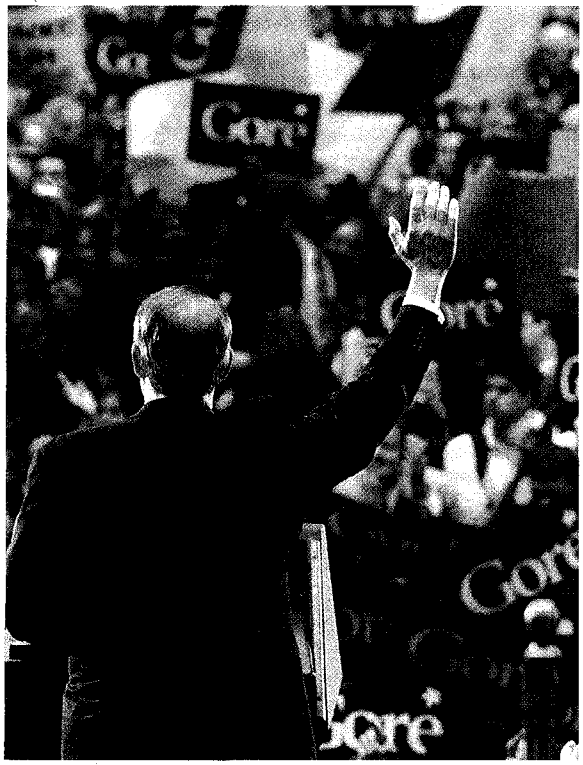
me with Orin Kramer or Steve Rattner." ★★★

But all speculation about anyone's job prospects is academic at this point. First Gore has to win, and the job of calling around to ask for money is a thankless one, so the Gore campaign has tried to make it into a competitive game by creating detailed rules for keeping score. Gore's fund-raisers get credit in a kind of pyramid scheme for every check that can be linked back to them. As a result, people are fighting over checks, yelling at each other, "I brought that money in."

The system works this way: *Zagat Guide*'s Tim Zagat and New Line's Robert Friedman both received calls this year from Jonathan Tisch asking them to give money to Gore and call their friends. "Jonathan asks me for something, I do it," says Zagat. Similarly, Friedman says, "I've called ten or twenty people." Under the Gore bookkeeping formula, Tisch will be credited with any checks these men bring in, since he made the initial calls. But Zagat and Friedman would also get their own gold stars in this double-entry system. The highly competitive Tisch declined to be interviewed. A spokeswoman said he turns down all requests to discuss his political activities. (His reticence is not surprising, given the Tisch family's ownership of Lorillard tobacco, makers of Newport and Kent cigarettes, and Gore's recent record as an anti-smoking crusader.)

The Bradley campaign has a less formal way of keeping track of who's doing the most work. "We don't do elaborate scorekeeping," scoffs Lou Susman. "Gore's donors are lobbyists and Washington-lawyer types, people who are looking for favors. A substantial number of our donors are independents, Republicans people looking for something fresh."

Bradley is not shy about asking for money himself, spending ten hours a week on the phone. "He started out by calling people he knew," says Richard Wright, "but now it's cold calling people who've been recommended. We're looking for raisers." Bradley's calls typically take ten minutes—he does that disarming thing of making the calls himself rather than having a secretary do the fancy 'Hold for Mr. Bradley, please'—and his success rate is high because of the personal touch. After Al Gore's disastrous snafu making fund-raising calls from the White House in 1996, his phone time is more limited.



Hail, Caesars Opposite, Bradley lives large at a Sheraton fund-raiser, April 15; left, Gore meets the faithful on Wall Street, June 17.

AT A BRADLEY FUND-RAISER IN Westport, held at the neighboring estates of stalwart Democratic activists Fran Goldstein and Sandra Wagenfeld, one of the guests was *Sports Illustrated* columnist Frank Deford. "Journalists are supposed to be absolutely neutral on all matters," said Deford, who was at Princeton with Bradley and chronicled the basketball player's career as a Knick, "but I write about sports, so I figured I could act like a civilian."

Ron Dominici, a contractor who has done major renovations for both Goldstein and Wagenfeld, brought his wife and six other family members, for a total of $2,000 in checks. "I've been working for the ladies for twelve years, and we've become friends," he said. They asked; he delivered. Dominici said he'd been to only one previous fund-raiser: an event the two women gave for Hillary Clinton last fall.

When the candidate himself stepped forward to make a few remarks, with Long Island Sound shimmering in the background, he urged the crowd to recruit their friends: "Call ten people; see if they'll join; send us their addresses." Stressing the David-vs.-Goliath theme, Bradley added, "Al Gore has Air Force Two, the White House, the DNC, and all the apparatus. That's not the people."

It's a nice idea, but we're still many months away from taking this election to "the people." It's still a battle for fund-raisers and major givers, not ordinary voters. And in a way, that's the real appeal of playing the money game: You get to be involved in politics, but you don't have to mix with anyone as tacky as an ordinary citizen.

Still, joining the Bradley campaign these days is as close as you can come in politics to getting in early on a potentially hot IPO, while backing Gore remains as stodgy as investing in Con Edison. Some New Yorkers are going to earn major rewards if there is a Democrat in the White House in 2001. Of course, no one should dismiss Gore's Wall Street titans with their methodical checklists. But if enthusiasm is any gauge of primary potency, there will soon be a bull market in seventies New York Knicks collectibles. ▬

The High Cost of Leaving

With rent control and stabilization at death's door, landlords are giving tenants damn near anything they want to just scram. **By Robert Kolker**

THE BIDDING TOOK ABOUT TWELVE MINUTES, AND BY SOME estimates, Robert Manocherian, the trim, dashing young nephew of New York Health & Racquet Club owner Freydun Manocherian, paid about a million more than he should have. But it isn't every day that the city unloads an apartment building on Park Avenue. A handful of the people living in the run-down thirteen-story tower on a tony block near 75th Street showed up at this municipal auction, back in the spring of 1994, and watched as Manocherian beat out three other investment groups with his $4.175 million bid. And afterward, when he shook hands with the tenants whose below-market rents had helped propel this building into tax debt in the first place, the new owner of 823 Park put his best face on. "I'm very pro-tenant," Manocherian told them. "Really, I'm a nice guy."

But within weeks, Manocherian filed an application with the state asking permission to kick everyone out and demolish the place. And since then, as that application has inched its way through the state bureaucracy, the fortyish landlord has methodically set about the grim but entirely legal business of purging the building. After a slew of successful eviction proceedings and deaths by natural causes, the population of 30 at 823 Park has dwindled to 16. To the remaining holdouts, Manocherian is dangling a couple of carrots: for the thirteen rent-stabilized tenants, a check for $1.75 million to divvy up; for the three rent-controlled tenants, lifetime leases in nearby luxury buildings. "Let's understand one thing: We gain absolutely nothing from a delay," says Manocherian's lawyer, Gary Rosenberg. "Every day this goes on, we lose money."

To some of these tenants, a buyout might seem like a get-out-of-jail-free card; New York's rent-control and rent-stabilization laws have changed in ways that have made it harder and harder to hang on to a cheap apartment. But so far, they've snubbed his offers. Instead, they've hired David Rozenholc—a former partner at the politically connected law firm Fischbein Badillo—who made his bones foiling the plans of developers like Donald Trump and Peter Kalikow.

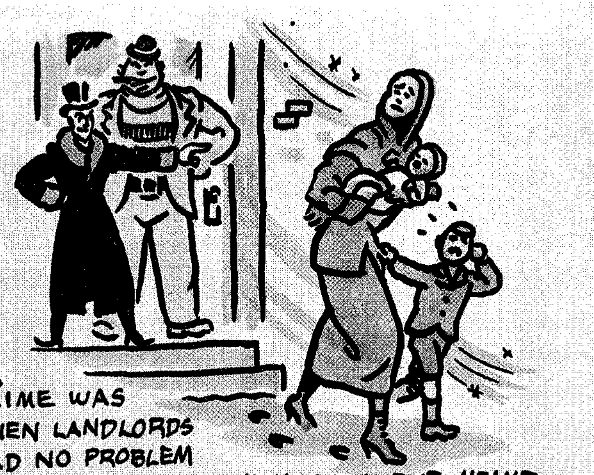
In 1997, the stout, bearded lawyer won million-dollar buyouts for each resident of a brownstone blocking the Museum of Modern Art's expansion. And last summer, he scored what could be the biggest per-apartment buyout in history, getting $1.14 million for each of the five remaining rent-controlled tenants of the Cottages, a Depression-era garden-apartment community on Third Avenue.

James Austrian, a consultant hired by developers to negotiate tenant buyouts, calls Rozenholc "one of the toughest S.O.B.'s in the business." Says Michele de Milly, a real-estate-P.R. executive who has worked for the Manocherians in the past, "When any landlord hears that he's involved in a project, they moan."

"If I had a Park Avenue apartment," Rozenholc says coyly, "I wouldn't give it up, either."

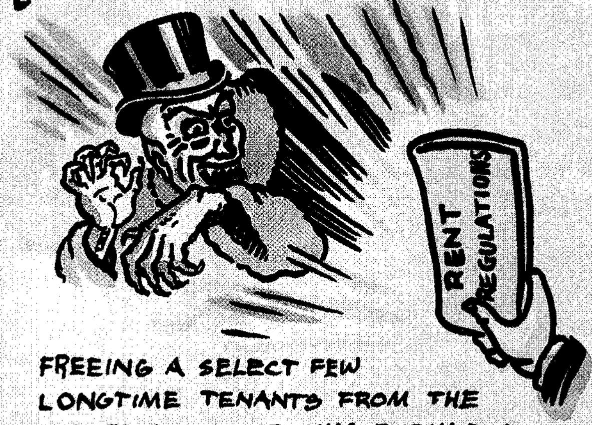
THERE ARE HUNDREDS IF NOT THOUSANDS OF THESE DEALS being haggled all over Manhattan. Chinks in the state's amended rent-protection laws have helped put rent deregulation well within the grasp of local landlords.

Illustration by Ross MacDonald

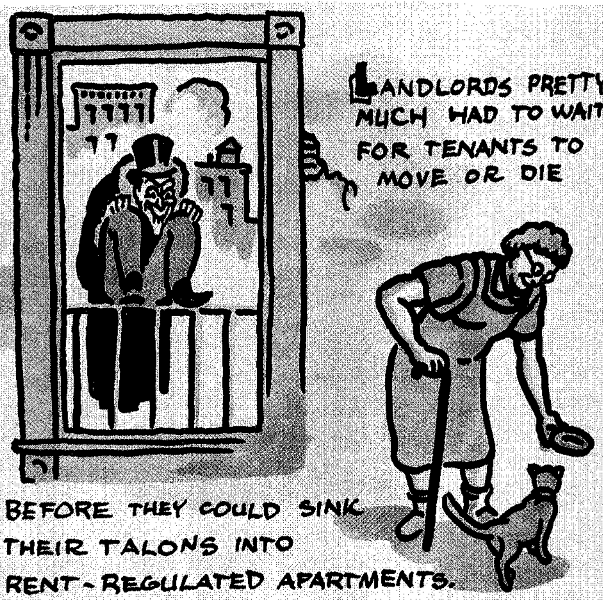


TIME WAS WHEN LANDLORDS HAD NO PROBLEM JACKING RENTS SKY-HIGH, EVEN IF IT MEANT TURNING WIDOWS & ORPHANS OUT IN THE STREET.

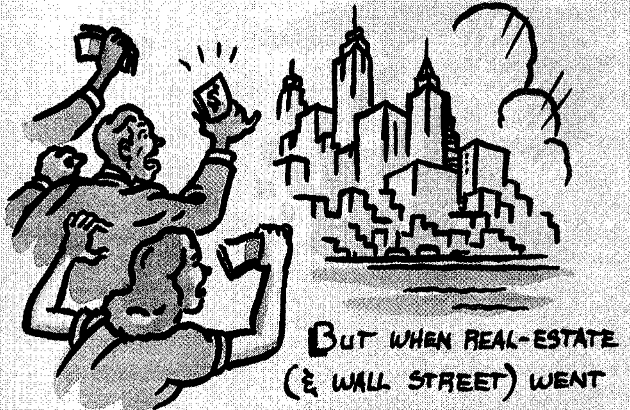
THEN ALONG CAME RENT REGULATION



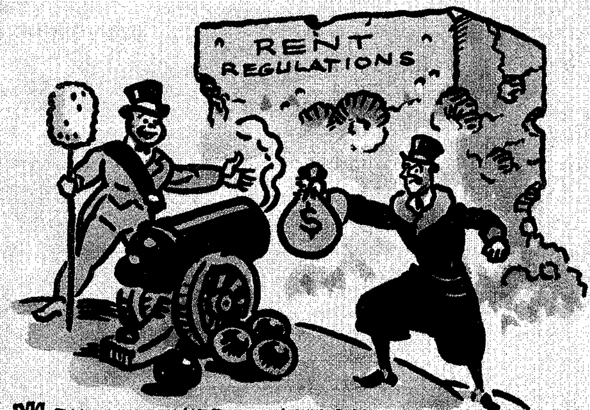
FREEING A SELECT FEW LONGTIME TENANTS FROM THE DEPREDATIONS OF UNSCRUPULOUS LANDLORDS.



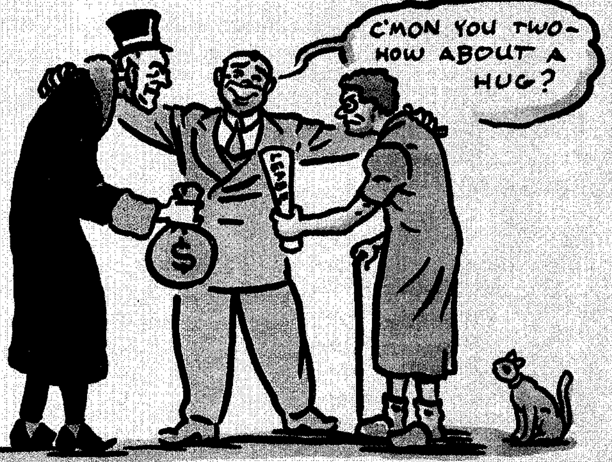
LANDLORDS PRETTY MUCH HAD TO WAIT FOR TENANTS TO MOVE OR DIE BEFORE THEY COULD SINK THEIR TALONS INTO RENT-REGULATED APARTMENTS.



BUT WHEN REAL-ESTATE (& WALL STREET) WENT BOOM, MORE & MORE PEOPLE WERE WILLING TO THROW FISTFULS OF CASH AT LANDLORDS TO LIVE ON MILLIONAIRES' ISLAND.



WITH THE WHIFF OF MONEY IN THE AIR, LANDLORDS' EARLY ATTEMPTS TO BUY OUT ANCIENT LEASES LED ONLY TO COSTLY COURT BATTLES. AND LOBBYING ALBANY COULDN'T ENTIRELY DESTROY RENT REGULATION. *SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE!*

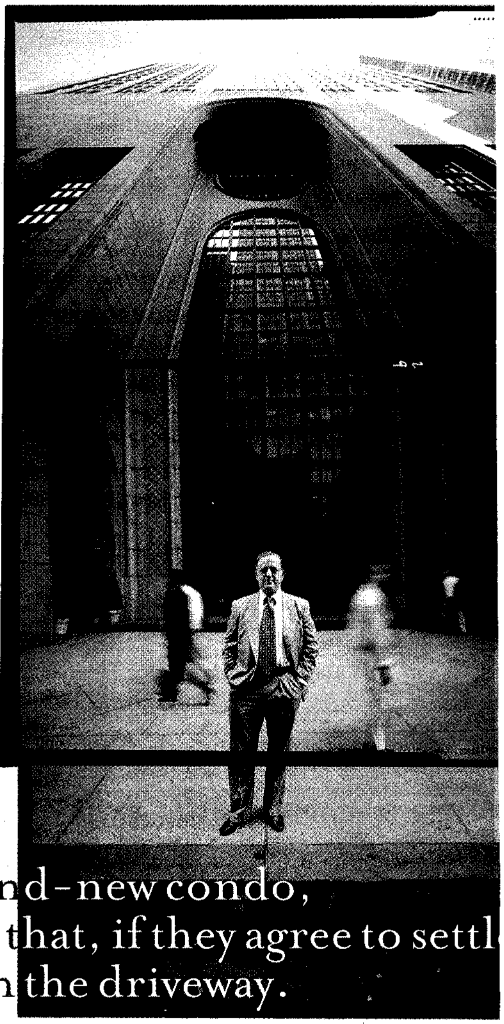

C'MON YOU TWO— HOW ABOUT A HUG?
LEASE
$

ENTER THE MIDDLEMAN, WHO BROKERS THE TRADE THAT MAKES EVERYBODY A WINNER. LANDLORD & TENANT CAN EACH REALIZE HIS OR HER DREAM. AND REALLY, ISN'T THAT WHAT NEW YORK IS ALL ABOUT?

And it couldn't have happened at a better time, with the rental market oven-hot. Hefty apartment buyouts that once seemed preposterous now look like win-win deals to landlords who are dying to see turnover in their buildings.

Tenant attorney Sam Himmelstein has brokered buyouts ranging from $10,000 to six figures per apartment, with the most common figure ranging between $25,000 and $30,000. But the potential to maximize profit is astonishing. “I've seen apartments go from $1,800 a month regulated to $10,000 unregulated,” he says. “Let's say you pay a tenant $60,000. You can raise the monthly rent by $5,000 and get this money back in one year. If you knew for sure you could invest that on Wall Street and make this kind of money in one year, wouldn't you?”

As this negotiation-and-settlement tango continues, rent regulation's long-predicted demise draws closer and closer. And the sound of political gunfire is curiously absent. “Most of Manhattan below 110th Street is experiencing deregulation upon vacancy,” says tenant lawyer and former Rent Guidelines Board executive director Timothy Collins, whose own firm handles up to 50 buyouts a year. “Rent regulation will largely disappear in Manhattan in the next five to ten years.”



Austrian will fly tenants to Florida, direct them to the front door of a brand-new condo, and announce that, if they agree to settl he'll put a Chevy in the driveway.

The 823 Park Avenue battle, then, is a variation on a story that's playing out all over town: Excited by Manhattan rents that have leaped as much as 50 to 60 percent in the past five years, landlords are eyeing their regulated buildings more ravenously than ever. Every New York real-estate era has its tales of Bad Landlords who badger and harass rent-protected tenants into moving. But as this market becomes too hot to ignore, even legitimate landlords are looking to ease their regulated tenants out. More and more, filing for eviction is merely foreplay for a buyout. Over time, this is how rent regulation is likely to die in Manhattan—not with landlords playing poor to an audience in Albany but with landlords writing checks to tenants; not with the bang of a controversial new law going into effect but with a cash-muffled whimper.

The groundwork for the revolution was laid back in 1997, when Albany's rent-law revision slapped a slow death sentence on rent-stabilized apartments. Stabilized tenants have always paid incremental increases every few years, but now the law allows rents to lurch up by 20 percent once the stabilized tenant leaves. And as soon as monthly rents nudge past $2,000, landlords can charge market rate—*whatever they want*—to the next tenants. As if that weren't incentive enough, the new law also relaxed the rules against demolitions, adding loopholes to ease the last one or two rent-controlled tenants out of apartment buildings facing the wrecking ball. “Landlords have been more aggressive about buyouts because the change in legislation has made it more difficult for some tenants to protect themselves,” says Aby Rosen, president of RFR Holding, the company that, after a two-year legal battle, paid a total $5.7 million to clear out the Cottages.

Moguls like Manocherian dream of buying regulated buildings that aren't making a dime—understanding that it's easier these days to empty and mow down a building. But tenant lawyers like Rozenholc also have some leverage here as they gum up developers' timetables with litigation. They know that in this market, the landlords might pay top dollar for them to go away.

In less sexy locations than the Cottages, RFR Holding typically forks over between $80,000 and $150,000 to buy out a rent-stabilized tenant and up to $200,000 to buy out a rent-controlled tenant. “Look, this is a booming community,” Rosen says. “In a couple of years, will there be a market to build? Who knows? So you do what you can now. You've got to move fast. And in these buildings, for someone who's one of the last leftovers, it can be a really great deal.”

Of course, these standoffs tend to drag on. Herbert Bronstein, a retired museum administrator who lived in a rent-controlled $150-a-month one-bedroom tenement in Murray Hill, was bought out by his landlord five years ago for $200,000. It took six years in court for his lawyer, Kent Karlsson, to drive up the landlord's buyout price from an initial offer of $50,000. Bronstein is still amazed by the wait. “I turned to Kent once and said, ‘It's like *Jarndyce* v. *Jarndyce* in *Bleak House*, where both sides are fighting forever,’ ” he says. “Kent said, ‘Exactly. Nothing's changed,’ and then he joked, ‘And thank God for it!’ ”

By the time the landlord paid Bronstein and two other holdout tenants to leave, thirteen others (many of whom were also represented by Karlsson) had moved out for less money. “There were some immediate buyouts,” Bronstein remembers. “The landlord tried to settle with me directly and cut the lawyer out. I said no, but the landlord did do that with one person—and Kent took him to court and got his fee.”

With his buyout, Bronstein could afford to buy a thirty-fourth-floor one-bedroom apartment on the Upper East Side. “I have a beautiful, unobstructed view,” he says. And for a two-bedroom Murray Hill rental on the site of Bronstein's old building, the same landlord is now charging $3,500 a month.

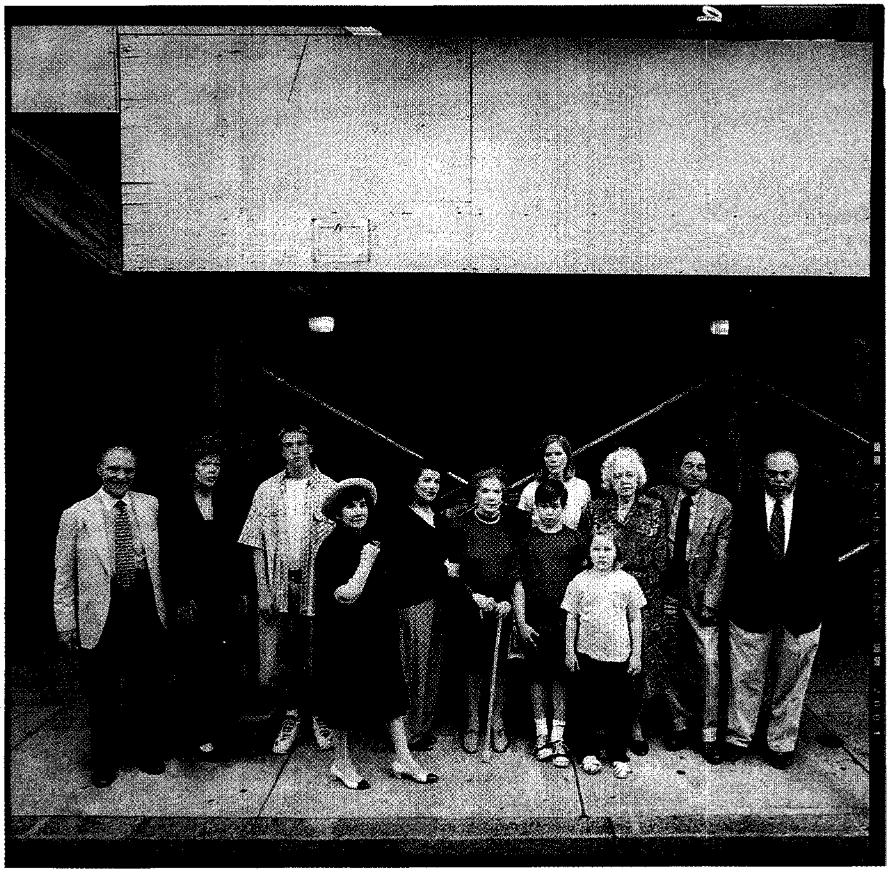
TO GET TENANTS TO CLEAR OUT WITHOUT holding up construction deadlines or going to court, developers have taken to retaining third parties to help deregulate buildings as quickly and quietly as possible. Arthur Zabarkes, a former director of New York University's Real Estate Institute, has created a sort of sideline to his development-consulting practice, hiring himself out as a middleman to help broker these building turnovers. “I jokingly introduce myself to people as someone who evicts people for a living,” he says.

It's a job that takes some detective work. Before making anyone an offer to leave, Zabarkes culls information on tenants' ages, salaries, and living situations. To fer-

Photographs by Russell Kaye.

ret out the rent-regulation cheats—the illegal subletters, non-primary residents, and other breakers of arcane renters' rules—he'll check the phone company's reverse directory to see if the people with phone lines in the building match the names on the lease. He'll talk to the doorman or super to see if they've noticed the absence of certain tenants around the building lately. He'll hire private investigators to check each tenant's credit reports—to see how they're spending their money and where. Typically, he says, as much as 30 percent of any given regulated building contains people who can be evicted legally.

His next step is to pump the building's super for gossip, trying to gauge who might accept an overture for a buyout. "Am I dealing with a cranky 80-year-old, or am I dealing with a sweet 24-year-old who's lucky to have the apartment?" he says. "I divide people into categories: Those I think are most likely to leave would be the younger ones and the ones paying the highest rent." The overall goal, he insists, is to keep tenants whistling even after showing them the door. "I virtually become one of their relatives—I want them to be happy in their new apartments. I have people who call me and say, 'Gee, the oven's burner doesn't seem to work.' I have a tool kit, my Milwaukee half-inch power drill, and lots of drill bits and plaster—because I would fix apartments for people who didn't have a clue about fixing their own things. Sometimes my wife wonders if I don't have a new family."



Last one out, turn off the lights: Opposite, the Sony Building wouldn't be here if it weren't for James Austrian; below, indignant tenants at 823 Park Avenue and their attorney, David Rozenholc (far right).

James Austrian, another turnover artist, has spent more than two decades specializing in clearing vast swaths of real estate with buyouts; his greatest hits include the midtown sites of the IBM corporate headquarters and Philip Johnson's AT&T tower (now the Sony Building). To pull it off—to get a tenant to settle without a fight—he's become something of a hybrid salesman–broker–Santa Claus. He'll offer to move you to a neighboring market-rate building, where his client would gladly bankroll an annuity to cover the difference in rent. He'll give you the down payment on a new home. If you're skittish about plunging into the city's insane housing market, he'll scout places himself, sending you photos or videos of prospective apartments. Will he pay your moving costs? Of course.

And if it turns out that what you really want to do is to leave town, he's your man. Austrian has been known to fly tenants to Florida for a week, direct them to the front door of a brand-new condo, and announce that if they agree to settle, he'll put a new Chevy in the driveway. It's a bit of a Bob Barker moment, and few people say no.

"Someone once told me they had family in Trinidad and couldn't get them visas," Austrian says. "Well, I have no authority over this, but I know people who are lawyers and people in government. So I made it happen. To the tenant, it was priceless."

A GOOD CHUNK OF TODAY'S BUYOUTS CAN BE chalked up to Sherwin Belkin—a landlord attorney who untangles rent-regulation issues for the Milsteins, the Rudins, Harry Macklowe, and Trump. A tall, soft-spoken lawyer who publishes a newsletter with tips for landlords looking to take every advantage of the rent-regulation rules, Belkin figures that his firm single-handedly evacuated 500 apartments in 1998. He expects the same kill rate in 1999. "In my experience," he says, "it's the very rare tenant who has no price."

This spring, after almost two years of wrangling, Belkin paid to move the last tenant out of a twelve-unit building in the East Fifties. The final buyouts were six figures per tenant. "Had they fought me and had I won," he says, "I still would have had to pay each of these people $60,000"—following the formula set by the law governing the demolition of rent-regulated buildings. "I paid more. Why did I do that? The hearing could have taken months, and then more months for a decision. The appeal could take a year or more. Tenants could then appeal it to State Supreme Court." Unwilling to watch the boom blow by, Belkin's client ponied up.

The mammoth Cottages settlement—now something of a Holy Grail for tenant lawyers—is just an inflated version of the same story: Itching to break ground, a developer was willing to pay a bundle for the ability to build right away. In situations like this one, Rozenholc bases his bargaining not on what the apartments are worth but on what the developer has to lose. "Let's assume a landlord is sitting there losing value on a $10 million investment that he's doing nothing with," Rozenholc says. "He's losing a potential revenue return of, say, 9 percent on that $10 million, or $900,000. In addition, he's paying to maintain the existing building and insure it, so he's losing about a million a year. Then I calculate what it costs the landlord to keep the tenants there for five years—$5 million. In addition, he's missing out on the stock-market and the development boom. If there's a 50-50 chance I'll win, then I make a decision—I weigh what my clients are giving up, and I weigh what I'm giving him."

Divide $5 million among five tenants, and you get a million dollars apiece. Rozenholc got each of the Cottages tenants more than that—minus his one-third commission. Good deal, right?

Tell that to *(continued on page 84)*

Cho & Tell

MARGARET CHO WILL TELL YOU ANYTHING. About her surreal childhood: "Some people were raised by wolves; I was raised by drag queens." About her girlhood fantasy that she would grow up to be surrounded by gorgeous men—which came true, but with a decidedly gay twist: "I should have been more specific," she sighs. Her act may be full of lewd, jarringly personal sexual and showbiz tales (including the trials of dating men like Quentin Tarantino), but to hear her tell it, Cho is a lot more discreet than she used to be. "In the past, I was just embarrassing," admits the 30-year-old comic actress, whose brazen new show opens July 8th at the Westbeth Theatre Center (home to Sandra Bernhard, Eddie Izzard, and *Hedwig and the Angry Inch*). "I would be appalled by the way I talked onstage, that I would just . . . go there," Cho recalls. "No boundaries." These days, she's feeling something new: "If I didn't know me, I would like me," she says. "That's really strange."

In fact, life would be perfect if only she got to live it all onstage. "I have such an easy time talking to an audience about something that I could not talk to you about one-on-one," says the San Francisco–born performer, whose years of club gigs, cable specials, and roles in films like *Face/Off* and *It's My Party* have won her a growing legion of rabid fans and a reputation as an anti-geisha, the upstart spawn of Robin Williams and Courtney Love. "When I'm onstage, I do everything right, and then I get offstage and I cannot live, I'm totally fucked up and crazy. I really have a problem with surviving."

Offstage, the NC-17 diva seems disconcertingly PG. Standup comics are typically in-your-face, angry, withholding neurotics, but Cho in the flesh is soft-spoken, open, unguarded, the kind of person who says things like "My life radiates with love." Of course, the words are coming from a person wearing a T-shirt with KISS MY ASS emblazoned in glitter across her chest.

Sipping water in the offices at Westbeth, Cho sits beside her two favorite companions—the dog who never leaves her side and the manager who's recently returned to it after discovering Cho in her early twenties and sticking by her until Cho got a sitcom and fired her friend on the spot. Acknowledging her "devastating mistake," Cho begged her to come back some four years later.

If tragic childhoods produce the best comedians, young Margaret had it made: As soon as she was born, her father was deported to Korea. "He didn't tell my mother until she'd just had me," recalls Cho, "and then he said, 'I'm going away in three days.' " Her mother soon followed, leaving Cho in the care of strangers for the first seven years of her life. "I got very used to being very charming to whoever I was with at the moment, so I wouldn't be abandoned . . . loving who I was with," she says with a laugh, "which carried through my adult life."

When she was 8, she was reunited with her parents, who'd come back to San Francisco to run a bookstore on Polk Street. But as they were rarely home, the girl soon learned to entertain herself. "I never left the front of the television," she says. "That was my primary caretaker."

She had no dreams of going into show business. "I wanted somebody to tell me what to do," says Cho, who started doing guerrilla improv in high school and at 15 dropped out to become an actress and comedian. Relatives said it couldn't be done—"They don't make those in Korean," Margaret was told—and she relinquished her hopes of ever finding fame. All that mattered was that she keep performing.

As it turned out, the teenager so skilled at entertaining herself also had a flair for delighting others. Traveling around the country, she became a favorite at colleges, though some days the only time she spoke to anyone was onstage. If the isolation of the road was "strangely familiar," it was also "really scary—and I looked weird," Cho says, laughing. "I was wearing this huge leopard skin coat and giant purple sunglasses—I'm, like, in the middle of Indiana in the winter, trying to eat dinner in a combination gas station–restaurant. I looked like an alien."

Taking a break from touring, she went to L.A. for a visit, crashed with friends, and accidentally stayed. Her way with a tale soon won her club gigs and made her everyone's favorite discovery, from Bob Hope and Arsenio to Jerry Seinfeld. "I was hard to ignore," says Cho, citing her Korean-ness, her gender—and the fact that she was like no performer anyone had every seen *or* heard. "I was not this pretty thing, not this sweet thing; my persona was very cool, very mean—but not to you." Then one day the former TV addict got an irresistible offer: to star in *All-American Girl,* a landmark Asian-American sitcom designed to bring TV audiences her unique voice and style.

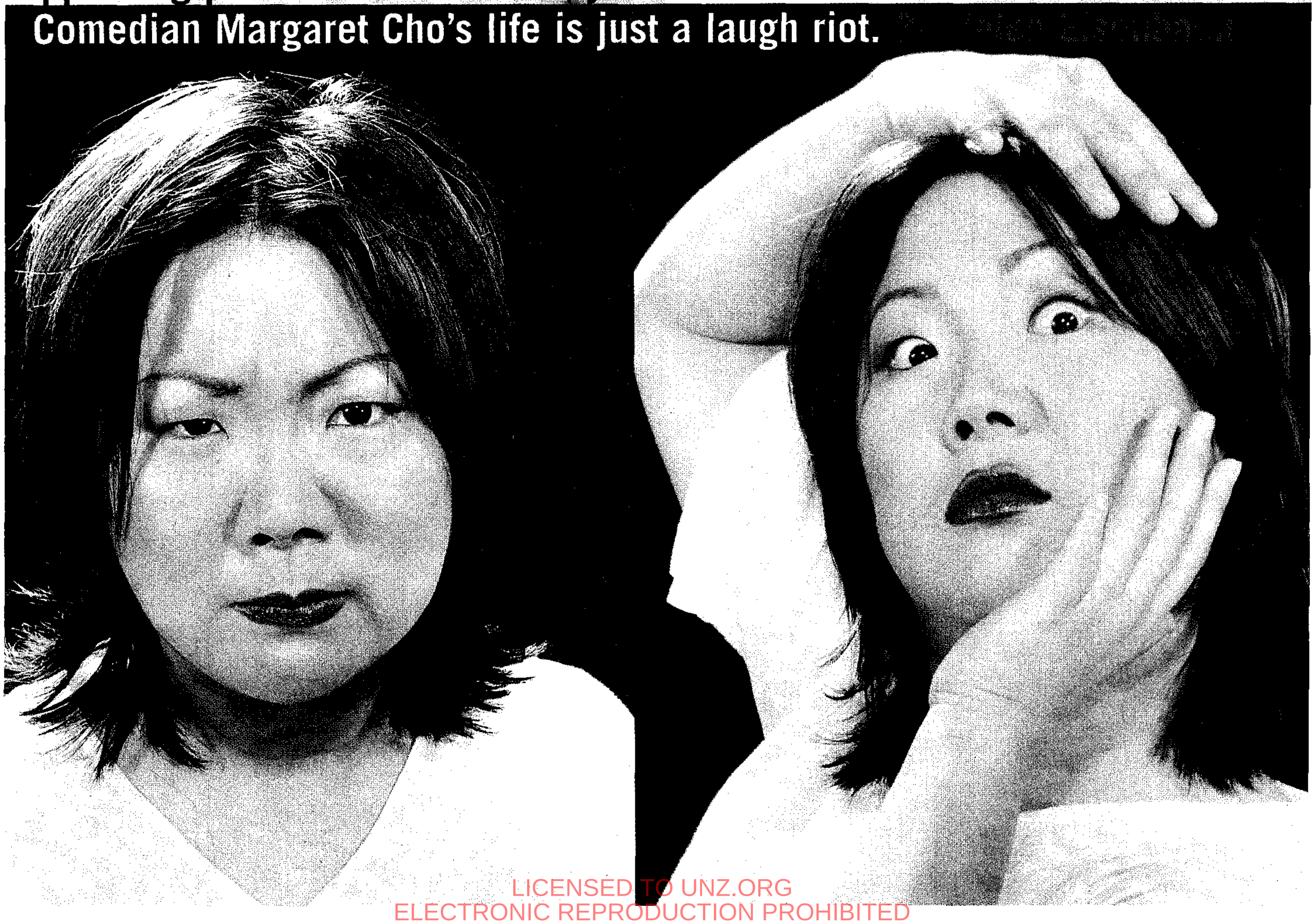
All she had to do was change them. "It was too good to be true, and it was terrible," says Cho, who is only now able to see clearly the celebrity train wreck she almost didn't survive. Crash-dieting on orders from producers until "my ass was small enough that they could begin shooting—I was so on the verge of 'She could be really hot if she could just be artificial,' " she paused briefly to recover from kidney failure, then prepared to be remade into a star. "If you're an artist and you don't know who you are," she says, "there's lots of people out there who will tell you." Yet for the first time, Cho found something she was a failure at—"being somebody else"—and the show was canceled: star to has-been in a heartbeat. Add low self-esteem and a lifelong love affair with alcohol and drugs, and Cho was a bad TV movie-of-the-week waiting to happen.

Years of depression and drinking followed; adopting a puppy she was told was going to die, she assumed they'd die together. Cho sank so low that even she decided she'd better get up and change. No more nights holding the mike stand to keep the room from spinning. "I think that person died," she says. Clean for a year, Cho can at last recognize what happened to her; yet if her show tackles the pitfalls of fame, it does so without the bitterness one would expect. Her fans will recognize the old Margaret with the "big appetite for food, sex, clothing, success"—but the surprise is that she bares her past with an undisguised joy at where she finds herself today.

In private, talking about the challenges of being a "star," she falters, barely able to get the word out, embarrassed at applying it to herself even in the past tense. Yet to the audience that screams for her to come out and leaps to its feet when she is through—Asian students, gay couples, Jewish parents, big-haired girls from Jersey, straight couples on dates—she's not only a star, she's *their* star. No one is more amazed than Cho. "I always thought, *Oh, well, I'm good for a lay, but I'm not good enough to marry,*" she says, recalling the first time an audience gave her a standing ovation, an increasingly common occurrence these days. "I can't believe this is my reality," she says of the place fate has landed her today. "I feel like a good-time girl being taken to the altar." ■

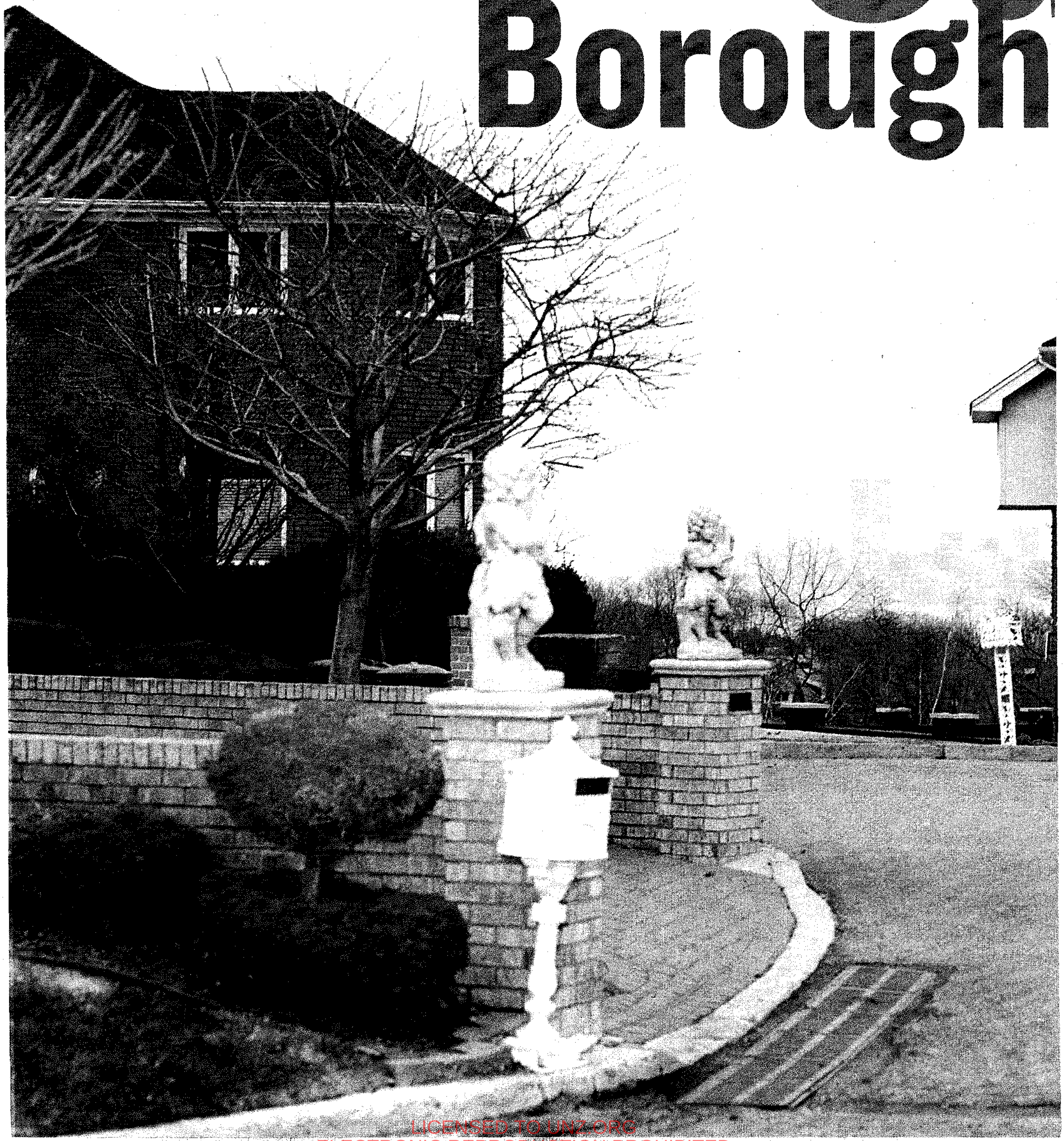
Photograph by Matthias Clamer

sappearing parents. Humiliation-by-sitcom. Nosedive into substance abuse. Comedian Margaret Cho's life is just a laugh riot. [illegible]



LIVING LARGE Joann Dapolito in the tony foyer of her Grymes Hill mansion.

The Ou Borough



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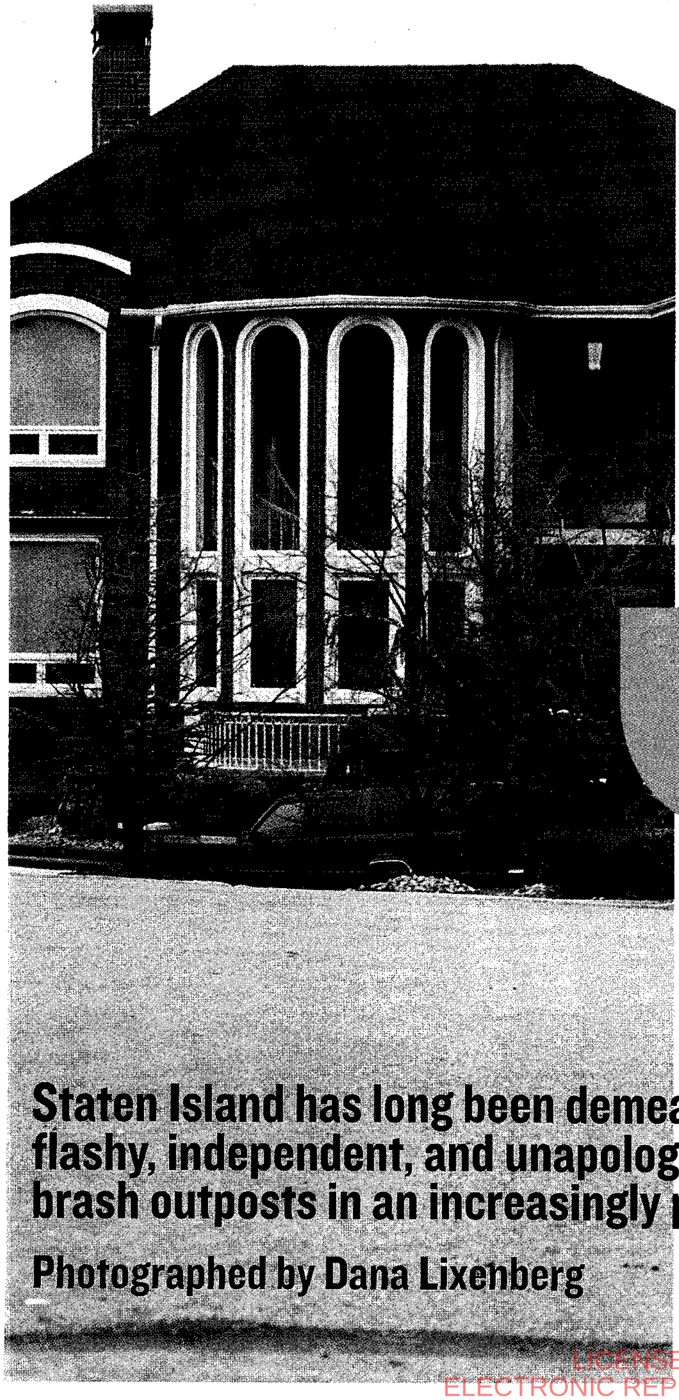


Staten Island has long been demeaned as a provincial punch line. But flashy, independent, and unapologetically outré, it's one of the last brash outposts in an increasingly prim city. **By Michelangelo Signorile**

Photographed by Dana Lixenberg

JOANN DAPOLITO AND I LEAVE HIGH SOCIETY, THE HAIR SALON she owns on the corner of Old Town Road and Hylan Boulevard on Staten Island, and we hop into her cream-colored Jaguar XJ8 Sport. She's wearing sleek black bell-bottom slacks, patent-leather boots, and a tight wool sweater with removable sleeves. "I got this on 86th Street in Brooklyn," she tells me about the sweater. "I shop there a lot, and I go to the Short Hills Mall in Jersey and Paramus Mall, too." • Joann is my second cousin. We're both 38, and we grew up near one another on Staten Island. But we haven't hung out together since I ran away about fifteen years ago. Making the break wasn't easy. If I felt I wasn't accepted on sleepy and often inflexible Staten Island because I was gay, I certainly felt I wasn't accepted in Manhattan because, well, I was from Staten Island.

These days it's the Manhattanites who are heading for Staten Island. Saint George, the once-declining old section where the ferry lands, is becoming what Estelle Karp, a Century 21 realtor on Victory Boulevard calls "a new renaissance area," as the double latte set discovers the city's final frontier. "A lot of people are getting priced out of Manhattan," she reports. "They're buying up the old Vanderbilt Victorians that were playgrounds for the rich of that era. It's only going to intensify with the new ferry terminal being built, lots of shops and walkways, and the new minor-league Yankees' stadium."

But there's a cultural gulf 10,000 miles wide separating trendy urban Saint George and the rest of Staten Island—the Staten Island Joann and I are driving through. Soon enough, we're whirling up exclusive Grymes Hill, heading toward a gated community known as the Enclave, where Joann lives with her husband, Paulie, and their two children, Ashley, 8, and Paul IV, 5, in a house with seven bathrooms on a cliff overlooking New York Harbor and the Narrows.

Paulie is a quintessential Staten Island success story. Like a lot of young guys from Brooklyn, Queens, and Staten Island, he decided against college and went to work on the floor of the New York Commodities Exchange at the age of 18, hoping to make it big. Whether they be secretaries or stock traders, Staten Islanders have always preferred to work in lower Manhattan—a brief, free ferry ride away. When I was in high school, working part-time in the mail room at the AT&T building on Sixth Avenue just south of Canal Street, people in my neighborhood couldn't believe I was working so far "uptown."

Wall Street is also popular because it offers opportunities to make big money without having to spend those four years earning a college degree. On Staten Island, making money, and doing it quickly, is what counts most.

"My cousin knew all the people on the trading floor, so I began working there," Paulie says, explaining his upward trajectory. "At first I didn't care whether I was there or in outer space. I mean, it was 1979, and I was 18. But within three months, I caught on to what was really going on. I was hanging out with guys who were going to champagne lounges, drinking the best. Rolls-Royces, limousines, the works. I was like, 'Something's really good about this business.' I caught on to it. In a year I was on my way to making that my career." He eventually opened his own commodities firm with his brother and his cousin, trading cocoa futures. Today his company, Dapco, is the biggest firm trading cocoa futures on the exchange. "But now I'm looking for something else," he says, anticipating a market downturn. "I'm thinking about construction."

Joann is a Staten Island success story of her own. Well-off Islanders who don't work on Wall Street tend to be private-business owners—like Joann's father and my father, both of whom started out in the restaurant business, without the college detour—rather than, say, doctors and lawyers. Joann opened High Society in 1980, after getting her degree in haircutting from the Wilfred Academy. And the business took off.

Joann and Paulie moved to the house in the Enclave in 1997, from Prince's Bay, where they had "a regular, half-million-dollar house," says Joann. The Enclave was once the site of the gargantuan Hormann Castle, built in 1891 by a German industrialist and torn down in 1968. Now, nine homes, each worth well over $1.5 million, are perched atop a steep slope there. Unlike the rest of New York City, Staten Island is distinguished by seven very high, mansion-laden hills that dot the middle of the island from north to south, including Lighthouse Hill, where a 100-year-old lighthouse surreally sits not far from a Buddhist temple that houses the largest collection of Tibetan art in the Western hemisphere (the Jacques Marchais Museum of Tibetan Art); Emerson Hill, where Ralph Waldo Emerson lived during his heyday; and Todt Hill (*todt* is Dutch for "death"), whose residents have included many reputed mobsters.

Staten Island's elite live high on the islan

"It's all about getting water

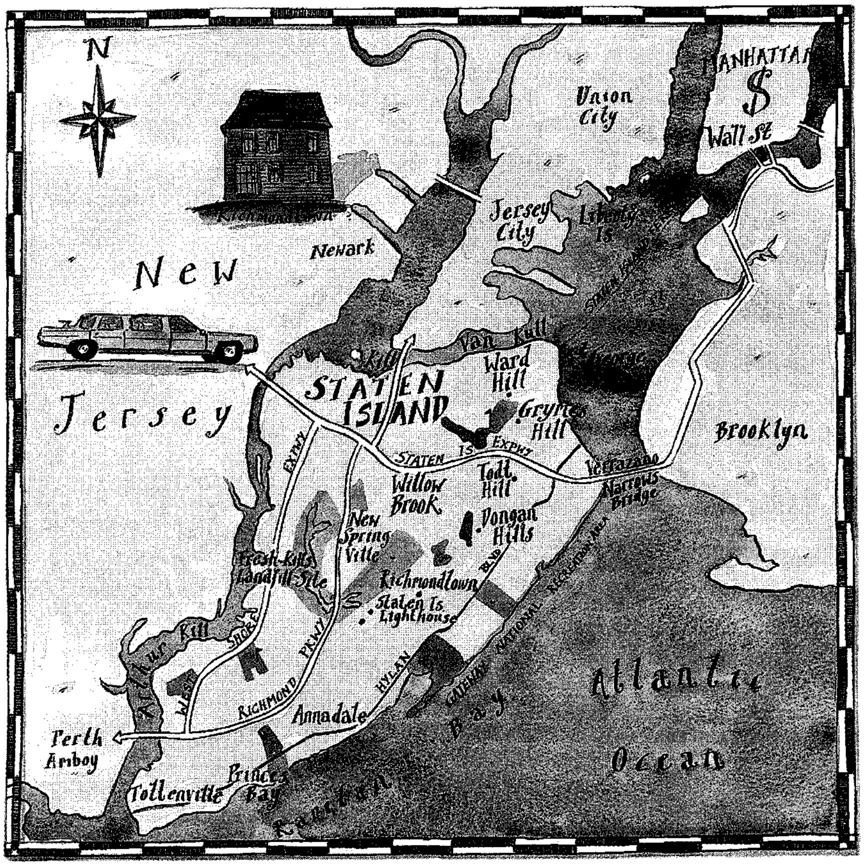


Illustration by Michael Hill.

The wealthy tend to live high on the hills; the more modest homes are further down. "It's all about getting water in your basement," one of my uncles used to tell me. "All the water runs into the basements of the people at the bottom." At 409 feet above sea level, Todt Hill is the highest point on the Eastern Seaboard south of Maine; other parts of the island are below sea level and prone to frequent flooding. Ward Hill, located on the North Shore, is the most extreme example of this hilltop caste system, looking like something out of modern-day Brazil. Gorgeous, well-kept homes are nestled on the very top of Ward Hill. But hugging the sides and bottom are low-income neighborhoods, and on one side—just three or four blocks from the top of the hill—is Jersey Street,

DOLLED UP **Right, a girl getting her hair done before her first communion, at Joann Dapolito's High Society beauty parlor.**

ls. Less affluent residents live at the bottom.
ur basement," my uncle explains.

one of the most poverty-stricken places on the island, plagued by drugs and burned-out buildings. Grymes Hill, too, is bordered on one side by what Joann calls "a bad neighborhood that I'm not allowed to drive through with the Jaguar."

JOANN AND I PULL INTO HER DRIVEway, and she takes me on a tour of her massive brick contemporary house, showing me the teal-and-black Ultrasuede couches, the leopard-print sofas, and the floors of terra-cotta tiles that were cured naturally outdoors in Spain and even have paw prints in them here and there. But she doesn't like the floors very much, or some of the other accoutrements left by the previous owner, whose taste was "really Italian, *too* Italian." Second- and third-generation Italian-Americans, a group that dominates Staten Island, tend to disdain those who adhere too closely to the ornate style of Southern Italians.

"They like antiques, and some Deco, but they like a lot of modern, a lot of contemporary—glass block and granite," says John LaPolla, one of a small handful of local interior designers whose homes grace the society pages of the Staten Island *Advance*, the island's Newhouse-owned daily newspaper, talking about his clients. "They like to mix it up a bit." La Polla designed Joann and Paulie's previous home in Prince's Bay. He also designed their summer home on Long Beach Island, New Jersey, a sort of Southampton for the Staten Island set and a place they often describe as "the exit right before Atlantic City," which they visit often. La Polla is now working with Joann on the new house at the Enclave.

The house is a fairly standard suburban structure with a built-in pool and a patio. Its most spectacular features are the picture windows that frame the Manhattan skyline, the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, and assorted oil tankers and ocean liners sailing into and out of New York Bay.

The tour takes us into the bathroom off the master bedroom. "This bathroom has a story of its own," Joann says. "The Jacuzzi was installed but never hooked up. So we banged out two tiles, and they worked under there to fix the plumbing. I had my engagement ring on and I was washing my hands in the sink, and I don't know where it went, but I think it went under the Jacuzzi through the hole. We couldn't find it. So we closed the hole up. But now Paulie feels that the hot tub is too low, that it should be up higher so that when he's sitting in the hot tub he can look out and see the view, so he wants to raise it up. I said, 'Paulie, don't you get enough view? What is the difference? This is ridiculous.' But I also thought, *No, let's do it, because I want to get my ring.* I mean, I have no ring!"

Downstairs, off the kitchen, a pair of high-powered binoculars are perched on a pedestal facing the floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the harbor. "I bought these for Paulie for Christmas," Joann explains. "You can see everything through there, the top of the Williamsburg tower, every car on the [Verrazano] bridge." At just that moment, the telephone rings. It's Paulie on his way home in the car, asking her for a traffic report. Like a lot of other Wall Street management types who live on Staten Island, he drives to work—via Brooklyn—rather than cram himself onto the ferry.

Joann looks into the binoculars with the phone on her ear. She can see much of the route he takes, from the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway in Brooklyn Heights to the Verrazano. "The top level has a couple of cars," she reports. "But I don't see any on the bottom. Both levels are moving."

In a sitting room off the main living room, Joann shows me some of her artwork. "You see my sculpture?" she asks, pointing to a curious abstract glass sculpture sitting on an even more curious glass table right out of a Maurice Villency ad. "It's from a gallery, and it's from Italy," she explains, noting that it's unlike the acrylic abstract sculpture nearby. "That one's just, you know, from a factory, but this one is real art," she clarifies. "It's special blown glass. The artist is Emilio something, some guy." She picks up the sculpture to take a look. "Let me see, Dino Rogan—no, Rodini. Oh, I don't know, but it's from Italy. It's funky, right? I love it. It was a couple of thousand dollars, I think. Hopefully, it'll be worth a lot more someday—when he drops dead." We both burst into laughter.

THERE ARE MORE PEOPLE AND MORE money here now, but this is the same Staten Island I grew up on. It's a place where excess is proudly celebrated and discretion is, thankfully, not at all the better part of valor. And kids are cultured into it from a young age. By the time I was 14, I had my name in gold block letters—MIKE—hanging around my neck, with the I in diamonds, a fabulous gift from my parents. A few years later, they gave me a ring that flashed my initials in diamonds—MS. It glittered beautifully in the sun as I hung my hand on the steering wheel of my new Trans Am, also courtesy of my parents.

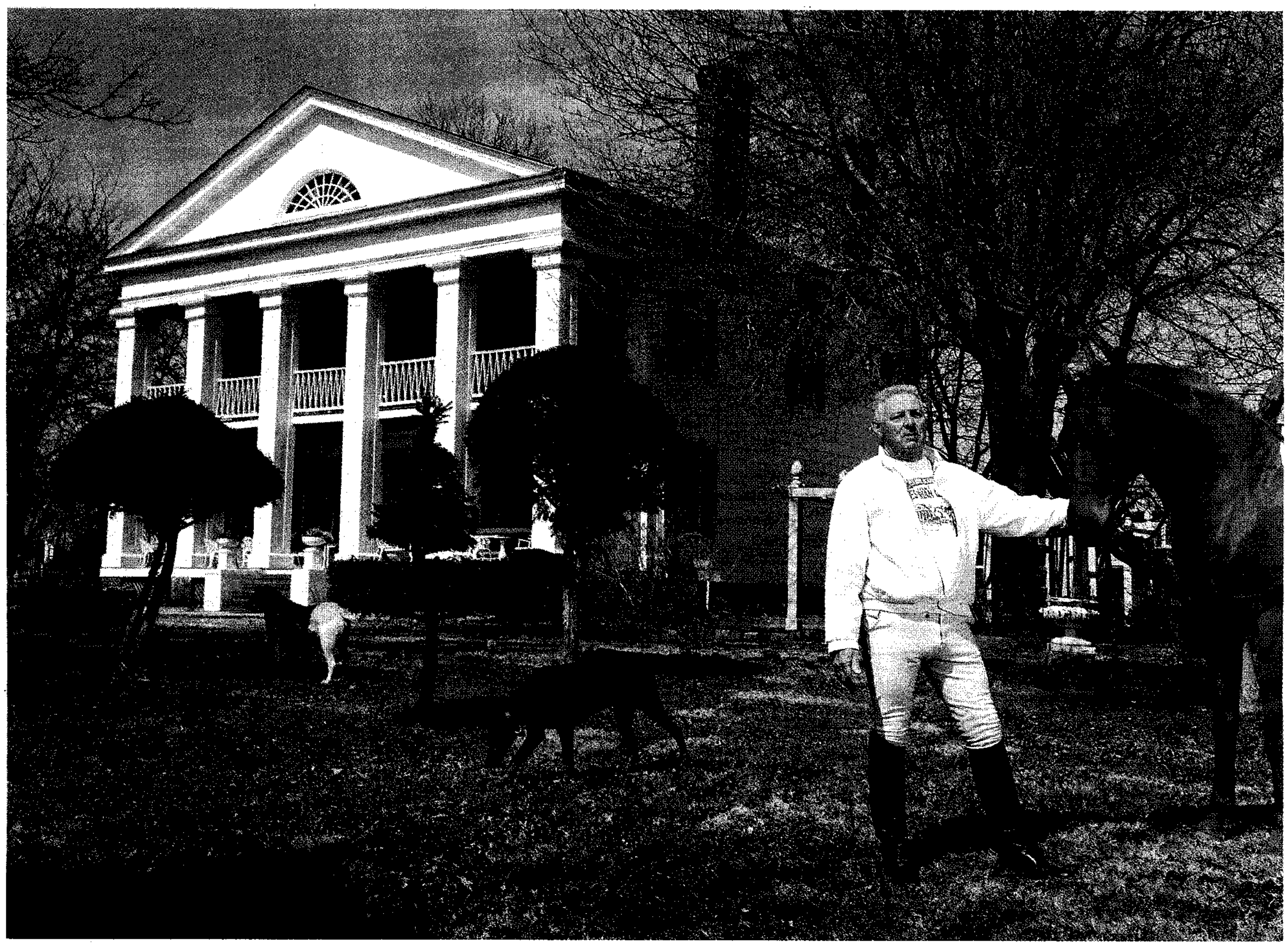
We didn't live on "the hill"—as we called nearby Todt Hill—opting instead for the more middle-class neighborhood of Dongan Hills (where there aren't really any hills). But my father did have his Lincolns, his Cadillacs, his Jaguars, and his vintage Rolls-Royce in the garage, and we lived quite well. That said, he'd drum into our heads that we were not to take any of it for granted. Like many proud, self-made Staten Island men, my father saw the kids as somewhat spoiled. He broke his back—as he liked to say—working twelve hours a day, six days a week, owning deli restaurants, first in Brooklyn, then in lower Manhattan, for as long as I can remember.

And we were closer to the rule than to the exception. One of the biggest misconceptions about Staten Island is that it is solidly working-class. Though shades of the movie *Working Girl* are apparent, the island is not exactly the blue-collar bastion in which Melanie Griffith, playing a secretary named Tess, struggled to make ends meet. Those older, prewar North Shore neighborhoods are all still here, as are blocks and blocks of new middle-class detached and semi-detached homes. But Staten Island has for some time been the suburban home to a growing segment of New York City's more ethnic upper middle class. The value system may in many ways be solidly working-class—which perhaps accounts for the confusion—but the money that people are making and spending is definitely something else.

"I've never seen anything like it," Earnestine Lannigan, a physical-education teacher at New Dorp High School, notes. An African-American who moved to the island 19 years ago, she lives in a racially mixed townhouse complex on a plateau halfway up Ward Hill, and she has a tiny yard on a cliff with views as commanding as my cousin Joann's. "One of my students said to me, 'I'm getting an ankle bracelet from my boyfriend for Christmas,' and I thought that was nice," she observes. "When Christmas was over, I didn't see it on her ankle. She said, 'No, here it is,' and there it was, full of diamonds, around her neck—they wear the ankle bracelets on their necks. It's very different out here. Sweet-sixteen parties that are like weddings—I went to one at the Excelsior Grand; it had to cost at the very least $20,000. We saw a horse and carriage on New Dorp Lane the other day, and I thought, *Oh, someone's getting married.* You know what it was? Someone's first communion."

Staten Island is where boys get Corvettes and BMWs on their eighteenth birthdays, teenage girls get furs and gold and diamonds, and toddlers have their

Staten Island is where boys get Corvettes on their eighteenth birthda
furs, and toddlers celebrate their birthda



birthday parties in catering halls. Just last year my brother Vinny threw his son Vincent's first-birthday party at the Staaten. In the middle of the dance floor, the kids tumbled about in one of those huge inflated playrooms from an amusement park—one that was so big it kept hitting the chandeliers—while the 100-odd adult guests sat on the sidelines at tables, devouring lasagna, shrimp, and calamari.

Back in the forties, Staten Island was a summer retreat for literary types like Jane and Paul Bowles. Now it attracts celebrities like Steven Seagal, who has a huge compound on the beach in Annadale. Alyssa Milano and Rick Schroder grew up here four blocks away from each other, but they never moved back. Outside of Manhattan, Staten Island is the borough with the highest per capita income at $29,159. It is the fastest-growing borough in the city, and the fastest-growing county—Richmond—in New York State.

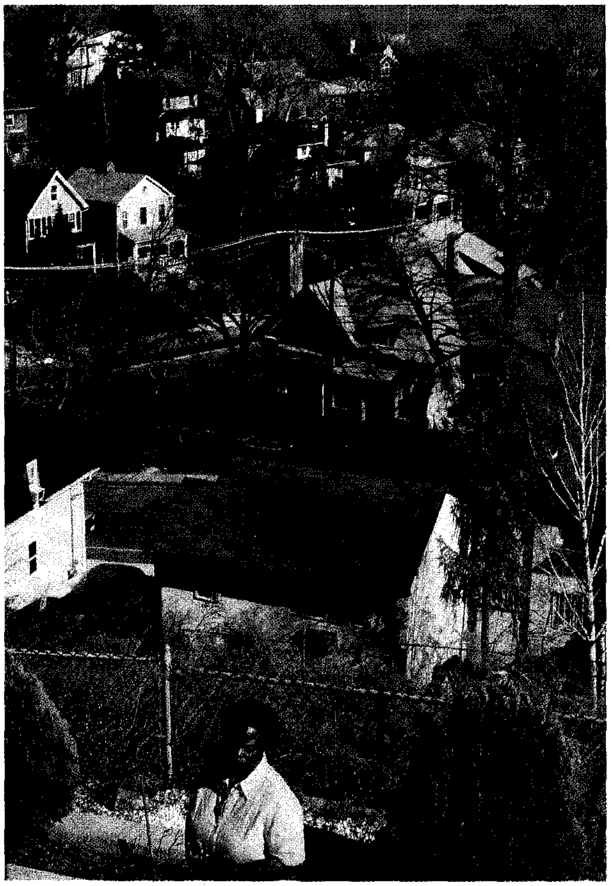
enage girls get
catering halls.

Tens of thousands of upwardly mobile Italian-Americans began moving to Staten Island as soon as the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge—sometimes derogatorily called "the Guinea Gangplank"—was built in 1964, connecting then-bucolic Staten Island to Brooklyn. That was a period of "white flight" from New York's inner-city neighborhoods, and a time that saw the most dramatic growth on Staten Island in the more than 300 years since the Dutch first tried to settle here and came to blows with the Raritan Indians time and again.

The children of those former Brooklynites are part of a new generation that makes its home in the only borough of New York City that votes solidly Republican. Like all islands, Staten Island has a distinct island culture, one that breeds suspicion of outsiders. And some of its more upscale Italian-American residents smugly look down on their blue-collar counterparts across the Narrows, with their habit of covering furniture in plastic slipcovers, not to speak of their habit of voting Democratic. They are increasingly joined on the island by newer moneyed immigrants, including Koreans and Russians, who take well to the grand Italian-American sensibility.

As I ride around the island with Joann, I see that other groups are more visible than they've ever been. The Willowbrook section of the island is home to a large Orthodox Jewish community, and a group of Hasidim have bought a large piece of undeveloped land on the West Shore. The Albanian Islamic Cultural Center on Victory Boulevard is the city's second-largest mosque. The largest Liberian community outside the African nation resides here, too. And many Indian professionals have settled on the island in recent years. One Indian physician who lives on Todt Hill, Dr. Mukund Mody, often entertains the prime minister of India. Atal Bihari Vajpayee—the guy who last year tested the nuclear bomb—was spotted this year making an excursion to the Staten Island Mall.

Each group retains its traditions, as it also assimilates into the larger culture. And on Staten Island, the larger culture isn't American culture but Italian-American culture. Growing up on the predominantly white South Shore, I honestly believed that most of the country was Catholic and Italian-American (or Irish, who were plentiful on the island). I knew there were blacks, but I saw them mostly on television, often on the news, in civil-rights protests. Or they lived in Brooklyn.



TOWN AND COUNTRY **Opposite, George Burke outside his 16-acre estate; above, Earnestine Lannigan at her home on Ward Hill.**

I also knew there were Jews—a few even lived on our block—but they seemed like a tiny minority that did not really affect the city. Incredibly, I had not even heard of the term *Wasp* until I went away to college, to Syracuse University.

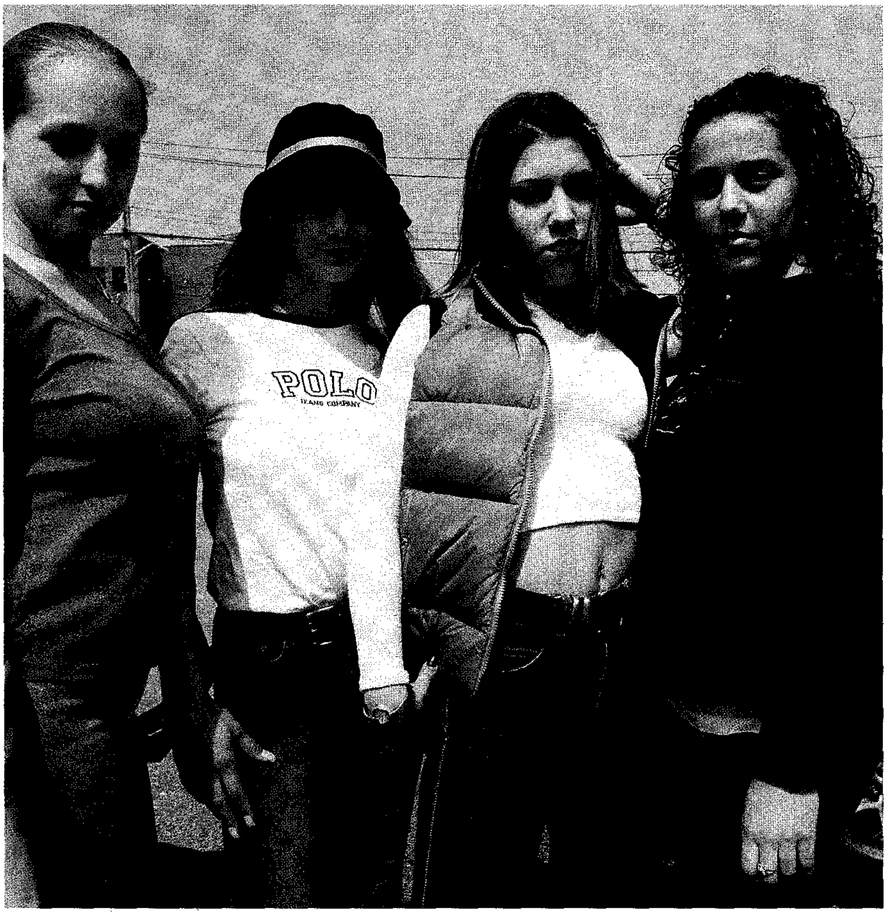
Almost 80 percent of Staten Island is white, and about half of those white people are Italian-Americans. Republican U.S. representative Vito Fossella's district (formerly Susan Molinari's), which includes all of Staten Island and the western edge of Brooklyn, is the most Italian-American congressional district in the United States.

Even the political movements that emerge on the island seem to have grown organically out of the Italian tradition. The infamous secession movement of a few years ago, for example, which culminated with Staten Islanders' overwhelmingly voting in 1993 to break from the city, seemed to have roots in Italian culture going back hundreds of years. The isolationist Southern Italians, from whom most Italian-Americans are descended, maintained a centuries-long suspicion of Rome. So it's perhaps not surprising that the leading secessionists in Staten Island were the Italian-American politicians, such as Borough President Guy V. Molinari, Susan's dad, and that the movement took on such momentum among Staten Islanders, who felt cheated by the city and suspicious of city government. Manhattan had become their new Rome, and the Molinaris their own family dynasty to ward off the Romans.

"The secession movement was all about 'We are our own family,' " says Maureen Seaberg, a columnist for the *Advance,* which was a major proponent of secession. "It was very Italian in that way, saying, 'We can take care of our own family.'"

Seaberg jokes that she is "probably one of the few Staten Islanders who can't claim any Italian blood" but notes that "it took going away to school in Pennsylvania, to college, to realize how much I'd picked up Italian culture right down to the foods and the way people speak. I was very different from everyone. People made fun of my hand gestures, and they thought I was Italian."

Even the local rap-group superstars, Wu-Tang Clan, whose members come from the largely black Park Hill housing project, play off of the Italian atmosphere. Singer Darryl Hill has been alternately



YOUTH MOVEMENT Teenage girls outside Staten Island's New Dorp High School.

known as Cappadonna, Cappuchino, Cappa, and the Don. In the New Springville section of the island, young Asian men cruise around in their Lincoln Town Cars, slung low behind the wheel, sporting their Guido haircuts and wearing lots of gold jewelry. The Christmas lights on the homes of the Indian families and the Russian families moving to the island now rival those of the Italians, long known for stringing up thousands of multicolored bulbs on their homes and erecting light-up Nativity sets galore on their lawns. "It's like nothing I've ever seen—the competition over the lights," Seaberg observes. "It started with the Italians, but now everyone does it."

The dominance of one ethnic group does, of course, create tensions. "You've got the same people representing you in Congress over and over again, and when it does change, they're usually replaced with another Italian person," the schoolteacher Earnestine Lannigan says. "If Susan Molinari wants to run for borough president, all she has to do is put her name on the ballot, no advertising, and she'll win. Everything is Italian here. And Staten Island protects Staten Island, keeps everything inside. The attitude is, you have to keep all of your business in the family. If there's violence or discrimination and other problems, well, just look the other way—it doesn't happen here."

> **"The dump is one of the few things that can**
> **says Paulie, proud**

STATEN ISLANDERS MOSTLY CHUCKLE when they are reminded that to outsiders, the island is known mostly for the dump, the odorous Fresh Kills Landfill, which is scheduled to be shut down on New Year's Eve in 2001. *Kill* is Dutch for "river," and the area where the dump is located was once a series of tributaries that one 72-year-old man told me he used to go canoeing in, back in the fifties. Now the largest landfill in the world, at 4.5 square miles, it is a landscape that harbors its own myths and fascination. "You know, they say that it's one of the few things that can be seen from outer space," Paulie Dapolito tells me as we sit around the dinner table, "like the Great Wall of China." The dump offers a bizarre backdrop to the splashy and flashy goings-on. On Staten Island, the landfill, piling higher and higher every day—and soon to surpass Todt Hill itself—is often visible on the horizon. And if you can't see it, you can smell it. It sits almost in the middle of the island. Omnipresent though it is, people still try to avoid it at all costs.

"I don't like to come down this way," a short, plump woman in a green velour sweatsuit tells me one morning as she hurries toward her navy-blue Town Car outside the Department of Motor Vehicles in the area known as Travis, on the West Shore. She has a cigarette perched between her long red fingernails. And a necklace she is wearing that spells out her name in several carats of diamonds—TERESA—is glittering in the sunlight, as is her platinum hair. "It's very creepy down here," she says, and on that we concur.

The DMV is an isolated square white cinder-block building that sits almost at the end of Victory Boulevard on one side of the landfill, which towers behind it in the distance. From far off, the landfill looks like a couple of benign, even inviting, high grassy hills; you wouldn't know what was on the other side if not for the thousands of birds buzzing around the top. To the right of the DMV, across the West Shore Expressway, is a huge Con Edison plant with several smokestacks belching out clouds. And to the DMV's left is the William T. Davis Wildlife Refuge, 375 acres of protected wetlands that surreally sit at the edge of the landfill. "Between the dump and the Con Ed plant," says the velour-clad woman, "what the hell kind of wildlife do you think is in there?"

The dump isn't the only anomaly that Staten Islanders often appear not to notice. There are more structures from the seventeenth through nineteenth centuries here than anywhere else in the city, and most residents (including me while I was growing up) know little about them. On Staten Island, people in Jaguars and Mercedes Sports whiz past Revolutionary War conference houses and nineteenth-century Edwardian villas on their way to a pizza joint in a strip mall.

An entire eighteenth-century village, Historic Richmond Town, lies nearly intact in the valley at the base of winding Snake Hill Road, complete with a church graveyard with tombstones from the 1700s. Sandy Ground still sits near Prince's Bay, a community settled in the mid-1800s by freed black slaves, as Staten Island was home to some of the nation's leading abolitionists. In the Prince's Bay section of the island, at the end of a block of suburban tract homes of the type that dominates the island's South Shore, is a simple Cyclone-fence gate that opens up to the 27-acre nineteenth-century estate where 70-year-old George Burke, a retired interior designer, lives. Several dozen peacocks strut across the grounds, which include stables and caretakers' quarters. The main house, a sixteen-room Greek-revival mansion built in 1837, looks out across the bay to the Atlantic highlands of New Jersey. The estate once encompassed hundreds more acres, where all the tract housing surrounding it now sits.

"When I bought the house, it was a disaster, totally uninhabitable," explains Burke. "This is the fifth house I've restored." He and I and his protégé, my cousin Joann's designer, John LaPolla, are chatting in one of Burke's many sitting rooms, which are decorated with elaborate Edwardian, Victorian, Empire, and French Provincial furnishings.

The Burke-Seguine House, as it is now called, was owned by the French Huguenot Seguine family, who were one of the prominent Staten Island families of the 1700s and 1800s, along with the Astors and the Vanderbilts; they operated a world-renowned oyster farm on the bay. "As a kid, I grew up with the two Seguine girls," Burke tells me, explaining that he was raised in nearby Annadale, now an area of detached suburban homes that back then was mostly forest. "We used to have all our big horse shows here—back then, everyone out here had horses. I used to ride out here and used to say to Mrs. Seguine, 'One day I'm going to own your house.' And she used to say, 'No, no, no. We built it, and for seven generations we've owned it. It's going to go to the girls.' Well, of course, the girls got married and moved away."

The Seguines let the house fall into disrepair before selling it to Burke. He restored it over several years, then had it registered as a federal landmark. Original seventeenth-century Bernini oil paintings hang on his walls, while Marie Antoinette's gilded dog sits on the floor.

"I did a lot of houses out here," he says of his decorating years, when he worked with wealthy women who lived on the hills, before he retired in 1984. "I did all the houses out here. There were no designers." That includes the famed interior designer Mario Buatta, who grew up on Staten Island. "He left and went up to the city," Burke explains. "And I stayed here."

Today Burke runs an equestrian center he has founded on his estate, but once in a while he still consults for LaPolla on design work. He also helped LaPolla find and decorate his own house, a three-story pre–Civil War Italianate villa in West Brighton overlooking the Kill Van Kull, the waterway that separates Staten Island from Bayonne, New Jersey. The house was originally owned by a nineteenth-century sea captain and industrialist, and part of the land on which it sits had previously been a Native American burial ground. LaPolla found that out when several Lenape Indians knocked on the door one day wanting to perform a ceremony on the property to rid it of evil spirits. He gladly obliged.

PERHAPS STATEN ISLAND'S MOST CONtroversial bit of notoriety is its reputation among many as a Mafia enclave. Even if that renown is in part due to the usual stereotyping of Italian-Americans, the truth is, the seven hills of Staten Island have been home to some well-known as well as some lesser-known Mafia families over the years. Certainly Francis Ford Coppola was keen to that when he shot the wedding scene from *The Godfather* on the grounds of a home on Todt Hill, and Martin Scorsese knew that when he shot several scenes from *GoodFellas* in Staten Island strip malls.

en from outer space,"
ike the Great Wall of China."

On Staten Island, you will get a heated debate about whether the mob in New York City is finished, and whether there are still a lot of families on the island that are "connected." But in a way, that's all beside the point. The Mafia, like the British aristocracy, still commands respect, and whether Mafia families have been deposed or not, on Staten Island they are forever royalty.

People regularly chart the comings and goings of pretty, fortysomething Connie Castellano. She is the daughter of the late Gambino-family crime boss Paul Castellano, who lived on Todt Hill with his family until he was shot to death in front of a Manhattan steakhouse in 1985—a murder engineered by John Gotti, who then assumed power. Connie Castellano got married. She got divorced. She moved to Florida. And everyone gossiped about it as much as about Princess Diana.

Though it may not be politically correct, Italian-Americans often even enjoy the Mafia mystique. When I was a kid in the early seventies, my parents and assorted members of our extended family would sometimes go into Manhattan to Maxim's, a restaurant on Madison Avenue and 61st Street, "owned by Pierre Cardin," as my father had explained it to me. We had to get all dressed up: For the men, that meant shiny black, blue, or gray suits and even shinier shoes; for the women, it meant glitzy dresses, lots of gold jewelry, and the requisite makeup. We congregated on a sidewalk first and then walked in all at once, a massive glittering mob, punctuated here and there by big, bright platinum hair. The Upper East Side crowd in the restaurant was a bit stunned, and some people would sooner or later clear out, as we were also quite loud.

But some of us reveled in it: I remember one of my cousins joking, "Every time we enter the room, it's like—*shazam!* You can just hear everyone sayin', 'Oh, here comes the Mafia!' " And then she laughed. We were of course not "the Mafia," and we'd be offended if anyone seriously suggested that. Still, there was a certain guilty pleasure at being mistaken as such in a social setting where you might not otherwise be accepted. It certainly commanded respect—even if that respect was induced by fear.

The Mafia mythology provided us with a lot of fun. On Christmas Eve, my uncles, brothers, and cousins would go down the basement and have some laughs playing out scenes from *The Godfather,* including all the gory murder scenes. We even videotaped it and would show it later to all 35 guests who were over for the gargantuan traditional fish dinner and would hoot and holler. (Other families began making their own tapes, competing with us.)

Everyone on Staten Island has a Mafia story. One gay man on Staten Island recently told me in a very matter-of-fact way that his ex-boyfriend's mother had once taken a contract out on him. Such stories—and they are abundant—are a dark but irresistible part of Staten Island's folklore. The *Advance*'s Maureen Seaberg, who finds the Mafia connection to Staten Island "unfortunate" and says she is often "outraged" by the tendency for some to romanticize the Mafia, nonetheless can't keep from telling her own story.

"I was a little girl and I was living in Sunnyside," she begins, her voice slightly trembling with the suspense of a child telling a horror story. "And I had a little girlfriend who lived up the street from me, and I hadn't seen her for a while and so I finally asked my parents, 'Where is she?' And they told me her father had died, that she wouldn't be around. But then I found out from the kids at school that he was found chopped up in pieces in the garbage pail. I was not more than 5 at the time." She pauses and sighs, then laughs nervously. "That's such a Staten Island story." ▬

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Fair-Weather Friends

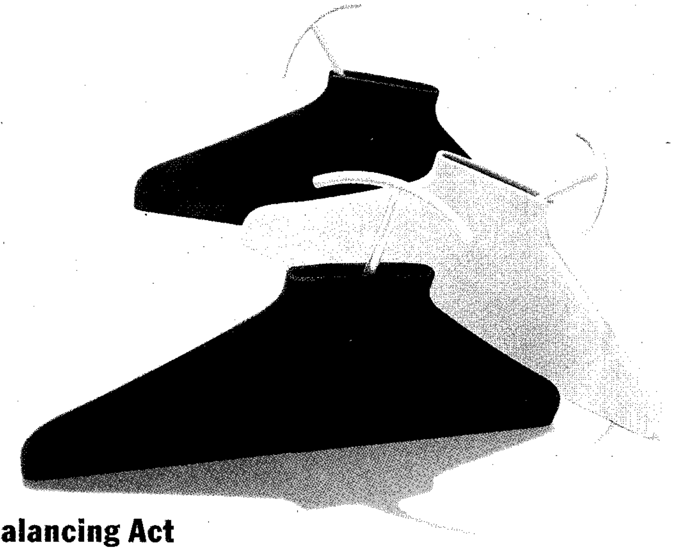
It's often hard to remember that Selima Salaun is not just a savvy entrepreneur: Think Bond 07, Le Corset, and her own boutique in Barneys New York. But Salaun is an optometrist by training whose eyeglasses designs are as hip as her stores. Her newest are two-tone, laminated-plastic must-haves that she's named for her friends, so there's Aika, Harley, Yuka, and Sara, all with 100 percent UV protection and all rather sassy ($225 to $265).

BOND 07/*7 Bond Street/677-8487*
SELIMA OPTIQUE/*59 Wooster Street/ 343-9490*
SELIMA OPTIQUE AT BARNEYS NEW YORK/ *Main floor*

Shark Repellent

A day at the beach with kids is often marred by the constant worry about the harmful rays of the sun. Did I apply enough sunscreen? Did I cover every inch? Is it time to re-apply? And then there's the problem of rashes that sunscreens can cause on ultrasensitive skin. Well, the Australians know all about sun, and to protect their little ones they've devised the Shark Suit. It's 100 percent sun-repellent whether wet or dry, and the safari-style hat shields delicate necks. Not only are kiddies freed from yucky creams, but the Shark Suit safeguards their tummies from boogie-board burns (hat, $19 to $24; suits, $41 to $53, in sizes 1 to 10 years).

JULIAN & SARA/*103 Mercer Street/226-1989*
SPACE KIDDETS/*46 East 21st Street/420-9878*
Z' BABY COMPANY/*100 West 72nd Street/579-2229, and 996 Lexington Avenue, at 72nd Street/472-2229*



Balancing Act

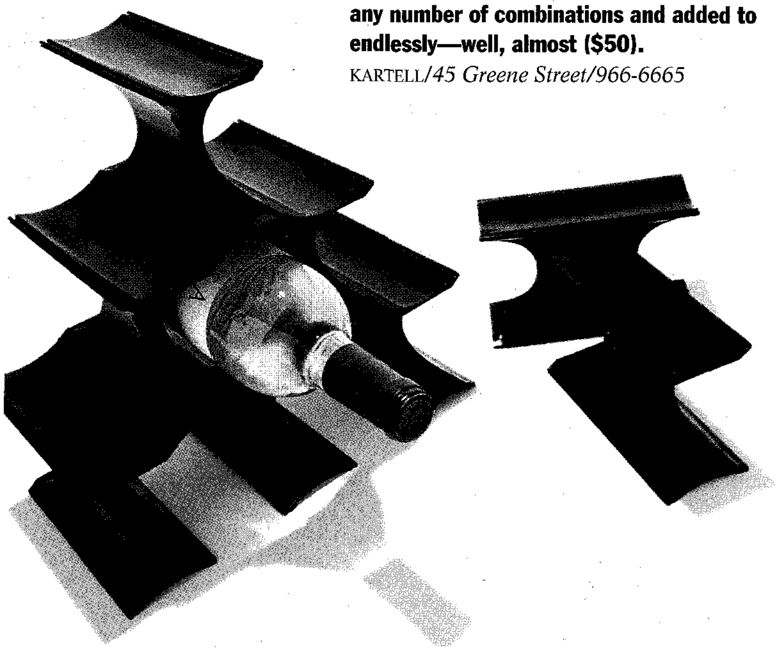
Bruno Ninaber van Eyben designed the currency of the Netherlands and a pendant watch now in MOMA's permanent collection, so creating a coat hanger might seem like a rather trivial pursuit for him. But Van Eyben has managed to put a radical spin on the ordinary. His polypropylene T-Hangers have a slim profile but a broad body, and the brushed-aluminum hooks are outfitted with an innovative balancing-and-swiveling mechanism ($25).

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/289-7367*
TOTEM /*71 Franklin Street/925-5506*

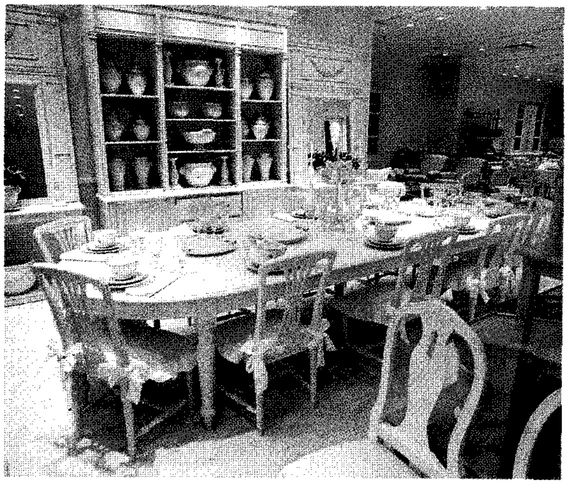
Oeno File

Multitalented Ron Arad is known for the Fantastic Plastic Elastic stacking chair, the Bookworm bookshelf, and the Sof Sof armchair, and now he has added a wine rack to his list of credits. He calls his curvilinear polypropylene rack Infinity, and with good cause: It comes as a set of sixteen pieces that can be put together in any number of combinations and added to endlessly—well, almost ($50).

KARTELL/*45 Greene Street/966-6665*



Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.



The White Stuff

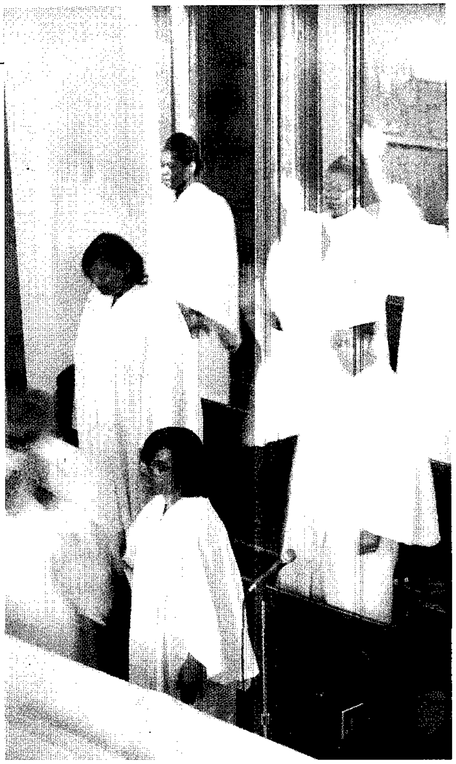
Swedish design is once again hot, but Lena Biörck Kaplan (Swedish-born and the former president of the American-Scandinavian Foundation) hasn't gone the usual fifties-retro route. Her stunningly monochromatic loft-size duplex shop is filled with mostly reproductions of traditional, Gustavian-ish furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, painted many shades of white. There's a sprinkling of antique pieces of the period, too, along with gauzy embroidered curtains, thick terry towels, bed linens, kids' beds, and fantastic lighthouse cabinets, even pristine sleepwear. The few splashes of color—yellows, blues, and greens—are relegated to china, pillows, and rag rugs. (From $15 for a mug to $140 for a rag rug to $1,000 for a dining chair to $3,500 for a headboard to $14,000 for a seventeenth-century daybed.)

WHITE ON WHITE/*888 Lexington Avenue, at 66th Street/288-0909*

SMARTCITY

Heavenly Music

Where to hear New York's mightiest gospel choirs make a joyful noise. Can we get an "Amen"? By Ethan Brown



NOW THAT GOSPEL'S KIRK FRANKLIN–induced moment in the pop spotlight has come and gone, the scene can go back to doing what it's always done best: inspiring and enlightening audiences with some of the most commanding voices in music.

After all, gospel's roots in New York go a lot deeper than one Texan's multiplatinum record—they go all the way back to the turn of the century, when ex-slaves migrated to the North in search of manufacturing work and freedom from racial oppression. Consequently, Baptists have a strong, near-dominant presence in New York's gospel scene, with Sunday-morning services taking on the feel of an ecstatic religious revival that would be perfectly at home in the deep South.

Harlem

Thanks to its passionately provocative pastor, Calvin Butts, and powerful choir, the **Abyssinian Baptist Church** (132 West 138th Street; 862-7474) is the best-known venue in the city's gospel landscape. But a visit there merely scratches the surface of what the northern end of Manhattan has to offer. The **New Mount Zion Baptist Church** (171 West 140th Street; 283-0788) has been a fixture in Harlem since its founding nearly 81 years ago. So it's not surprising that every Sunday the entire second floor of the small, steeple-roofed church is crammed with tourists (so much so that there's a section of the morning program called "Recognition of Visitors"). The huge presence of out-of-towners doesn't seem to deter Pastor Carl L. Washington Jr., who leads a boisterous call-and-response service ("Isn't the Lord good this morning? *Amen!*"), or his congregation, who clap, sway, and sing ecstatically throughout the service. Amazingly, the rollicking gospel music almost never takes a pause, even during the pastor's remarks. The church's choir is able to hit vocal registers so high that it's easy to imagine them reaching the heavens.

Another Harlem fixture, the **Mount Neboh Baptist Church** (1883 Seventh Avenue, at 114th Street; 866-7880) is home to the intimidatingly great Mount Neboh Mass Choir, known for its triumphal renditions of gospel-music staples like "O Happy Day" and "At Calvary." Though guests are welcome, Mount Neboh's divine reputation often results in a packed house well before both the 8 and 11 A.M. services on Sunday. The **Greater Refuge Temple** (2081 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Boulevard, at 124th Street; 866-1700) is also incredibly popular among tour groups (one tour guide even complained that groups of visitors are shuttled in and out of the church at twenty-minute intervals). The church's brotherhood, which sings hymns with gloriously deep, soulful baritones, puts on an astoundingly good show; it performs every third Sunday of the month, starting at 11 A.M.

If the idea of wandering around the outer boroughs in search of gospel doesn't sound appealing, then a tour group called **Harlem Spirituals** (690 Eighth Avenue, between 43rd and 44th Streets; 391-0900) might be the way to go. The company offers a multitude of gospel-oriented tours, such as "Harlem on a Sunday With Brunch," which serves up visits to some of the neighborhood's gospel hot spots, along with an optional soul-food brunch, and "Gospel on a Weekday," which offers a less-jam-packed atmosphere to enjoy gospel than the Sunday tours (be forewarned that you may find yourself the only American—not to mention New Yorker—on the bus). Sunday-morning tours begin at 9:30

Photographs by James Baigrie (3).

Let them sing praises unto thee: Mount Zion's choir (pictured, top) shows what a friend they have in Jesus; the choir at Mount Neboh Baptist Church (left and above) delivers the good news on Sunday morning.

A.M., weekdays at 9 A.M. Both tours depart from Harlem Spirituals' Eighth Avenue location; tour guides recommend showing up at least half an hour in advance.

Brooklyn

Gospel in Brooklyn doesn't have the same visibility or prestige that is enjoyed in Harlem. What the borough does offer, however, is plenty of gospel music far from the tourists' glare. The **Brooklyn Tabernacle** (290 Flatbush Avenue, near Prospect Place; 718-783-0942) is home to the renowned Brooklyn Tabernacle Choir, whose repertoire stretches all the way out there to the Hebrew prayer "Hevenu Shalom Alechem" (found on its CD *Favorite Song of All*). Much less high-profile is the **Concord Baptist Church of Christ** (833 Gardner C. Taylor Boulevard, between Putnam Avenue and Madison Street, Bedford-Stuyvesant; 718-622-1818), which has several choirs and offers a more intimate neighborhood feel than most Harlem churches. So it's not surprising that visitors are more than encouraged to attend Sunday-morning services. "We're waiting for you," enthuses one woman from Concord's sisterhood.

Others Lifting Their Voices

Gospel will be plentiful this summer outside houses of worship, too, thanks to **House Full o' Praise**, a series of concerts dedicated to gospel music stretching from July 7 to 17, at the Ethical Culture Society (64th Street and Central Park West; 874-5210), with the final concert taking place at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall (875-5030). The marathonlike festival will feature big-name artists like Nancey Jackson as well as groups like the Great Day Singers and hip-hop–gospel fusionists like the Joy Unlimited Youth Choir.

Though it is mostly excluded from the mainstream gospel circuit and not connected to any particular church, the gay-and-lesbian **Lavender Light Gospel Choir** (714-7072) has delivered wonderful performances (its moving rendition of "I Shall Wear a Crown" is a highlight) everywhere from the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center to Carnegie Hall. The choir is on hiatus for the summer but will get back to work in early September.

And gospel may yet again find itself in the harsh glare of the pop limelight later this year, when the ubiquitous Sean "Puffy" Combs is expected to make an uncharacteristic entrance into the genre. Though his album won't be called *Dear Jesus, Forgive My Sampling Sins*—the working title is *Thank You*—it's likely to give gospel something it's never enjoyed before: street cred. ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: Can I get an insurance policy for my home if I'm only renting and not an owner?

A: A little peace of mind isn't reserved for the landed gentry alone. You can buy a basic renter's-insurance policy that will cover your personal possessions like clothing, furniture, and computer equipment and will give you liability protection in case someone is injured in your home or, in many cases, by your pet ("Baxter! Let go of her ear!"). Figure on spending $150 to $300 per year for a policy, though the actual price will depend on the extent of the coverage as well as calculations made by the insurance company about your home and neighborhood that are complex enough to make the proofs for Fermat's Last Theorem look like second-grade multiplication tables.

Independent agents like Campbell Solberg Associates (843-4343) will compare policies from several different carriers to help you find the most appropriate coverage, and they have in-house agents to help you through the claims process. If you want to go it alone, start by looking for a company with high customer-satisfaction ratings and a strong financial outlook like State Farm Insurance (look them up in the White Pages to find the agent in your neighborhood, or visit www.statefarm.com), which is one of the most affordable carriers in the area. AMICA Mutual Insurance (800-24-AMICA), also highly rated and financially sound, has the added benefit of allowing you to buy directly over the phone.

ERIKA KINETZ

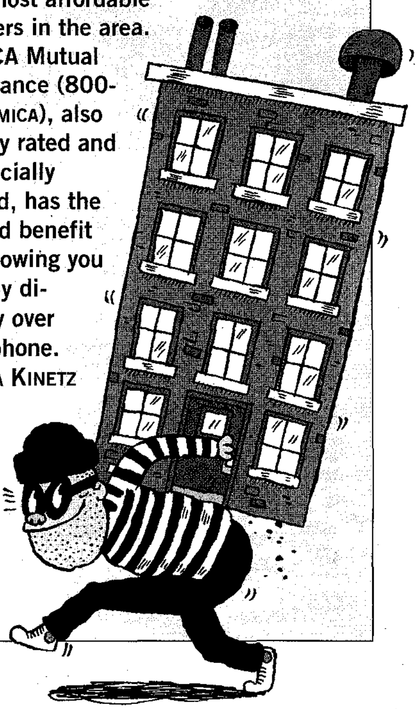


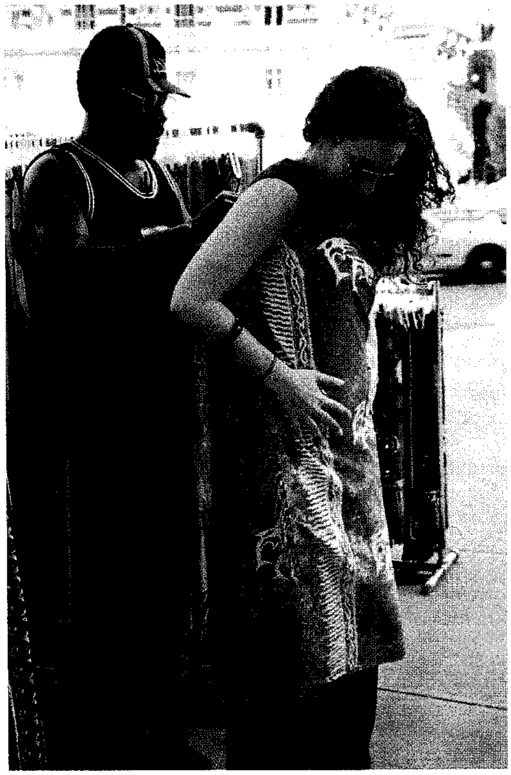
Illustration by Paul Corio.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

That's a Wrap

Sarong, good to know ya! *From Nairobi to Bali, broiling summers are a way of life. So take a cue and try the insider's way to* **beat the heat: Tie one on.**

IT'S THAT HORRID, HOT, HUMID TIME again—your flimsiest pants feel too heavy, your skirts fit like girdles, and you find yourself fibbing about your upkeep ("I don't always look like a bum, I'm just on the way to the beach . . ."). Instead of sweating it out under what most Westerners accept as lightweight, shop for a sarong—a breezy, versatile (and very inexpensive) wrap skirt made in places where they know what it means to swelter.



At **Craft Caravan**, imported sarongs from India and Kenya are from $30 for a striped cotton style (that works for men and women) to $85 for Indian raw silks that make snazzy eveningwear.

For ultralight $20 unisex Indonesian sarongs that don't look too beachy for town, check out **Equator**. The classic tourist faves are here (patterned with flowers or small animals), but the best of the lot are the chic traditionally printed neutrals and pastels.

The East Village's **Katinka** stocks tons of hand-dyed Indian wraps, including shiny yellow prayer styles with Sanskrit script ($10), pretty, sheer cotton paisleys ($25), and bright tie-dyes (from $20). While you're there, pick up this season's hot tie-back "choli" blouse (from $25).

For preppy occasions, bead-edged $50 Indian-made "Malatesta" sarongs are sold at **Calypso St. Barth**. Soft, sorbet-colored cottons are printed with simple, tone-on-tone paisleys and trimmed with beads. All are sold in matching cotton pouches that do double duty as evening bags.

Want to spend even less? Scour the city's street fairs, or stop by **Robert's sarong stand** (pictured, left) for serious urban-hippie gear. Sold off racks on the street, Robert's sarongs ($13–$16) come in countless cheery tie-dye colors. And he'll show you how to wear a single swath of fabric four ways (pictured, left). He promises to be around every day except Sundays all summer.

Craft Caravan, 63 Greene St. (431-6667); Equator, 98 Greene St. (219-3708); Katinka, 303 E. 9th St. (677-7897); Calypso St. Barth, 424 Broome St. (274-0449); Robert's sarong stand, southwest corner of 71st St. and Broadway.

Picks of the Week

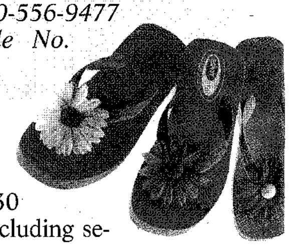
Jill Stuart's in-store sample sale offers 30 to 50 percent off the designer's simple, feminine, must-have spring and summer clothes (pictured, right): Skirts from $105, dresses from $110, capri pants from $125, cashmere tops from $160. *100 Greene St. (343-2300); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Thurs. till 10, Sun. noon–6; 7/5–7/18.*

Cobweb is taking 30 percent off tons of international antiques this summer, one group at a time (starting with benches and urns, other stuff later). Prices are from $35 for a six-inch urn to $1,800 for a turn-of-the-century Turkish brass bed. *116 W. Houston St. (505-1558); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. noon–7; 7/5–8/27.*

ALWAYS A DEAL

Top Flops

IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO SEE that this summer's must-have designer thong sandals aren't so far off from classic beach flip-flops—or that to make a splash, the basic variety-store kind won't do. Instead, order up some bright, rubber daisy-trimmed 'flops for $18 (plus $5.95 for shipping) from the **Esprit** catalog, and know that you could have spent $55 on a similar pair at Scoop (if they weren't sold out). *Call 800-556-9477 (ask for style No. 4551460).*



Felissimo is reducing many gift-ish accessories by 30 to 80 percent, including selected leather waste baskets ($100), Italian vases ($44), linens ($46–$200), and candles ($22–$65). *10 West 56th St. (247-5656); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; Thurs. till 8; 7/5–7/17.*

Peacock Alley is taking up to half off many top-quality linens: cotton sheets ($72.50 for queen flat), down pillows ($60–$75), towels ($20 for large bath), and quilt sets ($500 for queen). *334 E. 59th St. (751-7005); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 7/10–7/24.*

Focus Paris's spring handbags in classic European shapes (many Hermès-inspired) are on sale for 40 percent off, from $45 to $90. *17 E. 37th St. (545-1535); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9–6:30, Sat. 10–5; 7/5–7/17*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Shyama Patel; courtesy of Esprit; courtesy of Jill Stuart.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Buddy Flicks

Will Smith and Kevin Kline misfire, the Italian stallions in 'Summer of Sam' are mock Scorsese, and Adam Sandler's gone all sappy on us.

Still life: Salma Hayek and Will Smith in Barry Sonnenfeld's *Wild Wild West.*

THE SIXTIES TELEVISION SERIES *THE WILD, WILD West* has been brought to the screen as, simply, **Wild Wild West**—presumably, the employment of the definite article and the comma would be too taxing for its core audience. And who might that audience be? From the look of this film, its prime appreciators will be heavy-metal futurist dweebs. Barry Sonnenfeld, who last directed *Men in Black,* works a lot of Jules Verne–ish hardware into the proceedings—flying contraptions, gadgetized trains, an 80-foot mechanical tarantula—but they lack visionary magic. They're more like computer-generated Tinker Toys.

This happens to be one of the most expensive films ever made—the budget is rumored to have been a few ice floes short of a *Titanic*—and yet from the slipshod look of things, nobody involved seems very clear on why it was made, except, of course, to cash in on the pairing of Will Smith and Kevin Kline as special government agents James T. West and Artemus Gordon in the postbellum South. But even this matchup is a fizzle: Smith's hip-hop aloofness and Kline's Master Thespian routines don't mesh. Together they're doing solos. As Dr. Arliss Loveless, the diabolical legless wonder they're trying to vanquish, Kenneth Branagh uses a few tricks he probably saved up from playing Iago a few years back. His comic villainy is the only point of light in this hectic muddle.

SPIKE LEE'S **Summer of Sam** OPENS WITH AN EXTENDED sequence in which lurid close-ups of the .44-caliber killer's dirty work are mixed in with hot disco action as Vinny (John Leguizamo) and his wife, Ruby (Mira Sorvino), thump and glide across a dance floor. Lee works up a woozy sense of dread and menace in these moments: The film comes across like the infernal offspring of Weegee and *Saturday Night Fever.* But most of the time, the movie plays like *Do the Right Thing* in Scorsese camouflage. It's about what happens to a community—specifically the Italian-American community in the Bronx—during the ferociously long, hot summer of 1977, when the taunting Son of Sam was on his killing spree. The human landscape on display is rangy, but the script, by Lee with Victor Colicchio and Michael Imperioli, flattens everything out. The Italian buddies go in for a lot of goombah jags. In low-lit restaurants, the local mafiosi preen before their veal cutlets; Vinny the hairdresser philanders and hates himself for it. It's all been done before, and better.

Ritchie (Adrien Brody), a nice neighborhood boy who's turned himself into a mohawk-haired male-strip-club dancer and punk musician, is suspected by his former friends of being the killer just because he's so different. He appears to be having an extended nervous breakdown, but the film props him up as a martyr. While all this is going on, Lee works in the widespread lootings that resulted from the blackout; he even works in the Yankees' championship run and Plato's Retreat and lots more giddy gruesome nostalgia. The reach is ambitious, and there's the germ of a great dramatic idea here: the way a momentous public event seeps into our private lives, our private fantasies. But Lee is pushing a smirky and narrow view of experience. As the heat rises and fears flare, just about everybody reveals his true self, and almost invariably those selves are rotten.

ADAM SANDLER'S NEW COMEDY IS BEING TOUTED AS A STEP forward for him, which I find funnier than anything in the movie. A step forward from *what?* **Big Daddy** is more like a step backward—into sappiness. This melange of *The Kid* and *The Champ* plus all the previous Sandler comedies continues the date-movie-friendly tone of *The Wedding Singer* and *The Waterboy.* Instead of appealing only to goony male adolescents, Sandler is broadening his base to include goony couples. He's playing Son-

Photograph courtesy of Warner Bros.

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ny, a law-school graduate living off the hefty damages he received when a car ran over his toe. (It's basically a sham disability.) Loafing in his New York loft when he isn't working part-time as a toll collector, Sonny ends up adopting a 5-year-old boy mistakenly sent to him for custody. Thinking the adoption will show off his sensitive-man side and reclaim his errant girlfriend, or attract a new one, he ends up as a funky single papa: The film's ubiquitous ads, which are representative of the entire movie, show him and the boy urinating against the side of a building. (I prefer the Dr. Evil–Mini-Me knockoff of this ad for *The Spy Who Shagged Me.*) In a way, Sandler is trying to do to the audience what Sonny is attempting with his girlfriend: He's pimping pathos to win our hearts. But Sandler being Chaplinesque isn't pretty; he's just doing his smart-aleck slacker shtick with a moister eye.

PARVEZ (OM PURI), THE MIDDLE-AGED PAKistani cabdriver in the marvelous **My Son the Fanatic**, moved to the industrial north of England 25 years ago with his wife, Minoo (Gopi Desai), and, against the evidence of his eyes, still sees his adopted country as a fabled and pleasant place. He's a naïf who has internalized the rewards of Empire far more than have the native English. When his only child, Farid (Akbar Kurtha), who still lives at home, drops his white fiancée, forsakes his possessions, and becomes an Islamic fundamentalist, Parvez is stung by this renunciation of his own dream; at first he thinks the boy must be on drugs.

Hanif Kureishi, who wrote the screenplay based on his *New Yorker* short story, doesn't frame this conflict as a generational grudge match. It's more like an upside-down father-son love story in which the usual sides are reversed: The father is much more liberal than the son. Kureishi, with the director Udayan Prasad, understands the allures of orthodoxy, the way it can focus rage. And yet when Farid brings a Muslim priest and his followers to live in their home, and Minoo is quietly shut off from the dining room to eat alone, the consequences of that orthodoxy seem unutterably sad. Parvez is dumbstruck by his son's fanaticism and begins to confide in Bettina (Rachel Griffiths), a prostitute he's been ferrying around on assignations. The relationship that develops between them is so acutely observed that what might seem odd instead seems inevitable—Bettina shares Parvez's despairing, triumphal sense of what their lives could be like. Bewildered by what their country has become, they are the true inheritors of England's dashed glories. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

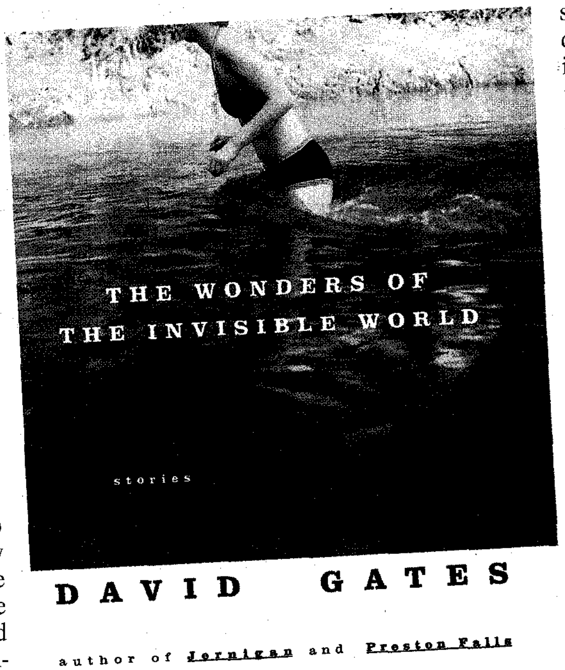
The Unredeemed

In a world obsessed with self-help, personal growth, and happy endings, David Gates's stories are realistically, refreshingly bleak.

The Wonders of the Invisible World

BY DAVID GATES
Alfred A. Knopf; 258 pages; $23

WHAT WE THINK BUT DON'T SAY, WHAT WE say but wish we hadn't, and what we do but can't explain and then go on to do again—these are the messy behavioral foundations of David Gates's uncompromising fiction. From his striking first novel, *Jernigan*, to his brave new collection of stories, ***The Wonders of the Invisible World,*** Gates has positioned himself as a new realist at the opposite end of the literary spectrum from the motivational mythologists whose talk-show-themed novels of self-discovery dominate bestseller lists. Unlike the recovery hucksters who surround him, whose stories show characters going from tough to tender like hunks of marinated meat, Gates gives us people who change by staying the same, whose only growth is to fill in more completely their mysteriously fixed identities. Gates promotes no remedies, sells no cures. His characters are the walking wounded, and their wounds, as often as not, are the result of futile or faddish stabs at self-improvement.



For a Gates character, life's defining challenge is to impersonate a human being. To convince friends and family that you have a conscience (since none of us can be sure we really do). In "The Bad Thing," his collection's opening story, a pregnant woman strives to cover up a night of drinking by sneaking liquor into a depleted bottle. What's at stake is her pose as a responsible mother, itself a defense against her husband's doubts about her sexual loyalty. The husband is one of Gates's classic nincompoops, a grandiose illustrator of children's books whose self-importance outpaces his accomplishment. Like so many of Gates's couples, the two are at that moving-to-the-country age when comfort edges out ambition and eating well replaces eroticism. When the woman's elaborate, frantic effort to hide her self-indulgence falls apart, the husband goes for her psychological throat. No one storms off, but the battlefield is changed. By brandishing the sword that he's kept sheathed, the husband has lost his moral advantage, weakening himself for the next round.

In his clarity about human savagery and the vigilant cunning required to mask it, Gates has an air of the Restoration farceur. The difference is that the comedy is inward, enacted behind the curtain of the face. Instead of disguises and slamming doors, he gives us insincere thoughts and swinging moods. The title story is the diary of a cad whose outward efforts to juggle his affairs and handle their unfortunate human offspring veil a consuming preoccupation with music trivia. His thoughts and his actions barely know each other, and the bitter joke of the story is just how smoothly a person can carry on a tricky love life while devoting the lion's share of consciousness to questions of jazz composition, say, or the search for a good drummer for his combo. This isn't the same as sleepwalking through life, though. This cad, like his counterparts in other stories, is fully, even excessively, alert. The problem is that he uses this alertness to program outward appearances so thoroughly that no one will ever get past them to his soul, which isn't worth exploring anyhow.

Intelligence, education, and self-analysis are not redemptive forces in these stories. In fact, they tend to lead people astray, adding baffling new nooks and crannies to their personal labyrinths. In "The Intruder," Finn and James are a gay couple living the rural lush life somewhere in New England. Finn is a college professor out of Albee, lacerating, self-hating, and sexually blocked, who fears that his hunky young lover is tiring of him. It's a familiar setup, distinguished by Gates's unequaled flair for the herky-jerky interior monologue that crosses back and forth and overlaps itself, leaving the thinker precisely where he began, only more exhausted. At one point, Finn, a documentary filmmaker, views a porn movie by way of researching a film on the gay-pornography underground. "Had he needed to turn the thing off because it was too powerful? Or was it just ugly and frightening, period, without any significance . . . ? Well, good: Simply to ask such questions was to work. Unless it was another way of not working." The story ends *(continued on page 54)*

A true heir to both Raymond Carver and John Cheever, David Gates writes about a world of well-educated people in fascinating decay.

THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

LaBrute

In his new trio of monologues, Neil LaBute continues his labor of hate, serving up a vision of humanity crushingly devoid of grace or kindness.

LOATHSOME IS THE WORD FOR NEIL LABUTE. HIS two movies, *In the Company of Men* and *Your Friends and Neighbors,* are loathsome. His current bill of short stage works, collectively titled **bash: latterday plays** (LaBute doesn't use capitals) is no less loathsome. In both movies, nice women (one of them deaf) are viciously abused by delighting men, couples do nothing but cheat and fight, men double-cross one another or brag, as one doctor did, that he had the best sex of his life gang-raping a boy in high school.

Mind you, one can have a grim, misanthropic view of the world, but are there really in it only pathetic victims and ruthless, sadistic creeps? The worst thing about labute (to accord him the spelling he deserves) is that throughout his films and plays you cannot miss the gloating tone, the smirk on the author's face. Yet, so insensitively thrill-seeking are critics and audiences that LaBute garners rave reviews and full houses.

The three playlets in *bash* are monologues. In *medea redux,* the speaker is a young woman who at 13 was seduced by her teacher. Pregnant, she was abandoned by him, but "anyways, billie, that's my son, billie, 'william,' whatever . . . was born. . . . he's great, and umm, without getting all shitty about it, i give birth and a bunch 'a years pass, okay?" The woman is talking into a tape recorder and also to us. Is she in a police station? In her kitchen? Or simply in the world according to LaBute?

She traces her seducer to a Phoenix school, and a correspondence develops. When Billie is 14, she takes him to meet his since married but otherwise childless father in a motel. The man loves children, we are told, and falls in love with the kid. When he leaves for a moment, the woman, as premeditated, kills her boy in his bath (Medea with a touch of Clytemnestra). Now she visualizes in tranquillity the tearful father screaming against the cosmos, although "there's never an answer," as she remarks and takes another puff on her cigarette.

In the second playlet, a man whose job seems threatened by downsizing lets his infant daughter asphyxiate in the hope that he will be kept on for compassionate reasons, only to find out there was no question of dismissal—it was all a practical joke by a friend of his. *Iphigenia in orem* (Utah) is the pretentious title.

The third and longest play comprises the parallel monologues of a pair of affianced Mormon juniors who improbably attend Catholic Boston College. They alternate telling about a big dance they drove to in New York City with two other B.C. couples. While the girls, tired, snooze in their room at the Plaza, our hero and his two male cronies wander into Central Park and follow a middle-aged homosexual into a public toilet, where they beat him to death or at least grave permanent damage. Then they return to the Plaza and resume their "normal" lives with their insipid girlfriends.

This item is called *a gaggle of saints.* Since all the characters are adherents of Mormonism, which LaBute converted to while on scholarship at Brigham Young University, he subtitles his opus *latterday plays,* with a pun on the Latter-Day Saints and our sad, postmodern world. The Mormons were good to him, so he repays them by making all his murderers Mormons.

The cheap trick LaBute uses throughout is to make his characters stupid twits whose speech is numbingly banal, awash in verbal detritus. Then, in the middle of it, there will be either some totally improbably highfalutin poeticism or some staggering enormity delivered with utter blandness. As if this weren't enough, he doesn't give a rap about placing his characters in a recognizable context. Where were that 13-year-old's parents all along, during pregnancy, birthing, and

(continued on page 54)

Bash back: Paul Rudd and Calista Flockhart in *bash: latterday plays.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Out of Their Minds

An HBO documentary explores the sometimes hallucinatory work of six mentally ill artists, raising unsettling questions about art and madness.

OF THE SIX MAD ARTISTS WE MEET IN JESSICA Yu's **The Living Museum** (Tuesday, July 6; 7:30 to 9 P.M.; HBO), Issa Ibrahim seems to me the most compelling. And not only because he's young, handsome, black, prodigal, articulate, and funny (although, of course, these indices do add up to something sort of nineteenth-century Romantic: the jailbird genius). Ibrahim is also political. His demons are social and pop-cultural as well as personal. In addition to painting the inside of his paranoid-schizophrenic head, he has rendered American flags, Muhammad Ali, the Wizard of Oz, and a disgruntled Superman (exhausted, puffing on a cigarette); hooded Klansmen and a Hogarth series on slavery itself; even, especially, an *Abbey Road* like a *Pilgrim's Progress* with Jesus Christ, Adolf Hitler, Malcolm X, and Elvis instead of the Beatles. Doubtless this preference says more about me than it does about art or madness, but this column is *my* therapy.

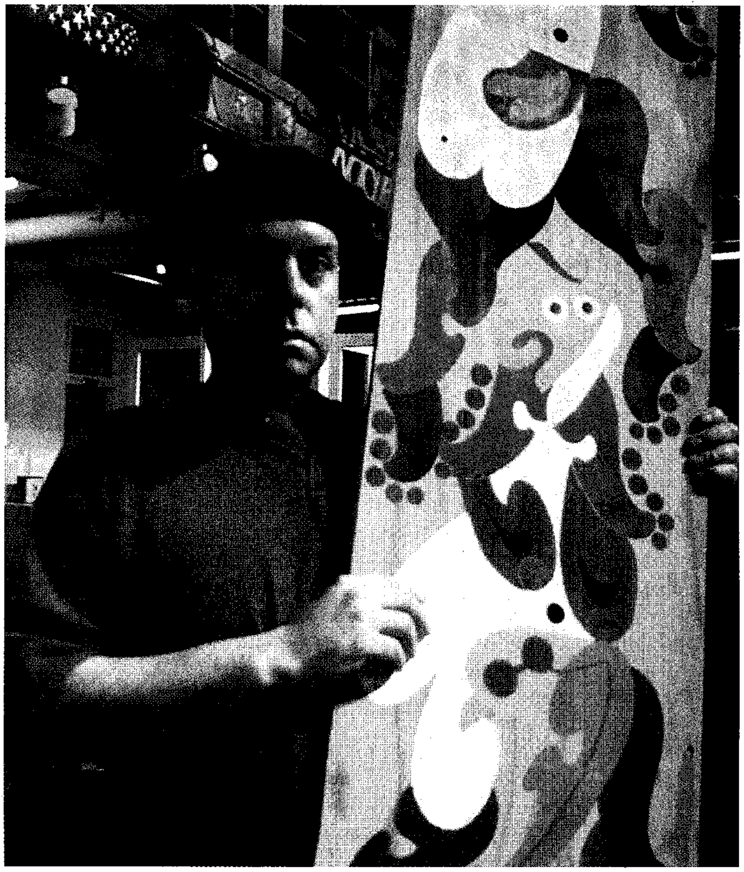
Ibrahim reports, by court appointment, to the Creedmoor Psychiatric Center in Queens, New York, where the Oscar-winning documentarian Yu (*Breathing Lessons*) spent more than a year chatting up mental patients for whom artistic activity is a lot more than therapy; it seems to be both respiration and salvation. While neither Yu nor Dr. Janos Marton, the psychologist and "curator" of this Living Museum, ever makes it entirely clear which artists are in-patient and which out—nor exactly how long they've been at Creedmoor, nor precisely the damage they did to themselves or others before they got there—it's obviously a sanctuary where astonishing work and play are fostered. "We are more honest," says Marton, who identifies perhaps to excess with his communicants. "There is a total lack of pretension here."

Well, for Eileen (no last name), there isn't any time left over for pretension between her screaming back at the voices she hears and her painting in morbid religious metaphors, as if art were surreal prayer. And the rather solemn-seeming John Tursi turns out to be sex-obsessed, converting the "garbage" of such found objects as lightbulbs, tongue depressors, and ice-cream sticks into visual dirty jokes that are genuinely witty. And Helen Sadowski, who attended the Philadelphia College of Art before abandoning her apartment and her life, has moved on from Roman Catholicism and depression to Zen Buddhism and abstraction, which she expresses in bands of neat-freak color so tightly compacted that they seem to scream like Eileen. And John C. Mapp is making movies—producing and writing and directing them—in his head, of which we see only the storyboards for, say, *Rikers Island Shadow of Death*. And David Waldorf has come back from a perfectly dreadful past of violent abuse and suicidal depression, of a decade of being "completely gone," to allegorize what seems to be "the allure of madness" in free-form pencil sketches of phantomlike gargoyle shapes inspired by the music Beethoven wrote after he'd gone deaf.

These six, some more garrulously than others, explain themselves to Yu's camera and are elaborated on by the indulgent Marton. We also visit a SoHo gallery (for a dual exhibit of Tursi and Sadowski) and an open house while listening to some soundtrack music that definitely isn't Beethoven (Soul Asylum, Beth Orton, Elliott Smith, and Beck). We needn't buy the whole public-relations package—Marton goes so far as to argue that "mental illness and art are a natural combination," and that "anybody who has a mental breakdown, a psychotic experience," can come out of it "and create great works of art"—to appreciate the the surprising beauty and the equally surprising laughter that Yu has found in Queens.

What I'm trying hard to resist here is an impulse to sermonize against a comeback of the notion, so fashionable in the sixties, that all art is neurotic or psychotic, and that madness is a proof of grace. We've been too long as it is recovering from R. D. Laing, whose own lunacies on the subject had such an unfortunate effect on several novels by Doris Lessing. To be sure, there is an eerie music to be heard from the fretting of the raw edges

Lost and found: John Tursi, one of six artists in Jessica Yu's *The Living Museum.*



Photograph by Bill Stanton/HBO.

of a mind that craves to heal, and we can hear it in the literature, going backward from therapists like Lauren Slater, dreaming along with her schizoid patients, to literary critics like Edmund Wilson, with his wound and his bow, to the great essays of Sigmund Freud, with his “substitute gratifications” and his Leonardo vulture fantasies, to painters like Goya and Bosch, with their exquisite tortures, to such poets as Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Verlaine, having disarranged their senses, all the way to the beginnings of Christianity (suffering is truth) and mythic prehistory (sexual sacrifice, mutilated priests, prophets, and shamans). And we’d like to believe that our apprehensions signify our specialness, that our consuming fantasies guarantee our creativity, that our intensities of feeling amount to genius.

But anyone who’s ever spent time in a psycho ward, or lived with someone mentally disturbed, or gone through any of it himself, knows all too well that the fallout is despair far more often than it is beauty, that the voices and visions are punishing rather than redemptive. Madness is chaos and destruction, prison and impotence—no more a door to great art than the occasional frenzies of drugs, and probably less. At least a hallucinogen gets some sort of credit for the rock paintings of the San bushmen of the Kalahari and of the Shoshonean Coso of the California Greater Basin; and poppies probably account for the bat caves of southern Spain, the tomb art and Breton megaliths of neolithic France, and the late Minoan III period of ornamental vases; and soma for both the Rig Veda and the geometries of Persian carpet design; and opium for a poem by Coleridge.

TELEVISION

Art, on the other cunning hand, must advance from perception to representation to realization; it requires shaping, subjugation, and mastery; it is the unconscious made conscious by the mysteries of craft. The lesson of *The Living Museum* is not, it seems to me, that artistic genius is some weirdly automatic compensation for the sufferings of the wounded mind (a demonstrable falsehood). Nor even that art works therapeutic miracles (only occasionally). The lesson, more valuable by far, is that the maddened are human, not so strange, as full of terror and wonder as the rest of us (only sometimes more so). The lesson of this remarkable program is empathetic. Jessica Yu enables us to imagine others, the not-so-strangers with their tongue depressors and their ice-cream sticks, after which imagining we might be able to conceive of something that is, socially, even scarier: that, to these others, we have civil, medical, and moral obligations. We are all on Issa Ibrahim’s *Abbey Road.* ■

John Leonard’s 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Kirn *continued from page 51*

with a neat comeuppance and turnabout that’s a bit too O. Henry for the collection and resolves Finn’s quandary in one stroke. The more he looks inward, the less he sees, he learns.

Not all of Gates’s characters are bad, but the good ones—almost as a rule—don’t realize that they’re good. In “Vigil,” an older fellow named Len is called upon to keep domestic order after his daughter is injured in a car accident that may or may not have followed a liaison with a man not her husband. Len is by far the thickest, intellectually, of anyone in the book. He seldom watches TV, putters in his shop, and minds his own business. An average retiree. Still, it’s this slowness and imperturbability that render him invaluable in a crisis. He’s too dense to crack, unlike his brittle family, and without even knowing he’s done so until it’s over, he manages to guide the others to safety. And though he reproaches himself after the crisis for savoring the intimacy it fostered and not wanting it to end, he’s an authentic hero. Not smart, just sound. He has somehow avoided the spiral of self-consciousness that sucks so many of Gates’s characters into inescapable black holes.

BOOKS

> *“For a David Gates character,* **life’s defining challenge is to impersonate a human being.** *To convince friends and family that you have a conscience (since none of us can be sure we really do).”*

If Gates has a general theory of human behavior, it’s theological, not psychological. He seems to believe in possession by evil spirits (and by good ones, too), not merely as an amusing postulate but as a stubborn, self-evident fact. How else to explain why we do what we don’t want to, no matter how hip we are to our own dark sides, and often can’t do what we know we must? In “Saturn,” he rides this pessimistic notion to the end of the line, following a reluctant marijuana user through rationalizations and resolutions into a perfect, miniature hell. And though she’s had every chance to simply shuck them, she ends up locking the latch of her own handcuffs. Nothing to base a therapy on here, let alone an upbeat book-group topic. Gates wipes the rosy tint off readers’ glasses, promising only to help them see. ■

Walter Kirn’s 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Simon *continued from page 52*

after? How did she bring up Billie without the help, for fourteen years, of that supposedly child-loving teacher father? Or, in the second play, how come the male child-murderer’s wife accepts his deed without demur? Crib deaths regularly lead to dissolution of the marriage. Again, how do the gay-bashers escape scot-free, untroubled even by their conscience? Is the world full of LaButes?

You may think it poor form to give away this much plot and subvert surprise. But there are really no surprises in these works: Just imagine the worst and multiply by ten. Still, in case you can’t do the math, someone must spell out a warning. Rely on the chief critic of the *Times,* and you’ll read in his lengthy encomium that *bash* is “informed with an earnest, probing moralism as fierce as that of Nathaniel Hawthorne.”

Actually, if you want to understand LaBute, you had better seek out Dinitia Smith’s article in the *Times* of June 23. There you will learn about LaBute’s hatred for his truck-driver father. It surfaces in all three playlets, where fathers bring death. Even as we’re told in lip-smacking detail about the ghastly fate of the hapless homosexual, we are informed twice that he reminded the assailant of his father. But at no point is there any sense of the author’s awareness of what he is gleefully blurting out. It may be of further Freudian interest that the basher first indulges in some erotic foreplay with his victim. Also to be gleaned from this article, curiously captioned “A Filmmaker’s Faith in God, If Not in Men,” is how inarticulate and subliterate our author really is. Would any decent speaker of English say, “There is a reaction to my father in terms of the severity of my male characters”? Again, “In the past my work was mostly black. . . . This one broaches into the territory of beige.” To say nothing of the ignorant use of *parameters* for *perimeters.* Finally, we gather that Mrs. LaBute is a family therapist. If she can keep her spouse’s problems confined to his plays and movies, she must be a helluva good one.

THEATER

To broach into the actual production, its design is suitably minimal, although Joe Mantello’s direction is at times too clever by half. In the third play, Paul Rudd overacts shamelessly, as is his wont; in the second, Ron Eldard is, except for a few minor excesses, entirely persuasive. The best work comes from Calista Flockhart, whose timings and inflections are unerringly on target, no matter what preposterous demands are inflicted on her. Still, if your reason for going is not so much relish of nastiness as wanting to see Ally McBeal in the flesh, be forewarned: There is very little flesh on dem bones. ■

John Simon’s 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Adagio for Fins

Cello's serenity and seafood dazzle have well-heeled gourmands in delirium; earthier souls will wallow in the rustic abundance at Beacon.

IT TOOK TWENTY MONTHS AND $6 MILLION TO GET **Cello** up and strumming in its landmarked turn-of-the-century townhouse off Madison, but within hours, food-obsessed pals had my call-waiting system choked. I was reminded of the clatter at Le Bernardin's debut thirteen years ago, when friends were phoning the second night, crying: "It's ready. Of course it will get stronger, but it's great right now."

That's what gourmandlich early birds were chirping again. And not just because Jacques Le Magueresse, a face familiar from the maître d's podium at Le Bernardin, is a partner and orchestrator here. Cello isn't on an even orbit yet. But it flashes all the signals of a serious try. The dining room is small and serious, almost somber—mahogany panels, frosted glass, and custom-designed chairs with celadon mohair seats and a vintage feel. The silence is proper and welcome, a shade imperious when the room is almost empty, soothing when it bustles. In the garden, cellos explode silently in a twelve-foot assemblage by the French sculptor Arman. The linen is Frette, the flatware sterling. And Bernardaud seems to have come up with porcelain shapes I've never seen before, like the twelve-inch plate with a three-inch indentation that makes a jewel of the chef's amuse-bouche—caviar on cream of eggs, perhaps, or a thrillingly complex shrimp dumpling under a white-truffle cartwheel, or a sampling of the peekytoe crab with velvety avocado and a tomato gelée that provokes uncontrollable gasps of pleasure.

Sorry, that's what kind of food this is: alternating sensory shock and sustained delight. I wouldn't say it was the equal of great sex, as one of my guests does, but I must admit I find the rapturous cries I'm hearing rather familiar. If, like me, you never heard of chef Laurent Tourondel as he made his way from the Troisgros kitchen in Roanne to Claude Troisgros's now-defunct C.T. here, I suspect you'll be hearing the name soon. He's got a Gallic professional cool tempered by his own informed whimsy. What looks rather simple is intelligently complex, often detonated with a smart shock of flavor.

Order the lobster emulsion from the $74 lobster tasting as a starter on the standard $62 prix fixe (no one seems to mind), and what arrives is a claw tip in a lozenge of Sauternes gel. Then the captain ladles on an intense creamy nectar that melts the Sauternes into the lobster essence. Performance food, yes, and delicious. Rectangles of exquisite ahi are veiled in chiffon-thin slices of daikon touched with an almost-too-intense tang of caramelized lemon. Raw daurade royale wears paillettes of thinnest radish and Parmesan curls and green peppercorns, no one element allowed to overwhelm any other. Tiny rougets are delicately steamed and teamed with a triple whammy of raw-tomato sauce, Parmesan pesto, and tapenade. The waiter pours on special olive oil through a cork with such a tiny chink cut out it allows only a dribble—"The chef doesn't trust us," he jokes.

Like his former bosses at Le Bernardin, Le Magueresse is from Brittany. Thus the emphasis on fish. Though I'm not sure anyone who eats or cooks seafood at this level of sophistication has not been touched by the influence of the late Gilbert LeCoze, Tourondel strikes me as his own muse. Especially eloquent are his rice-flaked sea scallops in a soy-lime broth, poached lobster with endive in a Sauternes nage, turbot and sage-wrapped foie gras in a reduction of sherry bouillon, luscious smoke-touched salmon with pea shoots and caviar. I suppose this is

From the entrance to the back garden (that's a plate of smoked salmon with pea shoots and caviar), Cello is pitch-perfect.

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

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where I should stop being tight and go for Pétrus, but habit and duty force me to stick to double digits. Sommelier Gillian Ballance's fine house red, Ramage La Batisse '95, at $45, fits the bill.

Perhaps the hostess at the top of the stone steps is less than Michelin-smooth, and Cello's first party of eight not only frazzled the waiters (three guests got the wrong dish) but sabotaged the kitchen, too. Most of the fish was too cooked, partly a reaction to many early guests' sending back fish prepared to the chef's taste—i.e., rarish, just the way I want it. As for the dining-room snafus, I spy Le Magueresse making frantic little hand and stern jaw signals to his recruits, and I'm guessing they'll eventually get the drill. Even so, I must point out that Cello is for grown-ups and those of us dedicated to indulgence at the table. It's not a scene. It's not exactly fun, either, as I realize after a two-and-a-half-hour dinner that feels like four, prompting my mate, the Road Food Warrior, to announce he'll never return. Even later, when I promise him the kitchen has found its pace, he does not relent.

Alas, the stunning grapefruit sorbet under Campari zabaglione in an egg cup and brilliant desserts like the banana-passion-fruit meringue and the frozen crème-brûlée-filled chocolate tuile with crushed cocoa beans do not move the man. He doesn't melt when the little tartlets arrive, or the chocolates in a silver-topped wooden box. And he is asking for the check even as the rest of us, with the last ounce of devotion, swoop down on the orange-water-glazed doughnut holes, all vows of "I'll just have one" forgotten.

Cello, 53 East 77th Street (517-1200). Lunch (beginning July 14), Monday to Friday, noon to 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Monday to Thursday, 5:45 to 10:30 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, till 11. A.E., M.C., V.

THE LATE, LAMENTED RAINBOW'S WALDY MALOUF, the chef who fell from the sky, must have landed headfirst in the earth. How else to explain his swift switch from oysters Rockefeller and lobster thermidor to the rustic open-fire cooking of **Beacon**? In kitchen talk, this is as revolutionary as a gender crossover. Like any new convert's, his enthusiasm runneth over, but that's fine with me. He's roasting salads, herbs, fruit, huge trencherman chunks of meat. "It's what I would cook for you in my backyard," he says. Now, *this* is pure Road Food Warrior fare. My mate is actually willing to miss the first twenty minutes of a crucial Knicks game for his share of the excellent T-bone, the luscious spit-roasted duck with its breast tender and whole, and the exquisitely crusty pork chop—cured, hot-smoked, then grilled. (Dinner entrées, $18 to $29.) All four of us are out of control here, too—no little sighs and murmurs, just groans because the house-baked breads are too good for prudent moderation. And we're dipping rashly in the powerful olive-flecked oil. Those among us normally disciplined to merely taste are crying for seconds. "I'll just leave a few extra olive rolls here," says our waitress, dropping another 5,000 calories into the silly bread basket—I think it's a mattress coil in a hair net. It's one of a few too-clevernesses I notice in architect Morris Nathanson's handsome rehab of the old Seafare of the Aegean. I don't even mind being parked on the balcony—it's serene, and I can still see the cooks pirouetting in the galley below.

Though friends tell me service at a recent lunch was positively slapstick, our liaison with the kitchen is a gem—enthusiastic, informed, intimate but dignified. I actually forgive her for asking "Is everything all right?" four times, but why doesn't she sweep the crumbs from our table? "Just when you thought it was safe," she murmurs, delivering the family-style baking dish of earthy potatoes gratin and a collection of roasted vegetables on skewers. So maybe we should have shared starters. The basket of irresistible deep-fried vegetables with its smoky tomato sauce could have been a warm-up for the whole table all by itself. A fourth of the savory Camembert-and-bacon-stuffed quail with herb salad would have satisfied me. And just a few spoons of the wonderful tomato-and-cilantro soup, or a couple of stewed cherrystones and mussels in their hinged brass pot (cute, but awkward in practice) would have done it. But I'm sure we'd be equally wanton in Malouf's backyard. Even the wood-roasted oysters and the arugula with roasted fingerlings seem essential.

Serious flubs marked an earlier dinner—flavorless baby lamb, rather listless Argentine rib eye, and a chewy lamb shank that returned to the kitchen barely dented. But the triumphs of the most recent tasting make me dare to hope the kitchen is finding its strength. We're actually able to greet dessert as if we were famished. Malouf's homage to the Rainbow must be his soufflés. Not my thing unless they're transcendent, and these are only halfway there. But I'm won by the honey-lemon custard with moscato-steeped blood orange. And the magic in mere vanilla ice cream (okay, homemade and organic) with caramel sauce and a couple of tuiles is astounding.

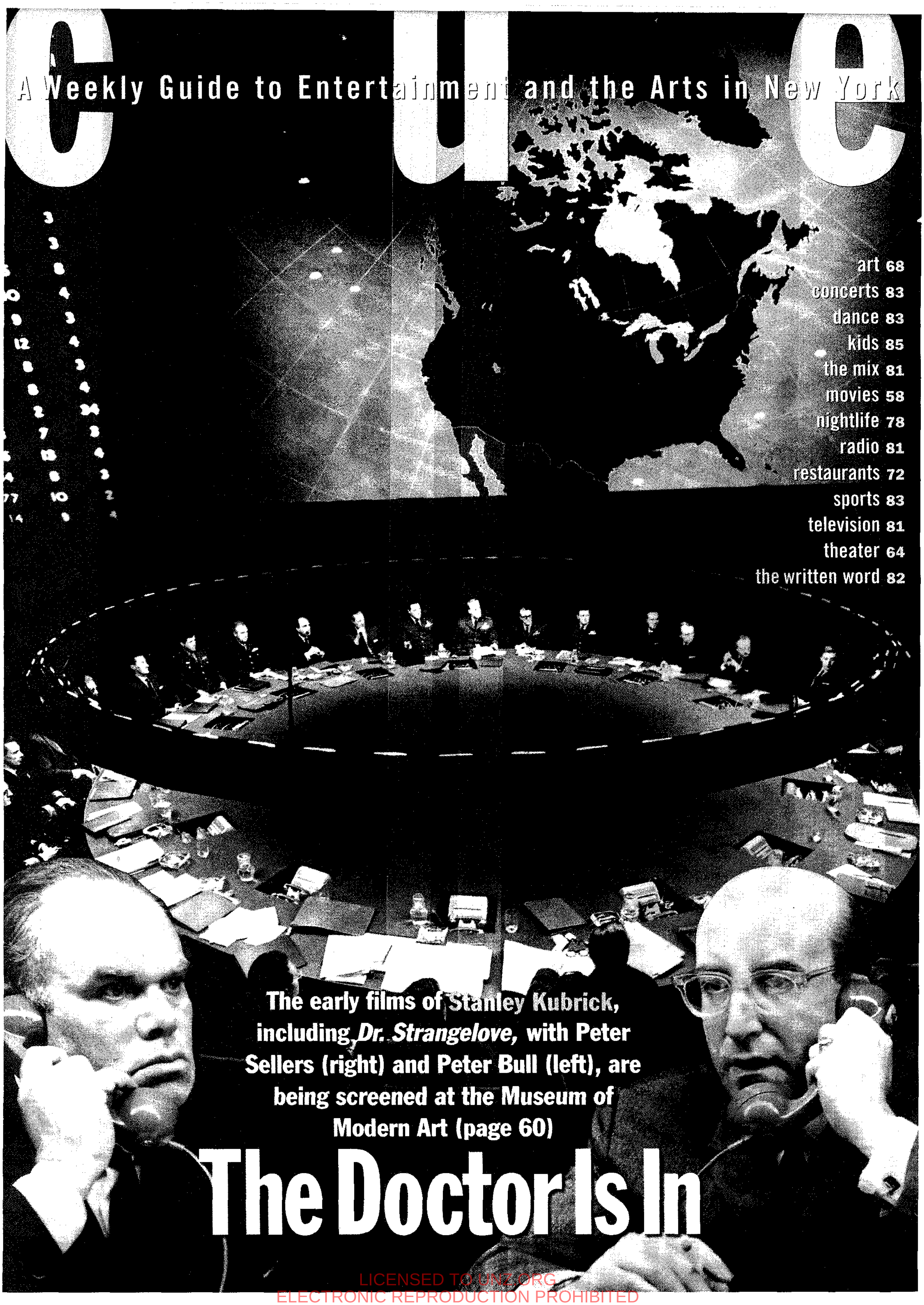
If pangs of conscience inspire you to reject the gift bag of bread or rolls at the exit, swallow the pangs. You won't regret it come breakfast.

Beacon, 25 West 56th Street (332-0500). Lunch, Monday to Friday, noon to 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Monday to Thursday, 5:30 to 10 P.M.; Friday and Saturday, till 11. A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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The early films of Stanley Kubrick, including *Dr. Strangelove,* with Peter Sellers (right) and Peter Bull (left), are being screened at the Museum of Modern Art (page 60)

The Doctor Is In

movies

Kubrick at MoMA...American Pie

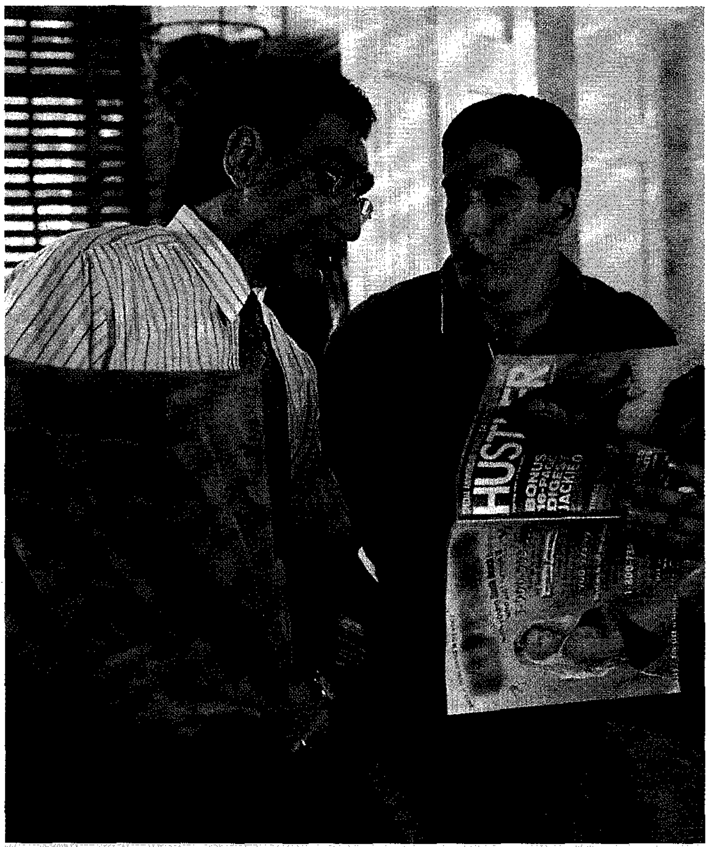
New Films

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny,* this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Pie—With three weeks to go, four friends—played by newcomers Jason Biggs, Chris Klein, Thomas Ian Nicholas, and Eddie Kay Thomas—make a pact to lose their virginity by the end of their senior year in high school—each with his own raunchy and endearingly juvenile strategy. Eugene Levy lends his comedic talent as one teen's awkward, goofballish father. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens 7/9.*

An American Love Story—A documentary about the experiences of an interracial New York family. Directed by Jennifer Fox. (9 hrs. total; NR) *Film Forum.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. De Niro is quite funny; comedy seems to rejuvenate his actor's instincts. Crystal is unduly dour. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*



Opening
Coming of Age

In 'American Pie,' four suburban high-school boys make a pact to lose their virginity by prom night. It's all the goofy and dirty yet ultimately character-building encounters along the way that make this latest approach to the teenage-horndog genre so unexpectedly endearing. Opens July 9.

Arlington Road—Jeff Bridges, Joan Cusack, Hope Davis, and Tim Robbins star in this thriller about a D.C. college professor who doesn't know who to trust after his wife is killed by right-wing fundamentalists and his neighbors start acting peculiar. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Opens 7/9.*

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Michael Myers's Austin Powers is a marvelously kooky comic creation, and kids especially seem to love him. This new film featuring the Carnaby Street shagster and part-time spy is very funny as long as it sticks with Austin and his fur ball, snaggletoothed weirdnesses. But there's too much Dr. Evil in this one, and too many doo-doo jokes and fat jokes and cleavage comedy. Heather Graham is disappointingly bland as CIA agent Felicity Shagwell. Rob Lowe, playing a young Robert Wagner, does a spot-on Wagner impression. Who would have thought bland-on-bland could have this many levels? (Rainer; 6/21/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Autumn Tale—French filmmaker Eric Rohmer's latest, about a widow in her forties whose friends plot to find her a man after her children leave the nest. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR).

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

Besieged—An English musician in Rome is entranced by the young African woman who cleans his home while she studies medicine. With Thandie Newton and David Thewlis. Written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Paris Theatre; Clearview's Park and 86th St.*

Big Daddy—See Rainer, p. 49. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Broken Vessels—A story of the underworld of L.A. ambulance drivers. With Jason London, Todd Field, and Roxana Zal. Directed by Scott Ziehl. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion; two years later, Cooder returned to Havana with Wenders, and the result is this wonderful mixture of music-making and anecdotage featuring such artists as the 90-year-old composer and *tres* player Compay Segundo, the 80-year-old jazz and mambo pianist Ruben Gonzalez, and the 74-year-old singer Ibrahim Ferrer, whose voice draws a silky line right out of the air. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Coming Apart—The 1969 film about a psychiatrist who films his sexual conquests. With Rip Torn, Sally Kirkland, and Viveca Lindfors. Directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Day of the Beast—A comedy about a priest who, convinced that he has determined the date of the birth of the Antichrist, embarks on a crime spree in hopes of meeting the Devil and destroying him. Starring Alex Angulo. Directed by Alex de la Iglesia. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

The Dinner Game—From Francis Veber, the creator of *La Cage aux Folles,* comes a comedy about a dinner party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

★The Dreamlife of Angels—This first feature by the 42-year-old French director Erick Zonca is mar-

'Cue' cover photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

velously observant of the ways of friendship. Isa (Elodie Bouchez) is a 21-year-old free spirit with close-cropped black hair and saucer eyes. Marie (Natacha Régnier), her newfound roommate, seems prematurely hard-bitten. At first, they hit it off: They throng the malls and pull pranks and try to crash nightclubs; they smoke in bed together and razz men. But Marie is temperamentally Isa's opposite; she looks at life not as a lark but as a minefield. The tragedy of their friendship is that they damage each other without meaning to. The two performers deservedly shared the Best Actress award last year at Cannes. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Edge of Seventeen—An Ohio teen falls in love with another guy during the summer of 1984. With Chris Stafford and Tina Holmes. Directed by David Moreton. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. It's an anti-high-school high-school movie, and it captures the dreary institutional climate: the ugly green hallways and generic auditoriums and all the other memento mori of those years. But *Election* could stand to be a little less satisfied with its smarts. Like brainy adolescents, Payne and Taylor mock everything in sight. After a while, you begin to wonder what makes them so all-fired special. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. First they rob an ancient Chinese gold mask from a heavily guarded London exhibit, then a computerized bank account worth billions from a bank in Kuala Lumpur. Connery is worth watching even in junk; amid all the fireworks and ploddingly staged action, he actually gives a real performance. Zeta-Jones works well with him; their May/December thing is equal parts hubba hubba and rue. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *UA Criterion.*

The General's Daughter—John Travolta stars as an army investigator who attempts to nab the murderer of a colonel—the general's daughter—and finds himself up to his chin in military scandal and smarm. As murder mysteries go, it's pretty plodding; we never get the feeling that the filmmakers are a step ahead of us, and the clues don't really add up. Director Simon West puts most of his brio into the rape and near-rape scenes while, at the same time, trying to fob the film off as some kind of examination of feminist travails in the military. The cast, which also includes Madeleine Stowe, James Cromwell, Timothy Hutton, and James Woods, takes turns over- and underacting. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Go—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seem to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie-producer checklist: It has drug deals and hip chicks and lap dancing, it has cartoon violence and real blood, it has Vegas and L.A., it has a turn-back-the-hand-of-time dramatic structure. Liman (*Swingers*) is a virtuoso talent with a knack for locating the pulse of a scene, and he's good with actors—Sarah Polley, as a chicklet set up by a narc, is particularly good. But finally, there's nothing much to this movie except a lot of funky attitude. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

An Ideal Husband—Director Oliver Parker has adapted Oscar Wilde's 1895 play with a superb cast—Rupert Everett, Jeremy Northam, Julianne Moore, Cate Blanchett, Minnie Driver, John Wood—and reworked it into something more naturalistic and contemporaneous than Wilde intended. Certain roles, such as the ones played by Moore and Driver, are expanded, and, near the end, he rewrites Wilde so that the play threatens to turn into a cliffhanger. Sacrilege aside, most of this plays rather well, but what's missing is more of the Wildean tone—the sense of life as an exquisite, farcical artwork. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Cobble Hill; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Instinct—An unintentionally risible drama featuring Anthony Hopkins as a primatologist who lived for four years in the Rwandan jungles with gorillas and is now incarcerated in a Florida prison for the criminally insane because he went bonkers when some game hunters spoiled his Edenic retreat. Hopkins looks like a cross between Hannibal Lecter and Papa Hemingway; he's malevolently bushy. As his psychiatrist, Cuba Gooding Jr. comes to realize the gorillas had it right and we humans have it wrong. It's been a long time since we've had a movie this zoologically daft. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

The King and I—An animated story based on the musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Featuring the voices of Miranda Richardson and Martin Vidnovic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The King of Masks—Director Wu Tianming has fashioned the kind of straightforwardly sentimental tale that tends to cop the best-foreign-film award come Oscar time—but actually, it's better than that. Set in China in the thirties, it's about an old street performer who grudgingly takes on a young orphaned girl and ultimately grows close to her. It comes by most of its emotions honestly. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

★**Late August, Early September**—Olivier Assayas's film about Parisian friends in their thirties is a mellifluous contemporary roundelay that has some of the same resonance as Claude Sautet's 1974 *Vincent, François, Paul and the Others,* but it's about a somewhat younger and scroungier crowd. The cast, including Virginie Ledoyen, François Cluzet, and Mathieu Amalric, is as well coordinated as a fine small orchestra. Their entrances and vanishings and reentries play like recurring motifs. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life—Somehow, a comedy in which Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence are serving life sentences in Mississippi. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Limbo—David Strathairn is an Alaskan fisherman still reeling from a long-ago accident; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is the town newcomer who snaps him out of it. Written and directed by John Sayles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Village East; UA Gemini; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Loss of Sexual Innocence—Director Mike Figgis is an odd amalgam of artiste and pulpster, and, alas, the artiste wins out in this experimental-film-ish botch that has something to do with a documentary filmmaker (Julian Sands); his traumatic life stages, shown in flashback; and Adam and Eve—represented as a black man and a Nordic white woman. They look like they wandered over from Woodstock Nation and achieve oneness when they both make pee-pee in the shimmering river of life. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R). *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Lovers on the Bridge—The 1991 love story of two vagabonds living on the Pont-Neuf Bridge in Paris. With Juliette Binoche—as a young painter who suffers from a blinding eye disease—and Denis Lavant, the fire-breathing street acrobat who falls in love with her. Also with Klaus-Michael Grüber. Directed by Léos Carax. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Criterion.*

★**My Son the Fanatic**—See Rainer, page 50. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Never Been Kissed**—Drew Barrymore really comes into her own in this teen comedy about a twentysomething copy editor for the Chicago *Sun-Times* who is assigned the job of going undercover at a local high school. The joke is, Barrymore's Josie was out of it then, and she's out of it now. The film, in its present-day sequences and also in flashbacks to Josie's choicest high-school humiliations, turns the worst embarrassments of high school into sicko horror-movie scenarios—which, of course, is how we remember them now. Trying to be cool, Josie reenters high school wearing white jeans and a pink feather boa and big hair. It's a disastrous getup, and pretty soon her only allies are the geeky math-club brains. Barrymore works up the awfulness of being ostracized

Opening
French Twist

When Pierre Brochant (Thierry Lhermitte) brings a low-level accountant and matchstick-model enthusiast (comedian Jacques Villeret) to sup with his arrogant friends, he's sure he's won the evening's contest to see who can come up with the most mundane guest. But he hasn't, and writer-director Francis Veber *(La Cage aux Folles)* gets the last laugh. *The Dinner Game* (*Le Din du Cons*)—which Miramax has already marked for a Hollywood remake a la *Birdcage*—opens July 9 at the Paris.

Photograph courtesy of Lion Gate Films.

with such comic brio that we almost dread her inevitable cool-girl transformation. And yet when she becomes a winner, she's just as loosey-goosey as ever. Barrymore gives her so much grace and passion and smarts that she makes this pop schlock matter. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Notting Hill—Julia Roberts plays the most famous movie star in the world, who falls for a stammering, courtly travel-book-store owner, played by Hugh Grant, who loves her for herself and not her celebrity. In other words, what we have here is another self-congratulatory play-it-both-ways Hollywood romance: The suitor is saluted for having the proper values while, at the same time, we're encouraged to lap up the luxuries of stardom. The relationship between the lovers is meant to be improbably thrilling, but what we see is something else—at best, they look like they have a pronounced affection for each other. This movie-star-who-wants-to-be-a-real-person conceit has a chilling effect on Julia Roberts, whose appeal, of course, is based on her seeming just like the rest of us—only more gorgeous and winning. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; CO Coronet; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Bayside.*

The Red Violin—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surround an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Regret to Inform—Barbara Sonneborn's personal, Oscar-nominated documentary about her visit to Vietnam to talk to those who still deal with the casualties of the war: the soldiers' widows. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

★**Run Lola Run**—Franka Potente, the star of this excitingly kinesthetic action comedy, has the lean-machine look of a champion sprinter. She's like a new-style industrial-age automaton: a sleek machine. The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. Lola, whose moped has just been stolen, whooshes into action like an Olympian, racing around town in quest of cash. Tykwer is after the rush you get when you connect a primal, direct-action story to a love of speed. He's a playful maniac. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard, and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone*. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

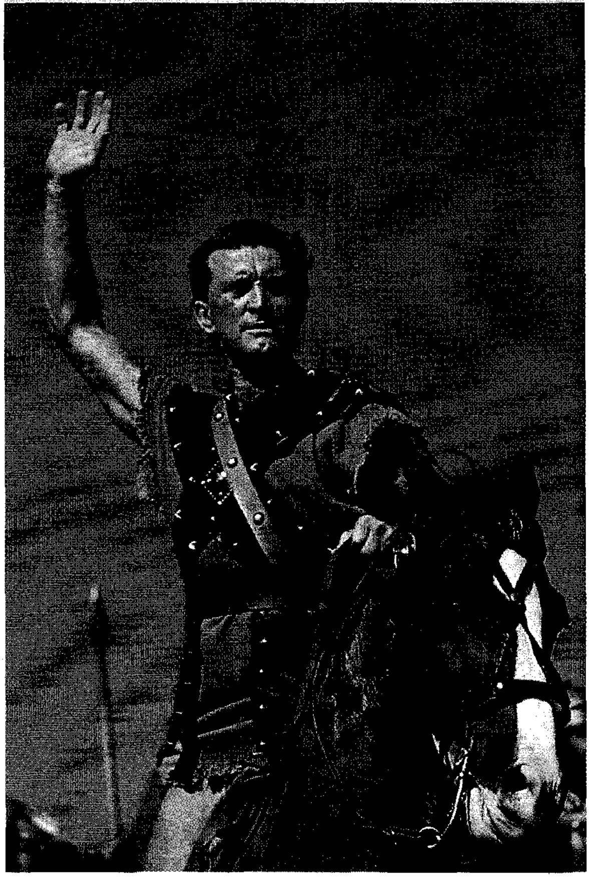
Shiloh 2: Shiloh Season—The continuing story of a boy and his best friend, a beagle. With Michael Moriarty, Scott Wilson, and Rod Steiger. Directed by Sandy Tung. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Clearview's 59th St. East, UA Criterion.*

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut—Trey Parker and Matt Stone's animated spawn sing songs, learn to curse . . . and do so fervently while also saving Canada from their parents, and the world as we know it from the Devil himself. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay; Loews State; Clearview's First and 62nd; UA East; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavillion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Cinemart; College Point Multiplex; Jackson Triplex; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. The actors in it—including Liam Neeson as a Jedi warrior, Ewan McGregor as young Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Natalie Portman as Queen Amidala of the endangered planet Naboo—are upstaged to a fare-thee-well. And maybe this was Lucas's intention: By making his CGI creatures, his droids and globs and thingamajigs, so much more captivating than his people, he's striking a blow for the primacy of special effects over human effects. At this point in his career, he may not know the difference anymore. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Retrospective
"I am Spartacus."

The Museum of Modern Art pays tribute to the late Stanley Kubrick this week with "Kubrick at MOMA: A Gift Revisited." The five early film prints he donated to MOMA's archives in 1965 include the epic *Spartacus* (1960), with Kirk Douglas; his controversial adaptation of *Lolita* (1962), with James Mason and Sue Lyon; and the brilliantly caustic *Dr. Strangelove* (1964), starring George C. Scott and Peter Sellers. Series begins July 6; See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Summer of Sam—See Rainer, page 49. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tarzan—Disney's latest animation feature has some first-rate visual effects involving the ape guy surfing the treetops and battling leopards. The visual techniques outstrip the storyline, which is mostly Disney kitsch bubbling up through Edgar Rice Burroughs kitsch. Tarzan is given a hyper-physiqued look that is somewhere between Fabio and the Prince of Egypt. When he meets Jane, he's so worked up that he swings through the sky on vines; it's eco-autoeroticism. He might have not been so deprived if the animators had seen fit to introduce a few Africans into the jungle. But there's nary a one. Perhaps Disney thought the best way to get around the ooga-booga stereotype was to eliminate blacks altogether. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Guild 50th Street; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tea With Mussolini—Franco Zeffirelli directed this movie based on his memoirs of growing up in Florence in the wake of World War II. The film doesn't feel like it comes from the heart, though Zeffirelli here is as gauze-wrapped as ever. Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, and Maggie Smith play dotty, doting Englishwomen who take up the young boy. Cher shows up as a Peggy Guggenheim–ish art vulture, and Lily Tomlin plays a lesbian archaeologist like a cross between Camille Paglia and Annie Oakley. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

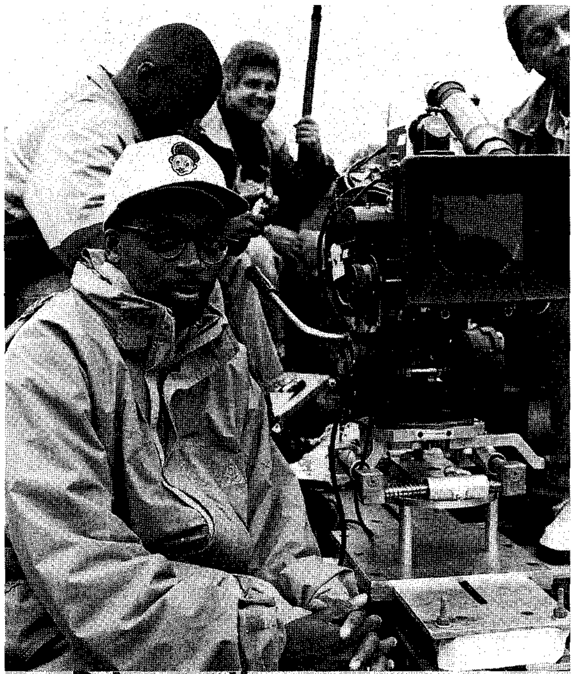
The Thirteenth Floor—A murder mystery set between present-day and a virtual version of 1937 L.A. With Craig Bierko, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Gretchen Mol. Directed by Josef Rusnak. (About 2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

This Is My Father—A Chicago schoolteacher visits Ireland to learn the story of the father he never met. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, James Caan, Colm Meaney, and John Cusack. Directed by Paul Quinn. (2 hrs. ; R) *North Shore Towers.*

Twin Dragons—Twin brothers separated at birth join together to fight the Hong Kong mob. Starring Jackie Chan. (About 2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

A Walk on the Moon—Diane Lane is a young housewife in 1969 who begins an affair at a summer resort in the Catskills. With Liev Schreiber, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Directed by Tony Goldwyn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace.*

When Love Comes—The romantic misadventures of six New Zealand teens. Directed by Garth Maxwell. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*



Retrospective
Spike's Worlds

BAM's cinematheque continues its "Summer of Spike" series this week with Lee's 'She's Gotta Have It' (1986), 'Mo' Better Blues' (1990), and 'Jungle Fever' (1991). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)

Wild Wild West—See Rainer; page 49. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. It may seem odd that Mamet has chosen to devote his energies to something so ostensibly remote from his temperament. But there's a link between the clipped cadences of these upper-crusters and the rhythmic syncopation of Mamet's usual lowlifes and tricksters. For Mamet, manners are manners, whether they're good or bad. Nigel Hawthorne, who plays the boy's father, is especially fine in a cast that also includes Jeremy Northam and Rebecca Pidgeon (Mamet's wife). (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl—Joan Chen's directorial debut is an uneven, sometimes affecting story about a 15-year-old girl during the Cultural Revolution who is "sent down" to the countryside for regimental training. Living in the remote Tibetan countryside with an emasculated, kindly Tibetan horse trainer, she offers herself up to itinerant "patrons" for sex in the hopes of returning home. Chen wants us to regard this as a bittersweet Chaplinesque fable, but what we see is too grotesquely unsettling for that. (Rainer; 5/17/99) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Cinema Village; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Notting Hill; Regret to Inform.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Buena Vista Social Club; An Ideal Husband; The Loss of Sexual Innocence; My Son the Fanatic; Run Lola Run.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Besieged; Election; Limbo; Tarzan; Tea With Mussolini.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Coming Apart; The Day of the Beast; The King of Masks; Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Big Daddy.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *An American Love Story; Late August, Early September; The Lovers on the Bridge.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Broken Vessels; The Dreamlife of Angels; Edge of Seventeen; When Love Comes.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Breakfast at Tiffany's; Go!; Love, Etc.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Big Daddy; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; The Red Violin; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West; The Winslow Boy.*

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Election; Instinct; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Notting Hill; The Red Violin; A Walk on the Moon.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Big Daddy; An Ideal Husband; Run Lola Run; Tarzan; Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Wild Wild West.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 2nd Ave. (505-6397#558) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Tarzan.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *An Ideal Husband; Run Lola Run.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Summer of Sam.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Election; Shiloh Season.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Notting Hill.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Analyze This; Life; Never Been Kissed; Shakespeare in Love; The Thirteenth Floor; Twin Dragons.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Tarzan.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Wild Wild West.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Besieged; The Dinner Game.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Entrapment; The Matrix; Notting Hill; Shiloh Season; Summer of Sam.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Red Violin.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini; The Winslow Boy.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Besieged; Notting Hill.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The General's Daughter.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Wild Wild West.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Wild Wild West.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Big Daddy; Limbo.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *After Life; Buena Vista Social Club; My Son the Fanatic; The Red Violin; Run Lola Run; The Winslow Boy.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Big Daddy; Wild Wild West.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Big Daddy; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Notting Hill; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace;*

Photograph by David Lee.

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *After Life; The Red Violin; Summer of Sam; The Winslow Boy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *An Ideal Husband; Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.; The General's Daughter.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (886-4900) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Wild Wild West.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *After Life; Baby Geniuses; The King and I; Limbo; The Red Violin; Tea With Mussolini.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Baby Geniuses; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Harmonists; This Is My Father; The Winslow Boy.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *An Ideal Husband; Notting Hill.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Wild Wild West.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Big Daddy; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan.*

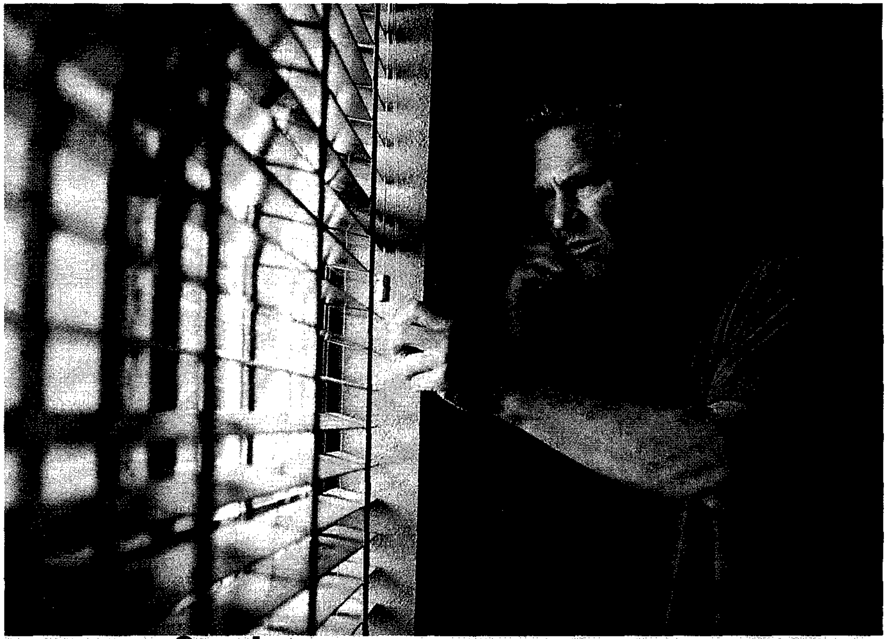
UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 8/8: "John Ford: Western Poet." 7/10 *Straight Shooting* (1917), *Hell Bent* (1918), and *The Iron Horse* (1924). 7/11: *Stagecoach* (1939) and *Directed by John Ford* (1972). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

BAM Rose Cinemas—7/7–7/8: Terence Malick's *Day's of Heaven* (1978). Through 7/25: "Summer of Spike." 7/9: *Jungle Fever* (1990). 7/10: *She's Gotta Have It* (1986). 7/11: *Mo' Better Blues* (1990). Through 7/20: "Robert Bresson." 7/5: *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* (1945); 7/6: *Mouchette* (1967); 7/11: *The Devil Probably . . .* (1977); 7/12: *L'Argent* (1982). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718) 623-2770.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen



Opening
Guilty by Suspicion

Jeff Bridges is widower Michael Faraday, a paranoid professor whose bleak life takes a turn for the worse when a seemingly unpeculiar couple (a peculiarly brow-furrowing Tim Robbins and the always peculiar Joan Cusack) move in next door on *Arlington Road.* Starts July 9.

Photograph by Michael Tackett.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

at sunset. 7/5: *Mogambo* (1953). 7/12: *Gilda* (1946). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Classics—"Wild Man June." 7/6–7/8: *Annie Hall* (1977). 7/12–7/13: *Crimes and Misdemeanors* (1989). 7/14–7/15: Husbands and Wives (1992). "Fantasy Film." 7/9–7/11: *Zelig (1983*) and *Broadway Danny Rose* (1984). 7/10–7/11: *The Neverending Story* (1986). "Midnight Mockery." 7/9: *Frankenstein* (1970). Double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Different Light—7/7: *The Poseidon Adventure* (1972). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Von Stroheim." 7/6: *Foolish Wives* (1922) and *Queen Kelly* (1928). 7/7: *Five Graves to Cairo* (1943) and *Crimson Romance* (1934). 7/8: *The Merry-Go-Round* (1923) and *Hello, Sister!* (1933). "Universal Sirk." 7/9–7/11: *Written on the Wind* (1956). "Harold Lloyd." 7/12: *For Heaven's Sake* (1926) and *The Sin of Harold Diddlebock* (1947). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater) Through 7/15: "Tracking Eternity: Max Ophuls' Motion Pictures." 7/6: *Flirtation* (1932) and *From Mayerling to Sarajevo* (1940); 7/7–7/9: Le Plaisir (1951), *The Trouble With Money* (1936); La Ronde (1950); 7/10–7/11: *Lola Montes* (1955) and *No Tomorrow* (1939); 7/12: *Yoshiwara* (1937), *Werther* (1938), and *Divine* (1935). "Movies for Kids." 7/10–7/11: *Charlotte's Web* (1973). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Cinéclub." 7/6: *Summer* (1986) and *Man Bites Dog* (1992). 7/13: *Elena and Her Men/Paris Does Strange Thing* (1956) and *Mademoisselle* (1966). Subtitled. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Japan Society—333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Kubrick at MOMA: A Gift Revisited." 7/6: *The Killing* (1956) and *Paths of Glory* (1957). 7/8: *Dr. Strangelove* (1964) and *Lolita* (1962). 7/9: *Spartacus* (1965 version), *The Killing*, and *Dr. Strangelove*. 7/10: *Paths of Glory* and *Spartacus* (1991 version). 7/11: *Lolita*. "Centennial Celebrations: George Cukor" 7/11: *Our Betters* (1933). 7/12: *Camille* (1936). "Strand Releasing: 10th Anniversary." 7/6: *Pink Narcissus* (1971); 7/8: *All the Vermeers in New York* (1990). 7/9: *Super 8½* (1994), *The Delta* (1996), and *Clean, Shaven* (1993); 7/10: *Clean, Shaven* and *Crush* (1992); 7/11: *Pink Narcissus* and *Inside* (1996); 7/12: *Crush*. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

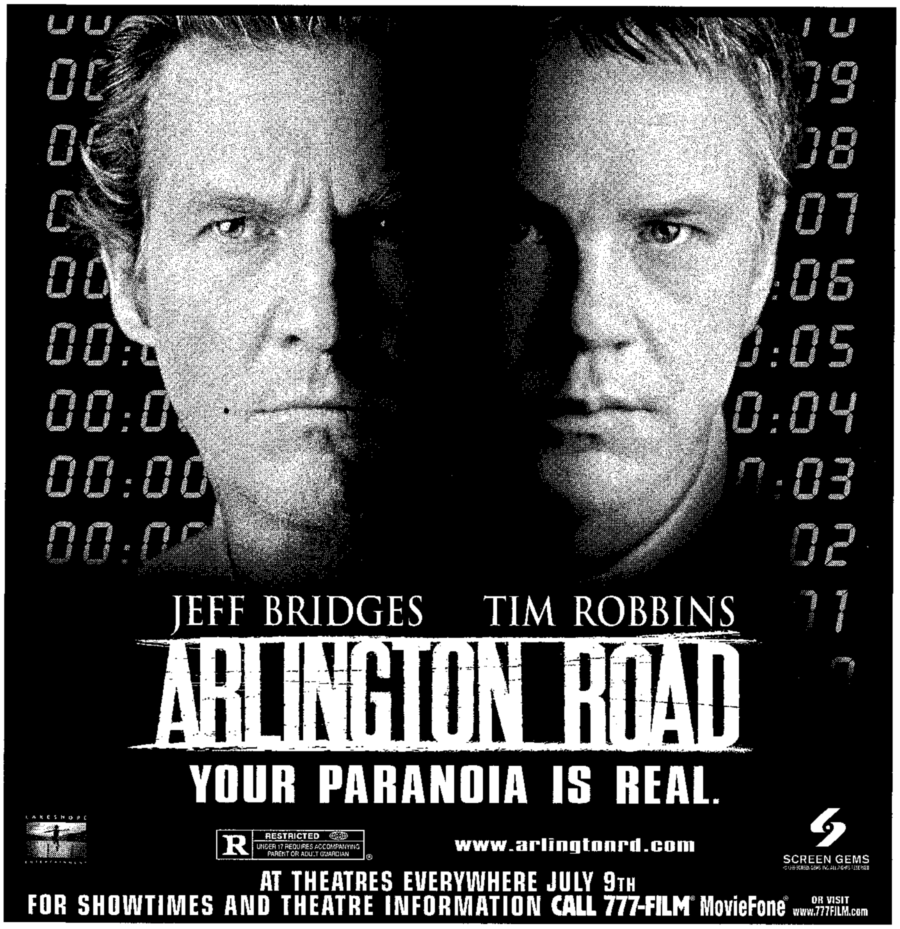
National Museum of the American Indian—"Thursday Night at the Movies." 7/8: *Today Is a Good Day: Remembering Chief Dan George* (1998). 7/10: *Little Big Man* (1970); *Today Is a Good Day: Remembering Chief Dan George*. 7/12: *Big Bear* (1998). Call 514-3730 for information. Smithsonian Institution, George Gustave Heye Center, One Bowling Green (514-3730); free.

New York Public Library—Through 7/28: "Sci-Fi Classics." 7/7: *The Ugly Little Boy* (1977) and *Planet of the Apes* (1968); 7/14: *Harware Wars* (1977), "The Making of *Star Wars*" (1979), "Classic Creatures: *The Return of the Jedi*" (1983), *Rainbow War* (1985). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

The Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Whitney Museum of American Art—945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676; www.whitney.org); Free with $12.50 admission.

YWCA Cine-Club—7/10–7/11: *The Pearl* (1947). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.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Robert Wilson and Umberto Eco...More Tennessee

Broadway

Now Playing

Amy's View—You may want to know what this new play by David Hare is about. Hard to answer—the best I can do is: It's about life. About mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, human relations. It is about the childlike artist and the diligent worker; about theater versus real life; about art versus pseudo-art; about being right but ultimately wrong, or wrong but ultimately proven right. Being about life, it is about surprises all the way and about dots that you yourself must struggle to connect. For example: Does art imitate life or vice versa? Who is saved: the actress, irresponsible star and grande dame, the seemingly defeated Esme; or the largely realistic and clear-sighted daughter, the morally involved activist yet probably even more defeated Amy? It would be an insult to this multifarious play to reveal more. As Esme, Judi Dench is all you have heard in advance of her dazzling skill, all you have seen of her powerful personality on film, and much, much more. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won the Tony award here in 1998. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with George Segal, Buck Henry, and Wayne Knight. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; Steve Blanchard plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Opening

Square in the Square

Philip Seymour Hoffman, an actor with a virtuoso talent for playing sympathetic freaks (the literate gnome of *The Author's Voice,* the porno groupie in *Boogie Nights*), now directs a whole gallery of them in Stephen Adly-Guirgis's *In Arabia, We'd All Be Kings,* a drama about the assorted lowlifes still dwelling in the new Disneyfied Times Square. Opens July 8 at Center Stage.

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring the ravishing Ruthie Henshall as Velma Kelly. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man, and Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Arthur Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—You all know that this is a long but riveting play about hopeless drunks in Harry Hope's saloon downtown—or even farther down, in hell—who survive on a mix of rotgut and pipe dreams, the opium of the messes. However well you may know *Iceman,* you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors, including five repeaters from the London cast, perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Kevin Spacey plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold, sinisterly charming, radiating a diabolic beauty. He gives a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair.

Photograph by Jamie Mullen.

Photograph by Tilde de Tullio.

Festival

The Imagemakers

At their most isolating and terrifying moments, conversations with Robert Wilson can be as suggestive and nonlinear as his plays; they're all ellipses and fragments and pauses, the rhetorical equivalent of incense. In describing his latest opus, for example, he at one point utters the following: "We have these two halves that are part of a one. . . . So it's like, one plus one is two, but it's really two as one. Heaven doesn't exist without hell; summer doesn't exist without winter; and the rooster doesn't exist without the owl." To be fair, this comment surfaced in a fairly comprehensible context: *The Days Before, Death, Destruction, & Detroit III,* which sits at the heart of Lincoln Center Festival '99, follows the fates of a rooster and an owl—sort of—and is broken into two neat halves whose six scenes each mirror one another. But Wilson's works aren't really "about" anything, at least, not in the traditional sense; what he does is create climates, atmospheres, images that cling. In this particular production, Wilson suspects the sprawling, twenty-plus-member cast will make the most vivid impression. It sports people of all ages (from a young child to a Turkish opera diva in her nineties) and enough ethnic diversity to put Benetton to shame. Throughout the show, various celebrities, including Isabella Rossellini and Fiona Shaw, will climb onstage to read fragments from Umberto Eco's *Island of the Day Before,* which Wilson sees as a logical complement to the work—probably because it experiments so dexterously with our notions of time and space. Wilson first met the famous scholar and author several years ago at the Centre Pompidou in Paris. He liked him immediately, though he was astounded by how different Eco's take on his work was from his own. "He's an intellectual, a historian," sighs Wilson. "And I'm from Texas." **Jennifer Senior**

(Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) *Party of Five's* Scott Wolf joins the cast beginning 5/28. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh.

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

After the Fair—A romantic musical based on Thomas Hardy's short story *On the Western Circuit,* with book and lyrics by Stephen Cole and music by Matthew Ward. Starring a cast of Broadway reliables, including Michele Pawk (*Cabaret*) and Jennifer Piech (*Titanic*). $40–$45. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. In previews for a 7/15 opening. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church at Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (239-6200).*

Automatic Earth—A massive, multimedia spectacle from 3-Legged Dog about a mental patient and a vicious hurricane. By Kevin Cunningham. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/10 for a 7/15 opening. Through 8/1. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (645-0374).*

Goodbye My Friduchita—Priscilla Lopez, who originated and a won a Tony for the role of Morales in *A Chorus Line,* portrays the late Mexican painter Frida Kahlo in this new play by Dolores C. Sendler. $20–$25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 7/6 for a 7/12 opening. *The Di-*

rectors Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (712-7458).

I'm the One That I Want—After a long hiatus, Margaret Cho is back on the stand-up circuit, breathing sass and ladling out generous helpings of L.A. dish. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. In previews for a 7/8 opening. Through 7/31. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

The Joy Luck Club—After enjoying a mostly sold-out engagement this spring, Pan Asian Repertory's stage adaptation of the Amy Tan saga about Chinese immigrant mothers and their American-born daughters reopens for an extended run. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opens 7/7. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 8. In previews for a 7/22 opening. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. (463-0060).*

Now Playing

Angelique—Lorena Gale's historical drama, based on the rebellion of an African slave in Montreal during the 1730s. Patrice Johnson stars; Derek Anson Jones (*Wit*) directs. $25–$30. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 7/11. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

Bash—Or, "the Ally McBeal play." Calista Flockhart stars; Joe Mantello directs; Neil LaBute, author of the films *In the Company of Men* and *Your Friends and Neighbors,* supplies the script. The work is composed of three individual one-acts, all demonstrating the general cravenness of humankind. Also featuring Paul Rudd and Ron Eldard. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 7/24. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's well-received costume comedy—about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais—moves uptown, happily providing those of us who didn't catch it at the Greenwich Street Theatre a second chance. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

East Is East—Ayub Kahn-Din's debut play about the tensions in a large London family helmed by a traditional Pakistani father and a liberal English mother. Directed by Scott Elliott. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 7/18. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $40–$45. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Hurrah at Last—A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite (and most expertly handled) subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Peter Frechette; directed by David Warren. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 8/22. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (719-1300).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

If Love Were All—A musical comedy about Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward. Adapted from his works; featuring his songs. Starring Twiggy and Harry Groener. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

In Dahomey—A revival of Broadway's first all-black musical, starring Keith Lee Grant, Brian Chandler, and diva Shirley Verrett. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/25. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (354-1293).*

La Terrasse—Jean-Claude Carrière's comedy about a couple's vain attempts to break up while simultaneously attempting to lease their apartment. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 7/18. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Mike Finesilver. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 7/18. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues. , Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cath*th*ilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play—meat and potatoes for our theater, gone much too airy-fairy nouvelle cuisine. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate, a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

The Taming of the Shrew—Shakespeare in the Park resumes in the just-renovated Delacorte Theater. Allison Janney plays the title shrew; Jay O. Sanders plays the shrew-tamer; a bunch of other solidly credentialed Broadway players, including Max Wright, round out the cast. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Delacorte Theater in Central*

Onstage Bookends

Just as 'Not About Nightingales,' that unexpected pearl of a play written by a young Tennessee Williams, closes uptown, the Worth Street Theater Company steps into the breach with a downtown revival of 'Small Craft Warnings,' written by the playwright in his later years. As in so many of this year's dramas (both old and new), the action takes place in a seedy bar, and all the characters are a bunch of sad-sack tipplers. The Obie-terrific David Greenspan stars; show runs through July 19 at the Tribeca Playhouse.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Park, near 81st St. and Central Park West. Tickets available at both the Delacorte and the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. Call 539-8750 for more information.

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—Three men on a misadventure Conor McPherson–style, meaning booze and tall tales dominantly figure into the action. Ireland and London had it first; directed here by Harris Yulin. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/27. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek—Naomi Wallace's story about two rebellious kids growing up in a small town during the Depression. Lisa Peterson directs. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. And don't miss the final irony: Margaret Edson teaches elementary school in Atlanta. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Wonderland—Julia Dahl's coming-of-age story about politically ambitious twenty-somethings, set in the modern (and specifically, Clinton) era. $35–$40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

American Living Room Festival—A summer salad of works by new and emerging directors, musicians, puppeteers, etc. $12. Shows and performance times vary. Through 8/29. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

The American Revolution—Kirk Wood Bromley's newest play about George Washington and a motley quintet of new recruits. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (501-4528).*

Benten Kozo—A return engagement of Jim Simpson's Obie-winning Kabuki-gangsta musical, based on Kawatake Mokuami's nineteenth-century drama about a princess and her missing fiancé. The Bat Theater Co. presents. $20–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 8/8. *Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

Bigsmörgasbordwünderwerk—A New York debut production from Squonk, a Pittsburgh-based group whose works are often as attention-getting as the names they choose for it. Everything they do is a multidisciplinary mishmash; so is this. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11, Sun. at 3. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Flight—An evening of two short plays by Ray Bradbury—*The Flying Machine* and *Kaleidoscope*. The former, set in fifth-century China, is about the meeting between an emperor and one of his subjects, who claims to have invented a flying machine; the latter, set considerably later, is about a special mission by a group of astronauts. $15. Tues. and Thurs. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7 and 9, Sat. at 2. Through 7/11. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 123 E. 24th St. (332-0027).*

Furious—John Soster's new thriller about the battle between a Wyoming survivalist and his mother, who shows up unbidden one day at his door. $12–$25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *New York Performance Works, 85 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (869-0070).*

In Arabia We'd All Be Kings—The directorial debut of Philip Seymour Hoffman, an actor with a great knack for sympathetic freaks. The play, by Stephen Adly-Guirgis, takes place in the new Times Square but features the characters of the old: crackheads, hookers, etc. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. In previews for a 7/8 opening. *Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (929-2228).*

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 2, Mon. and Tues. at 8. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Kosher Franks—An evening of one-act comedies by playwright and pop lyricist Sid Frank. $30. Mon. and Tues. at 8. Through 8/4. *Studio Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Macbeth—As interpreted by the Classical Theatre of Harlem, a new company dedicated to mounting masterpieces north of 125th St. $12–$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Runs 7/9 through 8/1. All performances are outdoors, in the courtyard of the *Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., at 141st. St. (539-8828).*

Macbeth—Presented by Gorilla Rep, outdoors, at the Cloisters. Free. Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 7/18. *Fort Tryon Park at the Cloisters; call 330-8086 for more information.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—As interpreted by the Shakespeare Project, complete with funky puppetry. Free. Thurs.–Sun. at 6. *Production roves from city park to city park; call 946-1869 for a complete list of locations and more information. From 7/8 through 7/11: Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn.*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

No Strings Attached—A summer festival of works by Richard Foreman, dean of the New York avant-garde. $12. *Performances are seven days a week, alternating between Nada, 167 Ludlow St., and The Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. Call for 420-1466 various shows and showtimes.* Through 8/14.

The Persecution of Arnold Petch—David Hauptschein's chronicle of a paranoid man. $15–$20. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/10. *Pantheon Theatre, 303 W. 42nd St. (582-5856).*

Revenge in the Mob—When this family gets together, it's *also* murder. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Richard III—Staged entirely around a 1984 baby-blue Malibu. (*My kingdom for a Ford!*) Presented by Expanded Arts, as part of their Shakespeare in the Parking Lot series. Free. Wed.–Sat. at 8. From 7/9 through 8/7. *Municipal Parking Lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. Call 253-1813 for tickets and details.*

Roald Dahl's Tales of the Unexpected—Four of Dahl's short stories for adults, all demented and thrilling, come to life under the direction of Dan Fields, resident director of *The Lion King*. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, Mon. at 8. Through 7/12. *Blue Heron Arts Center, 121 E. 24th St. (332-0027).*

Opening
Summer Tan

After enjoying a mostly sold-out engagement this spring, Pan Asian Repertory's stage adaptation of 'The Joy Luck Club'—the Amy Tan saga about Chinese immigrant mothers and their American-born daughters—reopens for an extended run on July 7 at Theatre Four.

Small Craft Warnings—Just as one of Tennessee Williams's first plays, *Not About Nightingales*, closes uptown, the Worth Street Theater steps in with a downtown production of one of his last. Like so many of this season's dramas (both new and revived), all the action takes place in a seedy bar. Starring David Greenspan. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Mon. at 8. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (604-4195).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Tiger Tail—The Tennessee Williams renaissance continues apace with this late drama, adapted from his screenplay for *Baby Doll*, about lust and bigotry in the rural South. Shae D'lyn stars. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 7/30. *Harold Clurman Theater, 412 W. 42nd St. (869-6130).*

The Urn—A new comedy by Peter Ackerman, author of *Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight*, about the havoc unleashed by a man's cryptic will. $12–$25. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Opens 7/8. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (581-4125).*

You Are Now Entering Nellie Oleson—So abandon all political correctness, ye who dare. It's another installment of affectionate, exuberantly offensive sketch comedy from the Nellie Olesons, the bicoastal troupe that's made an art form out of poor taste. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 7/31. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about a family's undoing when its girls reveal they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Photograph by Corky Lee.

art

Eyre de Lanux...Latino L.A....Dieter Roth

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Adriane Herman—An environment of paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, and photographs on the subjects of food, art, and women's roles; through 7/30. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Aristodimos Kaldis—A survey of monumental late paintings from 1974 to 1977 by the Greek-American artist; through 8/29. Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. (308-6908).

Jan Matulka—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings depicting views of New York City, Storm King on the Hudson, and Gloucester and Provincetown, Massachusetts; through 7/30. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Stephen Cornelius Roberts/John Evans—Paintings of large-than-life female nudes/Paintings of Maine landscapes. Through 7/23. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

57th Street Area

Michael Brennan—Minimal paintings and works on paper; through 7/31. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux—Correspondence, diaries, sketchbooks, portrait drawings, photographs, and watercolors highlighting the life and work of Eyre de Lanux (1894–1996), an American who married a French diplomat and settled in Paris in 1918, where she worked variously as an Art Deco furniture designer, painter, sculptor, illustrator, and writer; through 10/8. Smithsonian's Archives of American Art Regional Center, 1285 Sixth Ave. (399-5015), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5.

Georges Hugnet—Collages and photocollages by the Surrealist artist, including original works that were reproduced for three books by Hugnet and the books themselves; through 7/16. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Norman Lewis—Abstractions on paper made between 1945 and 1975 by this artist (1909–79) whose work is currently the subject of a traveling exhibition organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 8/13. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

John McLaughlin—A survey of the artist's geometric abstract paintings from 1952 to 1973; through 7/30. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (935-1110).

Odd Nerdrum—New self-portraits by the Norwegian realist artist; through 7/30. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Martin Smith/Laszlo Fekete—Minimal ceramic bowls/Porcelain figures, saltcellars, trays, and other forms that incorporate white porcelain cast-offs from the Herend Factory in Hungary. Through 8/14. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

May Stevens—Recent drawings and prints that depict mysterious images of boats and rowers; through 8/30. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Barton Lidice Benes—Box constructions in which objects are displayed and identified; through 7/30. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Ashley Bickerton—Recent paintings that depict dysfunctional characters, Stone Age natives, and sophisticated monkeys in a place that time forgot; through 7/30. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Ross Bleckner—New etchings teeming with small organic shapes resembling cells; through 8/30. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Albert Hoffman—Carved-wood sculptures by a self-taught artist (1915–93) who was born in Philadelphia to a family of Jewish immigrants; spent his adult life near Atlantic City, New Jersey; and took his subjects from his own religious and cultural past, American history, and the natural world; through 7/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Bill Komoski—New paintings; through 7/23. Feature Inc., 76 Greene St. (941-7077).

Martin Ramirez—Sixteen drawings that have not been previously exhibited, by a Mexican-born artist (1895–1963), who was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and spent more than 30 years, until his death, in a California state mental hospital; through 8/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Austin Thomas—The artist's ongoing investigation of the stones people keep and the stories they hold, including 150 interviews with stone-owning artists, curators, critics, and dealers; through 7/30. Meltzer's on view . . . , 588 Broadway (343-8256).

Chelsea

Saint Clair Cemin—New white-marble sculptures; through 7/31. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Laura Emrick—A sculptural installation that transforms the gallery into a "Mars Museum"; through 7/30. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Erik Hanson—Sculptures and works on paper that document ethereal sensory experiences; through 7/31. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Rita McBride/Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Structures of undulating plywood mounted on steel frames that transform the gallery into an arena/One early "floor" from the seventies and one recent painting from the "tree portraits" series she has painted since the late eighties. Through 7/30. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

Michael Paha/Skeet McAuley—An installation of terrariums and aquariums supporting a terrain of plants, insects, and animals/Recent photographs of golf courses. Through 7/30. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Other

Liza Lou—*American Glamorama*, installations and sculptures created almost entirely from glass, among them the artist's version of an American backyard picnic; through 7/26. Grand Central's Vanderbilt Hall, 42nd Street between Lexington and Vanderbilt Aves. (878-7452), 10–8 daily.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (249-4470). Recent works on paper by Collins, Johns, Morris, Ruscha, Starn, Therrien, Weiner; through 9/11.

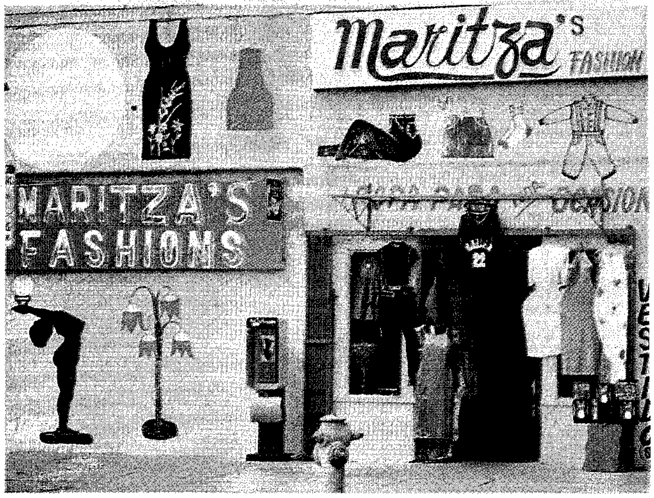
Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Pattern," paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography by Agee, Bovasso, Crile, Morisse, Obrosey, Siena, others; through 8/27.

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Paintings by Mehri Yazdani and "Twelve Duets," through 7/23; two recent works by a dozen artists, including Emmart, Hardy, Mayo, Porcaro, Rousserie, through 8/13.

McCarron—1014 Madison Ave. (772-1181). Paintings, drawings, and prints by Chicago artists from 1955 to 1995, including works by members of Hairy Who and the Chicago Imagist groups, oth-

Photography
Nuevo L.A.

Sociologist Camilo José Vergara spent five years taking the photographs and conducting the interviews that comprise "El Nuevo Mundo: The Landscape of Latino Los Angeles"—an exhibition documenting the physical transformations wrought by L.A.'s ever-increasing Latino population. At the Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution, 2 East 91st Street; through September 5.



Photograph by Camilo José Vergara.

ers; through 7/31.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "Snow Scenes," paintings and photographs by Brandt, Callahan, Monet, Seurat, Stieglitz; through 7/30.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). "Walking," works by Abramovic, Fishman, Fulton, Hartnett, Truitt, Winogrand, others; through 8/27.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Works by Avery, Cadmus, Jacquette, Kozloff, Lawrence, Wilson, others; through 8/13.

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Recent paintings by Green, Hammond, True, Winkfield; new scrim paintings by James Cambronne; through 7/26.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Twenty-seven small black-and-white photographs by Francesca Woodman, with works by Artschwager, Baldessari, Horn, Kiefer, McQueen, Oldenburg, Orozco, Richter, others; through 8/31.

Haime—41 E. 57th St. (888-3550). Sculpture by Brown, Haring, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Paladino, Saint-Phalle, others; through 7/24.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). "Domestic Pleasures," sculpture, painting, and photography by Caldas, Coyne, Hammond, Louden, Newman, Ryan, and Taggar; through 7/23.

Perlow—41 E. 57th St. (644-7171). Works by Ferren, Katz, Naujokas, Pace, Varela, others; through 8/31.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Recent acquisitions, featuring prints by Käthe Kollwitz and works by Coe, Grosz, Klinger, Schiele, Moses, others; through 9/3.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). New works by Bok, Buszko, Geiger, Harkins, Schneider, Tapley, Vavagiakis, others; through 8/13.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). "Thirty Years of Artists' Book Publishing in Germany," published works from the 1960s to the 1990s, including works by Baselitz, Johns, Polke, Zaugg, others; through 9/18.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). "Machinegunettiquette," works by Arnold, Bareikis, Hebron, Noe, Wiehl, others; through 8/5.

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). A sculpture of a house by Lee Stoetzel; landscape photographs in diptych format by James Barth; wall-mounted painted constructions of found materials by Cordy Ryman; through 7/31.

Here—145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202). "Coasting," photography and video by Burmeister, Braeske, Trindade, others; through 8/9.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). "Dream Architecture," works by Adams, Bennett, Brill, Erlich, Jess, Laffoley, Tanaka; through 7/23.

Kustera—41 Wooster St. (965-1527). "Summer Slam," paintings, photographs, and video by Biggs, Burckhardt, Ethridge, Mellyn, Ruse, others; through 7/30.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). A preview of works by artists who will be having shows at this gallery during the coming season, among them Colon, Goldberg, Kim, Moore, Neher, Rose, Salter, Sofer, Thiele; through 7/31.

Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0754). "Mix-Up," with works by Frere-Jones, Jasper, Makowski, Massey, McGinty, Opara, Peacock, Plesko; through 7/31.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). Works by Charles Hovland, through 8/27; a new installation by Dorothy Jiji, through 8/26; works by Bangs, Goodwin, Thomas, and Pryor, through 8/26.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (243-5937). "Altoids Curiously Strong Collection," twenty works in different media by emerging artists, including De-Frank, Marti, Ramirez, and Tuggar; through 7/23.

Gorney Bravin +Lee—526 W. 26th St. (352-8372). Works by Bloom, Deutsch, Dryer, Lukas, Rockman, Stockholder, others; through 7/30.

Kempner—501 W. 23rd St. (206-6872). "Changing Faces," contemporary portraits by Close, Freud, Peyton, Santlofer, Sherman, Warhol, others; through 7/24.

Luhring Augustine—531 W. 24th St. (206-9100). "Kill All Lies," video work by Birnbaum, small paintings by DiBenedetto, color photographs by Flynt, installations by Gonzales, monochrome paintings by Mosset; through 7/30.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). Works by Albers, Beck, Noland, and Semmel, with black-and-white photographs of found children's clothing by Nancy Shaver; through 9/10.

Martinez—515 W. 27th St. (563-1075). "Pavement: Inside/Outside," urban works Coco, Ghost, Gout, Mosco, Onnen, Sax, Zet, others; through 7/31.

Martz—529 W. 20th St. (206-3686). Photographs by Carol Porter Berlin, with paintings by Dowd, Faust, and Weber; through 7/31.

Protetch—511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999). Works by Armajani, Burton, Gehry, Lijun, Nozkowski, Pistoletto, others; through 7/31.

Rosen—525 W. 24th St. (627-6000). "7 Women 7 Years Later," works by Balkenhol, Currin, Andrea, Mosco, Onnen, Sax, Zet, others... Klein, Ramos, Mapplethorpe, Ruff; through 8/6.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "Worlds of Compassion: Tibetan Art of Wisdom and Compassion," works from the collection of Shelley and Donald Rubin, including masterworks from the twelfth to the twentieth century; through 8/28.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450). "Pencils of Nature," post-1968 drawings and photographs by Antezzo, Ellis, Judd, Kelly, Maul, Ruscha, Sato, Stankiewicz, Welling; through 7/30.

Urbach Architecture—526 W. 26th St. (627-0974). "Luster," photographs of sex clubs by Bosse, iconographic urns by deFazio, heat-sensitive paintings by Hermann, Levittown wallpaper by Liu, and works by Diller, Scofidio, Day, Sanders; through 7/16.

Other

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Hang Time," photographs of suspended Nerf footballs by Pam Lins, videotapes of Coney Island thrill-seekers by Neil Goldberg, and works by Alexa, Cohen, Lionni, Raggett, Ray; through 8/1.

Photography

Richard Barnes—Photographs of the archeological excavations beneath the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco; through 7/24. Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave. (753-1722).

On View

Eyre Apparent

On the surface, there are uncanny parallels between the lives of Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux (1894- 1996) and Mary Cassatt. Five decades younger than Cassatt, De Lanux was artistic and independent-minded, was born in western Pennsylvania to parents of means and sophistication, and made Paris her home for much of her career. Yet in every other way, the two expatriates couldn't have been less alike. Cassatt, who never married, devoted herself to her painting with the singlemindedness of her male peers and was widely admired for her work both during and after her lifetime. Though clearly talented, De Lanux, who arrived in Paris though her marriage to Pierre de Lanux, a French diplomat, flitted among her enthusiasms—she painted, she designed Art Deco furniture, she wrote (a society column for *Town & Country* and short stories for *Harper's Bazaar* and *The New Yorker*). Eyre de Lanux, as she called herself, also flitted among lovers (Louis Aragon, Natalie Barney, Evelyn Wyld, Paolo Casagrande, among others) and is said to have inspired the main character in Tennessee Williams's *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (she and the playwright became friends when she was living in Rome in the late forties). But unlike the other celebrated free spirits of her time (Nancy Cunard, et al.), De Lanux was a forgotten figure by the time she died in New York at 102. Enter Lillian Morrison, a friend of De Lanux's, who placed a call to the Smithsonian's Archives of American Art Regional Center in New York. "De Lanux had left her apartment in the Picasso on East 68th Street to go to a nursing home, and there was a huge steamer trunk where her bed had been, filled with bundles of correspondence," recalls Valerie Komor, a Smithsonian archivist who met with Morrison and De Lanux's grandson Paul Eyre at the late artist's apartment. Paul Eyre donated everything there to the Archives, and those personal effects, which include letters, diaries, sketches, watercolors, portrait drawings, and photographs, form the basis of its latest exhibition, "Eyre de Lanux: Designs of a Muse" (1285 Sixth Avenue; through September 13), curated by Komor with French literature scholars Amy Smiley and Lionel Follet. De Lanux's letters, particularly those to her husband, best reveal who she was. "Darling my Pierre," she begins one largely devoted to asking for money. Having made her plea, she bids him a characteristic good-bye: "I am going to paint like HELL! Your E."

Edith Newhall

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux in Rome, 1949, photographer unknown.

Photograph courtesy of Archives of American Art.

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). “Animals Are Funny People,” silly, pet-friendly photographs by Erwitt, Quigley, Wegman, Winogrand, Ylla, others; through 9/18.

Jim French—Photographs of the male figure; through 8/27. Wessel + O’Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

William Gedney—Photographs of American homes, shot at night; through 7/31. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9301). “Plain Air,” outdoor photography by Barney, Goldin, Gursky, Le Witt, Mapplethorpe, Struth, Wall, others; through 8/20.

Chip Hooper—Landscape photographs by a California photographer; through 9/11. Carter, 560 Broadway (966-1933).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. “Sea Change,” contemporary photographs of seascapes by Adams, Cooper, Flick, Klipper, Stewart, West, Yamazaki, others; and “Myths, Dreams, and Realities in Contemporary Argentine Photography,” with works by Casaballe, Díaz, Gil, Lestido, Valansi, Zout, others; through 9/26.

James Karales—Vintage photographs from 1956 to 1971 by the American photojournalist; through 7/31. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Michiko Kon—Still-life photographs of surreal objects fashioned from organic materials, including tentacle-covered melons and a hat composed of fishheads; through 8/14. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

David LaChapelle—Photographs by an artist whose commercial work has been seen in the campaigns of Jean Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, MTV, Pepsi, and Levis; through 9/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Leica—670 Broadway (777-3051). “Russia in Transition,” photographs from 1978 to 1998, with works by Yevgeny Khaldei; through 8/7.

Ray K. Metzker—Fifty black-and-white urban photographs from 1958 to 1983; through 8/13. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

Gloria Nimetz—Color Cibachrome photographs by a New York artist; through 7/31. Taylor, 529 W. 20th St. (463-7166).

Francesca Woodman—Black-and-white photographs taken between 1972 and 1981, the year the artist died, that depict images of her body with found objects; through 8/31. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Museums

Abigail Adams Smith Museum & Gardens—“Smith’s Folly: 200 Years of History, 60 Years of Preservation.” Newspaper and magazine articles, artwork, photographs, and other ephemera relating to the museum’s 60-year history; through 7/31. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878), Tues.–Sun. 11–4 (on Tuesdays in June and July, the museum is also open 6–9 P.M. for its summer-garden evenings); $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Craft Museum—“Brooching It Diplomatically: A Tribute to Madeline K. Albright.” Brooches by artists from around the world that were created as a tribute to the secretary of State and were commissioned by the collector and jewelry authority Helen Drutt English; through 8/8. . . . “Stop Asking, We Exist: 25 Contemporary African-American Craft Artists”; through 8/8. . . . “The Spirit of Cloth: African-American Quilts Today.” Fiber-art works by more than 30 African-American artists from the Women of Color Quilter’s Network; through 10/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—“The *Endurance:* Shackleton’s Legendary Antarctic Expedition.” More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton’s voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . “Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease.” Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West, at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Asia Society—“Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society”; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—“Beyond Technology.” The latest installment of the museum’s “Working in Brooklyn” series, featuring works that use various technologies by the Brooklyn-based artists Rico Gatson, Perry Hoberman, Roxy Paine, Fatimah Tuggar, and Janet Zweig; through 9/12. . . . “Impressionists in Winter.” Paintings of winter scenes by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin; through 8/29. . . . “Mariko Mori: Empty Dream.” Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . “The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture”; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Tues.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—“El Nuevo Mundo: The Landscape of Latino Los Angeles.” Photographs by Camilo José Vergara that reveal the transformation of the physical character of Los Angeles County as its population has become increasingly Latin; through 9/5. . . . “The Huguenot Legacy: English Silver 1680–1760.” Examples of silver produced by Huguenot silversmiths working in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the collection of Alan and Simone Hartman; through 8/8. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Drawing Center—“A Measured Quietude: Contemporary Irish Drawings.” Recent works on paper by eight Irish artists; through 7/30. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.– Fri. 10-6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—“”The Medieval Housebook: A Fifteenth-Century View of Life.” The first American exhibition of the legendary illustrated book offering a view of life in a princely court at the end of the late Middle Ages; through 7/25. . . . “From the National Gallery of Art to the Frick Collection: Manet’s *The Dead Toreador* and *The Bullfight*—Fragments of a Lost Salon Painting Reunited.” The first exhibition of two fragments of a painting that was originally titled *Incident in a Bullfight* and was cut into pieces by the artist after he exhibited it at the Paris Salon in 1864; through 8/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

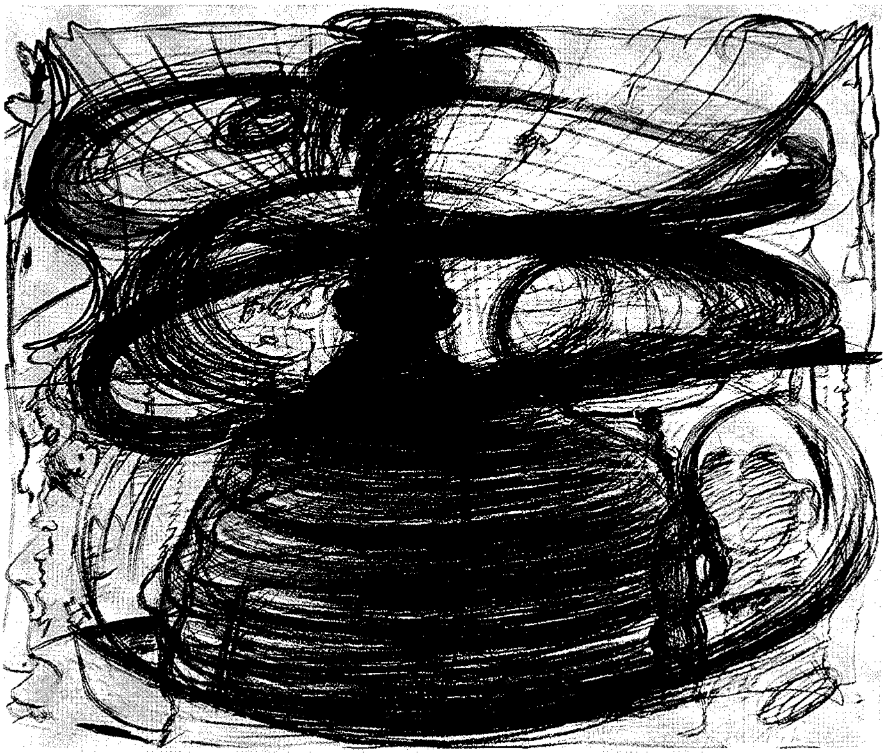
Grey Art Gallery—“When Time Began to Rant and Rage: Figurative Painting From Twentieth-Century Ireland.” Paintings from public and private collections in Ireland, by Sir John Lavery, Paul Henry, Jack B. Yeats, Mary Swanzy, and others; through 7/24. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—“Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, The Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections.” Approximately 700 works from the collections of Daniel Filipacchi and the late Nesuhi Ertegun, longtime friends who assembled two of the most important private holdings of Surrealist art; through 9/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—“Facing West: Jews of Central Asia and the Caucasus.” More than 300 objects, among them costumes, jewelry, and ceremonial art, illuminating Jewish life in Bukhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent in Central Asia and the areas of Dagestan and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus, all drawn from the Russian Museum of Ethnography in St. Petersburg; through 10/17. . . . “Sophie Calle: The Eruv of Jerusalem.” An installation of photographs and text by the French artist, inspired by the concept of *eruv,* a rabbinic prohibition against carrying objects outside one’s home on the Sabbath; through 10/17. . . . “Shari Rothfarb: Water Rites.” An installation exploring the Jewish tradition of *mikvah* (ritual bath); through 10/17. . . . “Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture.” An exhibition organized by the Library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library’s collection; through 9/9. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—“Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture”; through 11/14. . . . “Klee Cities.” Paintings, drawings, and works in other media by Paul Klee depicting cities, drawn from the museum’s Berggruen Klee Collection; through 9/5. . . . “Gustave Moreau: Between Epic and Dream.” A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the French Symbolist painter (1826-1898); through 8/22. . . . “Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet.” Works by Van Gogh, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and others that originally were in the collection of Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gachet (1828–1909), among them some 50 paintings and drawings that have never before been lent by the Musée d’Orsay, Paris; through 8/15. . . . “Barbara Chase-Riboud: The Monumental Drawings.” Twenty-four drawings by the sculptor and writer that memorialize historical, literary, and artistic figures; through 9/5. . . . “Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d’Evreux.” A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . “Devotions and Diversions: Prints and Books From the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe”; through 8/29. . . . “Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture”; through 11/14. . . . “Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s.” Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant’Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum’s Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . “Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.” Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum’s collection, including nine paintings of “The Renate Series”; through 10/17. . . . “The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns.” The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . “Mirror of the Medieval World.” Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures, and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . “Treasures of Early Photography From the Rubel Collection.” Works by William Henry Fox Talbot, David Octavius Hill, Robert Adamson, Roger Fenton, and Julia Margaret Cameron; through 9/19. . . . “The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800.” More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum’s collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—“A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art.” Paintings from the Congolese Urban Art movement, which began in the early twenties and is still extant, and by one of its best-known members, Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu, whose work depicts the rise and fall of Patrice Lumumba, the hero of Congolese inde-



Retrospective **Rent a car, catch a train, or start walking: Philadelphia is the only U.S. venue for "Dieter Roth: Printed Pressed Bound 1949–1979," a survey of prints, drawings, and books by the legendary German-born Swiss artist who died in 1998 and made his pranksterish most of such non-art materials as rabbit droppings, cheese, and chocolate. At Moore College of Art and Design's Goldie Paley Gallery, 20th Street and the Parkway; through July 30 (summer hours are weekdays 10–5).**

pendence who, in 1960, became the nation's first freely elected prime minister; through 8/15. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun.12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Beyond the Square: Color and Design in Amish Quilts." Twenty masterpieces from the museum's collection; through 11/7. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Fame After Photography." A survey of photography examining how photographic images changed the representation and meaning of fame over the last 200 years; 7/8–10/5. . . . "The Un-Private House." The first project of the Lily Auchincloss Series of Architecture Exhibitions, examining 26 homes by international architects whose designs reflect the transformation of the private house in response to changing cultural conditions and recent architectural innovations; through 10/5. . . . "Collecting in Depth: Drawings by Grosz, Schwitters, Ernst, and Klee." Works by these four artists who were active in Germany from 1910 through the thirties; through 7/20. . . . "Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and Print Collecting: An Early Mission for MOMA" Approximately 100 of the nearly 1,600 prints left to the museum by Mrs. Rockefeller, by George Bellows, Emil Nolde, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Diego Rivera, and others; through 9/21. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Heritage of Care: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." An exhibition tracing the history of the ASPCA in New York; through 10/31. . . . "New New York Views: Recent Acquisitions." Recently acquired paintings of New York City by Moses Soyer, Tom Christopher, Sharon Florin, Daniel Hauben, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Paul Robeson: Artist and Citizen." A multimedia celebration of the life of the actor, singer, and human-rights activist; through 9/5. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. . . . "Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preeminent photography studio; through 9/26. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Who's the Dummy?: Defining Mannequins." An exhibit curated by F.I.T. graduate students exploring the various meanings and forms of mannequins; through 8/14. . . . "Monumental and Intimate: Tapestries by Helena Hernmarck." Tapestries and woven samples, as well as sketches, videos, and photographs chronicling the weaver's career; through 8/28. . . . "Papiers à la Mode: Illusions of Fashion." An overview of 300 years of fashion as seen through 25 dresses created from paper by Belgian artist Isabelle de Borchgrave and Canadian costume designer Rita Brown; through 8/7. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Men Without Women: Paul Cadmus as Curator." An exhibition organized by Cadmus of paintings, works on paper, and sculptures that depict men, by Robert Rauschenberg, George Tooker, Kenyon, Cox, N. C. Wyeth, and others; through 8/29. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri.10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New York Public Library—"Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Uncle Sam: The Face of a Nation"; through 8/21. . . . "Yadda, Yadda, Yadda: Quotations About New York"; through 8/21. . . . "Dance for a City: Fifty Years of the New York City Ballet." Costumes, musical scores, handbills, photographs, dancer's scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 8/15. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"0044: Contemporary Irish Art in Britain"; through 8/29. . . . "Animal.Anima.Animus."; through 8/29. . . . "David Reed Paintings: Motion Pictures"; through 8/29. . . . "Anna Oppermann: Being different (Why is she so different?) 1970–1986"; through 8/29. . . . "Site-Specific Project by Claude Lévêque"; through 8/29. . . . "Paintings by John Tweddle From the Robert C. Scull Collection"; through 8/29. . . . "Pavilion by Philip Johnson." A D.J. booth and dance pavilion designed by the architect for "Warm Up," P.S. 1's second annual outdoor D.J. series; through 9/11. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"New York Collects: Drawings and Watercolors, 1900–1950." Works on paper drawn from 73 collections in and around New York; through 8/29. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s." The history of conceptual art as seen through the works of more than 135 artists; through 8/29. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Pomo Indian Basket Weavers." More than 100 masterworks created in the early-twentieth century by 40 artists of the Pomoan peoples of Northern California; through 8/15. 1 Bowling Green (514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Hampton University, Howard University, North Carolina Central University, and Tuskegee University; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.– Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, 3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Whitney Philip Morris: Wall Drawings by Byron Kim." Several large-scale, site-specific wall drawings created with dust and dirt collected from the Philip Morris Companies Building, in which the gallery is located; through 7/16. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Photograph courtesy of Moore College of Art and Design.

restaurants

Pub Grub...Borough Haul...Kashkaval

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Opening

Inspector Ouzo

Uncle Nick's, the bustling Greek canteen in Hell's Kitchen, has expanded next door with Ouzaria, a taverna celebrating the anise-flavored liqueur and the tapaslike appetizers (mezedes) eaten with it. Grilled sardines, marinated partridge, minced lamb-and-veal burger, stuffed cabbage, Greek meatballs, and the customary spreads, salads, and phyllo pies run from $5.95 to $9.95. (749 Ninth Avenue, near 51st Street; 397-2892.)

UNCLE NICK'S
HELL'S KITCHEN
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Namaskaar—Billing itself as an "Indian bistro," this SoHo newcomer offers all the tikka, tandoori, and vindaloo you'd expect, plus some you might not. Try the house Biryani (a layered casserole of shrimp, lamb, chicken, and vegetables), popcorn crawfish in yogurt sauce, chicken-tikka Caesar salad, or—to satisfy a gargantuan curry craving—the all-you-can-eat $8.95 Sunday brunch. *337A W. Broadway (625-1112). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Data

Basket Cases

British cuisine—if there is such a thing—has never caught on here like French or Italian, the eternal popularity of Cadbury bars and Bass ale notwithstanding. So why the recent revival of fish and chips, that nutritionally dubious duo that hasn't had much play since the demise of Arthur Treacher's? You used to have to venture to pubs like North Star or Irish hangouts like St. Dymphna's for a fix. But now even Larry Forgione, that avatar of American cookery, has embraced the deep fryer. Swedish chef Christer Larsson, in preparation for his fall opening of a fish-and-chips kiosk in Grand Central's food court, is doing a dry run at his midtown restaurant, Christer's, this summer. Nicky Perry of Tea & Sympathy is planning an October launch of A Salt & Battery, with a chef from the short-lived English Harbour, an early-nineties stab at authentic fish and chips on 14th Street. But not every Brit's rejoicing. "Anything that reminds me of England," says bistro boss Keith McNally, "I stay away from."

Christer's aesthetically correct fish and chips, down to the vinegar.

FISHMONGER	CHIP SHAPE
CHRISTER'S 145 West 55th Street (974-7224)	Served in the bar through Labor Day: a pair of deep-fried cod and halibut filets plus thin fries in a faux-newspaper-lined basket with authentic Sarson's malt vinegar ($12.50).
LARRY FORGIONE'S ROSEHILL 2 Park Avenue, at 32nd Street (684-2122)	Casco Bay codfish and chips, served with Portland slaw, hand-cut shoestring fries, and fresh tartar sauce ($16).
LUNDY BROTHERS 1901 Emmons Avenue, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn (718-743-0022)	Deep-fried panko-breaded flounder filet, served with French fries, coleslaw, sautéed vegetables, and homemade tartar sauce ($16.95).
PEARL OYSTER BAR 18 Cornelia Street (691-8211)	Fish of the day, usually cod or grouper, dredged in cracker meal and flour and panfried, served with shoestring fries, homemade tartar sauce, and malt vinegar ($13 at lunch, $17 at dinner).
THE TONIC 108 West 18th Street (929-9755)	On the tavern menu: fried sole with cole slaw, thick-cut fries, and tartar sauce ($15).

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 75-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. Late-night dining too. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

LeGans Bistro & Bar—Those romantic, cobblestone-paved streets of the meatpacking district seem a perfect setting for a French bistro like this new one, offering a menu of staples like bass, rack of lamb, and cod, all finished with a Provençal-ish flourish. *46 Gansevoort St. (675-5224). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the

Photograph by Dasha Wright Ewing.

food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bellew—The hand-carved dark woods, chandeliers, and cozy booths of this Murray Hill duplex are meant to evoke classic New York, as is the seasonal American menu of wood-grilled seafood, steaks, and chops. But the kitchen shows contemporary creativity with dishes like chestnut-honey-braised-duck salad, and shellfish-saffron chowder with Maine periwinkles. *167 E. 33rd St. (685-1466). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Opening

Frizzi's Honor

To distinguish Grande Mela, the friendly new Upper East Side Italian restaurant, from the competition in that pasta-packed precinct, consultant Andrea Frizzi (formerly of Bice in Washington, D.C.) and chef Stefano Baldantoni (Harry's Bar in London) have collaborated on a seasonal menu with some unexpected variations. Appetizers like *carciofata* (crispy slivers of artichoke, zucchini, and potato sprinkled with gorgonzola) and lusciously smoky grilled vegetables make a savory prelude to entrées like basil-crusted grilled tuna with red-onion panzanella, and pappardelle with cuttlefish and artichokes. (1409 Second Avenue, near 73rd Street; 327-0400.)

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lola—Lola's famous fried chicken is one of those dishes whose popularity guarantees it a perpetual place on the menu, but the kitchen has much grander aspirations. Think seared-tuna-and-seaweed salad with black rice and tobiko caviar, and paella de mariscos with grilled garlic flatbread. There's live music Tuesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Tonic—Thanks to design features like a century-old mahogany-and-cut-glass bar, this new American restaurant and tavern manages to feel like old New York. The cooking, courtesy of Chris Gesualdi, couldn't be more modern: Reggiano-crusted sea bass and shrimp scampi with curried basmati rice and broccoli indicate his global influences. *108 W. 18th St. (929-9755). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like crispy crab cakes, smoked-mozzarella risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

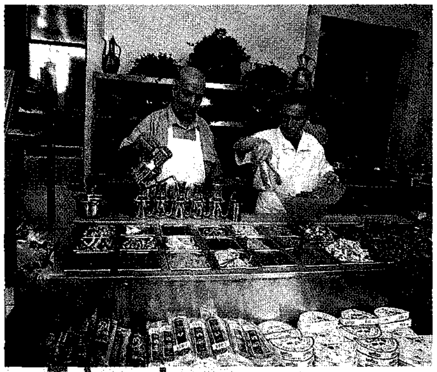
La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Takeout
Cheese Heads

Turkish cheesemonger Pando Andonopulo (above, left) has cloned his Ninth Avenue Cheese Market eleven blocks north at Kashkaval, named for the Macedonian sheep's-milk cheese. Besides exotic dairy products, he stocks coffee beans, dried fruit, spices, olive; Middle Eastern breads, sandwiches, and grain salads; and, for the first time, a selection of fresh gourmet greens for made-to-order salads. (856 Ninth Avenue, near 55th Street; 581-8282.)

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and

Photograph by Liz Steger.

garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) in the lower level of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. The rooftop terrace is open seasonally for a lighter bite, a glass of wine, or an espresso. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zucchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

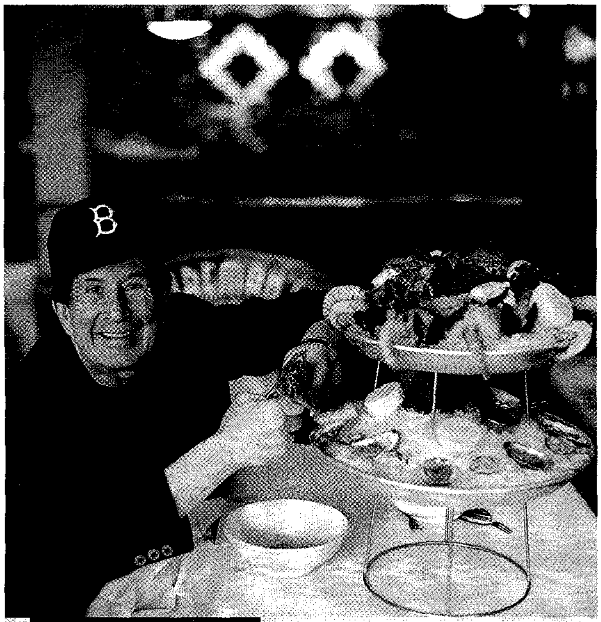
Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a



ASK GAEL

Are you kidding? Brooklyn cuisine?

No joke. I'm talking Sheepshead Bay bouillabaisse. (You got a problem wit dat?) A guy from the Bronx with a glorified Brooklyn fantasy is the force behind Fireman's of Brooklyn. Dodger great Johnny Podres pitches to Roy Campanella in bronze in the glassed-in arena of what used to be Shelly Fireman's Hosteria Fiorella. All those nights he spent soaking up secrets at Pearl Oyster Bar show in the lush New England chowder, a dramatic basket of clams for two (plump deep-fried Ipswich beauties and steamers) and the essential lobster roll. The lobster shanty is a butter-soaked two-pounder under a mound of fried onions. Grilled Romanian tenderloin, chicken potpie, Bubba Fireman's chopped-liver-stuffed chicken, and noodle kugel borrowed from his Brooklyn Diner on West 57th heighten the nostalgia if not the heartburn. (1081 Third Avenue, near 64th Street; 838-7570.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jacobs *continued from page 18*

tect providing all the answers for a slice of Manhattan that is, at the moment, nothing but questions: Can the Javits Center expand? Does Madison Square Garden stay where it is or move yet again? And how do we get to this part of town, anyway?

Eisenman leaves nothing to chance; at least that's the impression given by his presentation. In actuality, the urban topology of his models, disorienting and thrilling, diverts attention from annoying little details like how this thing will actually work. It's hard to figure out, looking at the computer-generated renderings, just how a Madison Square Garden would fit between the rail yards below and the warped terrain of the rooftop park above. Nor is it clear how this horizontal super-duper block would appear to a street-level pedestrian standing on the corner of 34th and Ninth. Would it be a shining example of twenty-first century urbanity, a bigger, better version of San Francisco's Yerba Buena Gardens, or a nightmarish adventure in gigantism? Maybe it's unfair to ask those questions of something so raw, so new. But, as pie-in-the-sky as the project appears to be, the architect is completely in earnest. "We have a real scheme," Eisenman insists.

LIKE MANY ARCHITECTURAL COMPETITIONS, the CCA's was staged primarily as a catalyst for public discussion. The finalists' submissions will be on display in Grand Central's Vanderbilt Hall in October, and there will be a daylong symposium at the Cooper Union on October 8. But the CCA's competition also holds out the tantalizing promise that the participating architects will influence what is eventually built. Why else would Lambert have included both Rose and Empire State Development Corporation chairman Charles Gargano as jury members? And why else would she select a parcel of land over which the city, the state, and every private developer are salivating?

Gargano, incidentally, did not make it to the daylong judging of the projects. Nor was he in attendance at the dinner. While he was, according to competition organizers, very involved, his failure to show up for the actual judging adds to the perception that Manhattan's West Side, no matter what the CCA's visionary architects propose, will continue to be a battlefield for the political war between city and state governments. Regardless of what, if anything, is eventually built there, Eisenman has done something that will likely attract more powerful clients. He has given an otherwise dim-witted scheme—Giuliani's West Side stadium plan—a veneer of intellectual credibility and an avant-garde sheen. ■

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nightlife

Maron...Hill...“Community Service Tour”

Performance
Queen of the Hill

Her earnestness reveals just how young she really is, but Lauryn Hill's determination to bridge soul, R&B, hip-hop, and reggae (as well as her belief in hip-hop's potential to be a lot more than a catchy sample) is what makes her truly great. Expect the ever-respectful Hill to cede some of her formidable star power to the openers, old-school legends Slick Rick and Doug E. Fresh, at the Jones Beach Amphitheatre July 11. (See “Concerts.”)

Photograph by Joseph Cultice.

Concerts

Cher—With Cyndi Lauper. 7/6 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $40.25–$55.25.*

Chicago/Doobie Brothers—7/9 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $15–$37.50.*

“Concerts in the Parks”—All concerts begin at 7. 7/6: Percy Sledge with the Uptown Horns Band. *Fort Greene Park, DeKalb Ave. and Washington St., Brooklyn (360-8290). Free.*

J. Geils Band—With Toots and the Maytals. 7/10 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $25–$38.*

Lauryn Hill—7/11 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $45–$75.*

“Scintillating City Sounds”—Free concert series every Thursday from 12:30 to 1:30 at Rockefeller Center's Garden Park. 7/8: Robert Bonfiglio. *1251 Sixth Ave., at Rockefeller Center. Free.*

“The Community Service Tour”—Featuring Orbital, Crystal Method, and Lo-Fidelity Allstars. 7/9 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $26.*

“Y-107's 1999 Live Lunch Concert Series”—Performances every Thursday at noon. 7/8: Jessica Andrews; Andy Griggs. *Austin J. Tobin Plaza between the World Trade Center towers. Free.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—7/6: Roger Gillen; Joy Popper; Tricia Scotti; Kagero; Size. 7/7: Jesse; Barbara Kessler; Junior Fudge; Mehuman Johnson; Joe Bendik and the Heathens. 7/8: Falling Skyward; Eve's Design; NVR; Minute; Orbis. 7/9: Green Rooftops; Richard X. Heyman; Thrill Cycle; Debby Schwartz; Tammy Fay Starlight. 7/10: Teddy Thompson; Tom Kitt; Blue Cowboys; Kill Henry Sugar; Huge; Brave New Girl; the Cogs. 7/11: Violet Crush; the Shade; Liquid Tapedeck; Waker. 7/12: Extortion; Picnic; Laura Ponce; Mellish; Big Jack Fan Club. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—7/8: John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers. 7/10: David Johansen and the Harry Smiths. 7/12–7/13: Joe Jackson. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/8: Zuba; Soulive. 7/9: Betty; Lionfish; the Friggs. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Bridgeview Theatre—7/9: Average White Band. *80 Waterfront Blvd., Island Park, Long Island (516-568-6199).*

Celebrate Brooklyn! Performing Arts Festival—7/9: ¡Cubanismo! 7/10: Krosfyah. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West at 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 52). Free, with a $3 suggested admission.*

Central Park SummerStage—7/7: Culture Clash; Loida Maritza Perez. 7/8: Noche Flamenca; Emil Zrihan. 7/10: Clarence “Gatemouth” Brown; La Bottine Souriante; Laurel Aitken. 7/11: India and Her Orchestra; Frankie Negron; D.J. Mastermixer. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (360-CPSS). Free.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 7/10: Oren Bloedow. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—7/8: Kula Shaker; Splender. 7/9: Engaging post alt-rock with Fountains of Wayne; Imperial Teen; Owsley. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—7/11: Black Heart Procession. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $.*

Maxwell's—7/6: Free reading by Joyce Carol Oates at 7:30. 7/7: Penelope Houston; John Strohm; Full Powered Halo. 7/8: The Lawndarts; Hudson Falcons; High School Sweethearts; Sons of Hercules. 7/9: Freedy Johnston. 7/10: The Push Stars; Plug Sparks Sanjay; Probe. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Manitoba's—Shows at 10. No cover. 7/6: Benny Landa. 7/7: The Lovin' Kind. 7/8: St. Joseph's Steakhouse for Children. 7/10: Adam Roth. 7/11: Amanda Thorpe. 7/12: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B (982-2511).*

Mercury Lounge—7/7: Eddie from Ohio; the Paperboys. 7/8: Kevin Salem. 7/9: Robbie Fulks; Ray Manson; Rachel Loshak. 7/10: Lazyboy; Baby Steps; the Moonlighters. 7/11: Mayim Rose; Giant Fella; the Drunk Stuntmen; Brompton's Cocktail. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/7: Ed Rush & Optical. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—7/7: Ronnie Montrose; the Migrants; Calling All Monsters. 7/8: “A D.J. Saved My Life”: A benefit for the refugees of Kosovo, featuring Ali Shaheed Muhammad, D.J. Evil Dee, and D.J. Tony Touch. 7/10: Girls Against Boys; Joan of Arc; Cat Power. 7/11: Emperor. 7/12: Beatnuts; D.J. Cipha Sounds. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/9–7/10: Ozric Tentacles. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244). $.*

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed “N'Ice,” the friendly, long-running house-music party “Bang the Party,” a nifty trip-hop night called “Nice & Easy,” and “Direct Drive,” a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590).*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swanky restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Home—An excellent new house-music club located in, of all places, downtown Brooklyn. Andre Collins, the resident D.J. at Bronx house mecca the Warehouse, takes over Sundays, which should provide stiff competition for Vinyl's “Body & Soul.” *147 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-771-3004).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ul-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

tra-hip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly "no D.J.'s" party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Limelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the new, sobered-up House of Gatien makes a stab at good-neighbor-dom with substantive nights like Alan Sanctuary's Wednesday-night party "Heaven or Las Vegas," performance-art-oriented Thursdays, Fridays promoted by "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad, and all-inclusive Saturdays featuring D.J.'s spinning everything from rock to reggae to hip-hop. *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (677-1717).*

Mother—This meat-packing district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesday's belong to Jackie 60, the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped Out Party Girls." Thursday's are taken over by the very gothic "Long Black Veil," while Fridays are the strictly for girls "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (366-5680).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Promoters Marc Berkley and John Blair host the still-thriving (and very, very Chelsea-boy) Saturdays, and "Big Fridays" offer house music for a straitlaced date crowd. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like the upscale house-music party "Groove On!," hosted by Limelight impresario Alan Sanctuary, and a brand-new Friday-night party called "Looker," which promises go-go girls and belly dancers. *285 W. Broadway (941-0900).*

Soundfactory—A curiously inactive presence in the city's club scene, Soundfactory has almost completely fallen off the clubland radar. But this should change with a recently introduced Friday-night party called "Elevate," which offers big names from the worlds of techno, drum 'n' bass, and house to the midtown venue. *618 W. 46th St. (489-0001).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a V.V.I.P. room (for those occasions when plain V.I.P. just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Every Friday, the main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays, D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house. "Cafe con Leche," a Latin-house-themed night, takes over every Sunday. *20 W. 39th St. (719-9867).*

Swing 46—Another theater-district retro house that draws zoot-suited big-band, jump-blues, and swing-revival fanatics. Is it jazz? Not really. Is it fun? You betcha. Most nights, sets at 10; free dance lessons at 7 and 9. $7–$12 cover; two-drink minimum. Tuesdays: Nick Palumbo & the Flipped Fedoras. Wednesdays: The Delegates. Alternating Thursdays: George Gee & His Make-Believe Ballroom Orchestra or the Harlem Renaissance Orchestra. *349 W. 46th St. (262-9554).*

Tunnel—Drug-bust drama aside, Peter Gatien's massive West Chelsea space hasn't made much of an impact on the New York club scene. Promoters seem to come and go on a weekly basis, Danny Tenaglia recently decamped to Vinyl, and Gatien hasn't even bothered to compete with Twilo's marquee Friday nights. But if you feel compelled to make the trip to Twelfth Avenue anyway, know that Fridays belong to hard-house D.J. Eddie Baez, Saturdays play host to the progressive-house night "Detour" and the fairly enjoyable gay party "Kurfew," while Funkmaster Flex presides over the thugged-out Sundays. *220 Twelfth Ave., at 27th St. (695-4682).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 7/9: Superb techno from Dave Angel; Stacey Pullen. But will the masses who flock to Twilo every Friday night get it? If the ecstatic reception that greeted Detroit techno auteur Jeff Mills a couple of months ago is any indication, there are plenty of clubgoers willing to step out on a sonic limb. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. 7/8: Globe-trotting British D.J. (he's even listed in the Guiness Book of World Records!) provides the kind of warm, endlessly crescendoing trance that's perfect for Ecstasy-induced sentimentality. With Kinetic label cohort and sidekick Dave Ralph. *6 Hubert St. (343-1379).*

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week but livens up Thursdays with the drum-'n'-bass party "Physics" and Fridays with "GBH" ("Great British House"). *28 E. 23rd St. (989-1038, ext. 219). $.*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro, Danny Krivit of "Body & Soul," and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Ave. (718-992-5974).*

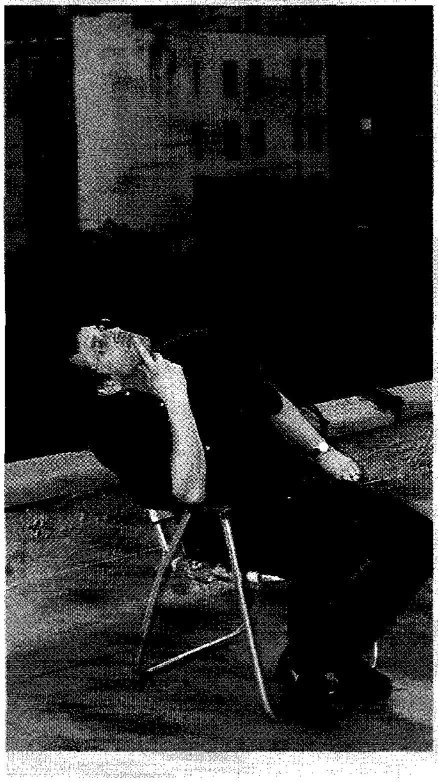
Webster Hall—Every weekend, traffic on East 11th Street is rerouted around Webster Hall, presumably to avoid a snarl of clubgoers and automo-

Performance

Sacred Shtick

Though his one-man show is called *Jerusalem Syndrome,* comedian Marc Maron didn't initially seek enlightenment in Israel. "I'm not that Jew-ey," he explains. Instead, he looked to Hollywood, "a magical Jewish city not unlike Jerusalem" founded by "a group of Jewish kings who went into the desert with a bunch of crack Jewish writers and created the Kabala of the American myth—they figured out that people would pay to judge themselves against an illusion." Maron is a founding member of the alternative-comedy Monday nights at Luna Lounge and has been featured in his own *HBO Comedy Hour* and *Comedy Central Presents* specials. The comedian had to leave L.A. because he fell prey, he says, to "that same evil groove that sent Lenny Bruce to the tiles." Eventually, Maron did make a pilgrimage to the real Holy City. This caused him to reevaluate many things, among them Nike. "Everybody wants Nike, and something everybody wants has to be inherently evil," Maron says. "That's bad karma to have on your feet. But then you find the perfect shoe, and suddenly it doesn't matter that it's held together with third-world spit." Maron will tell you all about what happened to him in those springy, evil shoes in *Jerusalem Syndrome,* named for an actual medical condition that occurs when a supposedly well-adjusted individual hits Jerusalem and begins confusing himself with biblical figures or has other delusions of being *chosen.* "I'm sure everybody has those moments where they think they're special enough to have some sort of communication with something larger than themselves," says Maron, who succumbed himself. "That idea had been with me for a long time—since Hollywood, certainly." *Jerusalem Syndrome* runs at Nada 45 (445 W. 45th Street) Thursdays through Sundays until July 11, and continues on Monday nights starting July 19.

ARIEL LEVY



Photograph by Matt Levine.

biles. But does anyone actually go to this place? Excluding that scene in *To Wong Foo . . .*, Webster Hall hasn't made even the tiniest imprint on the club-world consciousness. Somehow the venue soldiers on with catchall weekend nights, which offer everything from house to Top 40 to R&B. *125 E. 11th St. (353-1600). $20.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 7/7: Laverne Butler. 7/8–7/10: Jacky Terrasson. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/6–7/11: Roy Haynes Quartet plus the David Sanchez Quintet. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Caviarteria Soho—This newly launched little venue at the SoHo Grand features jazz and Latin acts. 7/8: Oriente Lopez Quintet. 7/9–7/10: Barry Altschul, featuring Andy McKee with special guest Jim McNeely. 7/11: Vocalist Kate Baker with the Vic Juris Trio, featuring Mark Soskin and Harvie Swartz. *310 W. Broadway (925-5515).*

Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 7/7: Rez Abbassi Group. 7/8: Bruce Arnold Trio. 7/9: Angelica Sanchez Quartet. 7/10: Dave Adler Trio and "The Help." 7/11: Gottfried Stoger: "Dream Hunter." *29 Cornelia St. (989-9319).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/6: Renaud Penant Trio. 7/7: Ben Monder Quartet. 7/8: John Funkhauser Quartet. 7/10: Dan Willis Quartet. 7/12: Swing Set. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 7/6: Matt Otto Quintet. 7/7: Roy Campbell & the Pyramid Trio, featuring William Parker. 7/8: Richard Bona Quartet. 7/9: Wil Bernard Group. 7/10: Sonido Isleno CD-release party. 7/11: Avi Lebovich's Latin Band. 7/12: Dave Binney Quartet. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozily surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 7/6–7/11: George Coleman Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

"Jazz Insights"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 7/6: George Gee; Make Believe Ballroom Orchestra. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 7/6: John Zorn; Ravi Coltrane 7/7: Raphe Malik Quartet; Uri Caine. 7/8: David Watson; Andy Haas; Douce; Mike Boner. 7/9: Christina Wheeler. 7/10: William Parker & the Little Huey Creative Music Orchestra; Erik Friedlander plus Marty Ehrlich's Dark Woods Ensemble. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/6–7/11: Kenny Barron Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 7/6–7/11: Colin Quinn; Kevin Brennan; Nick DiPaolo; Greg Giraldo; Pete Coreale; Robert Kelly. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 7/9–7/10: Tom Rhodes; Jim Gaffigan; Greg Giraldo. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat. Through 7/17: Susannah McCorkle. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$20; $15 minimum. Through July: Claiborne Cary in "Claiborne Cary Alive!" *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? $12 cover; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15; two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 7/6: Alice Levine with John Wallowitch. 7/7–7/9: Anthony Santelmo Jr. "In Between Good-byes" with Nan Butcher. 7/11: Yvonne Sherwell with John Wallowitch. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Metronome—7/8: Kelly Broadway Quartet. 7/9–7/10: Rick DellaRatta Quartet. Shows at 7:30. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (223-3737).*

Performance

Raving Mad

Techno auteurs Orbital (pictured, below), kicky beats-and-breaks aficionados Crystal Method, and rock-'n'-ravers Lo-Fidelity Allstars head up the electronica-themed (and definitely oddly named) Community Service Tour at the Hammerstein Ballroom July 9. (See "Concerts.")

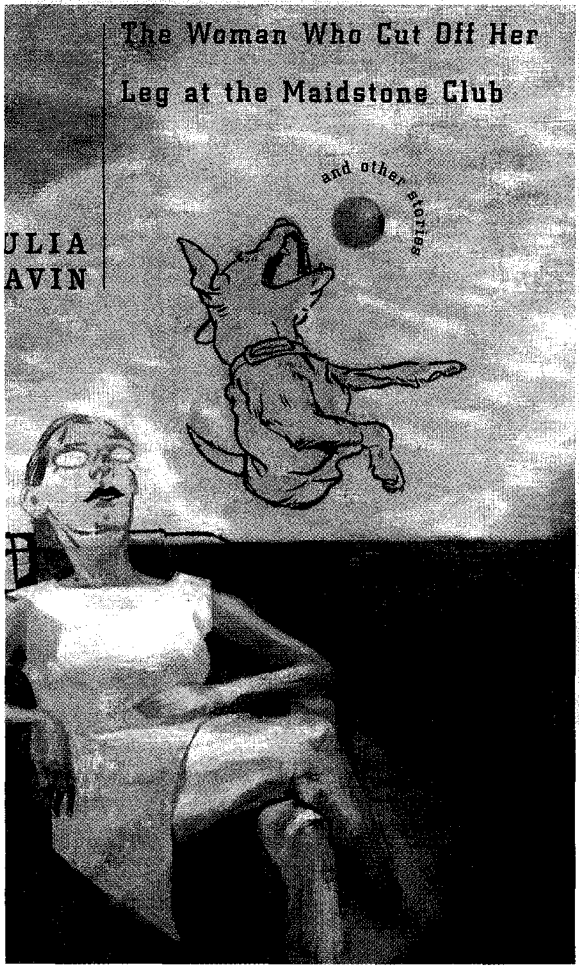
Photograph courtesy of London Records.

the mix

Bastille Day...Harlem Summer Arts Festival

In Print

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Decorum


The Woman Who Cut Off Her Leg at the Maidstone Club
and other stories
ULIA
AVIN

These days, you can't swing a cat without hitting a thirtysomething woman writing funny, poignant fiction about the odd rhythms of romance and family. But while Bridget Jones and her literary offspring are busy ordering white-wine spritzers and unbunching their stockings, the women in Julia Slavin's stories are growing teeth all over their bodies, eating the sexy lawn boy whole, and cutting off their legs. "I take metaphor a step too far," says Slavin. "So a nature lover becomes a woman who has sex with a tree." In her debut collection, *The Woman Who Cut Off Her Leg at the Maidstone Club,* people struggle with circumstances that are outlandish but often eerily familiar—just left of plausible. A man hires a company to safeguard his house for his new daughter in "Babyproofing," only to find himself stripped of his darkroom, his custom-made banister, and, ultimately, access to his own family. "I actually did hire a company like that after I had my daughter, and they made a couple of thousand dollars off my hysteria," says Slavin. "I've found a tremendous amount of material in the suburbs"—she lives in the Washington, D.C., area. "I don't think I'm criticizing them. It's a very peaceful and ordered way of life, and of course that makes the bizarre possible." So, do cities make the bizarre impossible? "When I was living in New York, somebody got shot outside my apartment," she says, "and I remember hearing the gunshot and the guy screaming, and there's just nothing more to say about something like that. But in the suburbs we think we're happy; there are huge amounts of people living together in denial, and nothing is more fascinating than denial." Slavin will come out of denial briefly to read at the Drawing Center July 7 at 7 P.M.

ARIEL LEVY

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Search for Shangri-La (7/6; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) sends historian Charles Allen and scribbler Mark Shand over the Himalayas into Tibetan precincts sacred to both Buddhists and Hindus, through an excess of wind, rain, leeches, Chinese politics, rancid yak butter, and bad karma, seeking the ancient kingdom of Shang-Shung, which gave birth to the legend of Shambhala. You'll decide for yourself what they really found, but this is the sort of documentary that makes you feel better about having stayed home to watch it instead of having had to endure it.

Rabbit in the Moon (7/6; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), one of the best of "P.O.V." 's summer series, rethinks the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II. Filmmaker Emiko Omori finds, besides a personal family secret, that there was both resistance and collaboration in these camps; both a willingness to prove one's patriotism in segregated units of the U.S. Army and resistance to the draft; both cultivation of truck gardens and strikes and riots that were put down with guns and tear gas. Imagine, after all this, being asked behind barbed wire at Manzanar or Tule Lake to sign a loyalty oath!

Parsifal: The Search for the Grail (7/7; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Channel 13) lets Tony Palmer hang around St. Petersburg for a Great Performance of the Wagner opera, with Placido Domingo as the swan-killing "Pure Fool" in black armor with the Sacred Spear, Violeta Urmana as the seductress Kundry, Nikolai Putilin as the sorcerer Klingsor, Matti Salminen as Gurnemanz, and Feodor Mojhaev as Amfortas, with the Kirov Opera Orchestra and Choir making the sort of music Mark Twain claimed was "better than it sounds."

Backstreet Boys in Concert (7/10; 7 to 8 P.M.; Disney) lets the Grammy-nominated teen heartthrobs—Nick, Howie, Brian, A.J., and Kevin—hang out in between hysterical ovations at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York City, where I confess I wasn't, not even for "Quit Playing Games With My Heart."

The Hunley (7/11; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) stars Armand Assante and Donald Sutherland in a sort of Dirty Confederate Dozen, all about the submarine that might not have saved Charleston in 1864 but sure started underwater civil war for the rest of us ever since. Brave men go glub-glub in a bad cause, with lots of black-and-white flashbacks to battlefield atrocities, as written and directed by John Gray. The always interesting Sutherland gets a chance to preen in another odd role.

Radio Highlights

"City Folk"—7/6 from 6 A.M. till 9 P.M.: A day of the music of Neil Young, including his songs as interpreted by other artists. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

"Lost & Found Sound"—Fridays at 4 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM, and at 5 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM: NPR creates a collection of stories that explores the art and history of recorded sound and sketches an audio portrait of the twentieth century by incorporating rare recordings, audio artifacts, and the stories of people whose lives were altered by sound, among them Tony Schwartz, record producer Sam Phillips, playwright Norman Corwin, *Mir* cosmonaut Sergei Krikalev, guitarist Les Paul, the women of all-girl radio station WHER, and hi-fi whiz Emory Cook. Call the 24-hour Quest for Sound Hotline at 202-408-0300 with your suggestions and audio heirlooms for possible inclusion.

GAME WEEK

HOME ◍ AWAY ◍

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	BAL MSG 7:30PM	DET MSG 7:00PM	DET MSG 7:00PM	DET FOX 7:00PM	NYM MSG 7:40PM	NYM FOX 1:15PM	NYM MSG 1:40PM
METS	MON FSNY 7:40PM	MON FSNY 7:40PM	MON FSNY 7:40PM	MON FSNY 1:40PM	NYY WB 7:40PM	NYY FOX 1:15PM	NYY WB 1:40PM
METROSTARS						CHI TBD 8:30PM	
LIBERTY	SAC TBD 7:30PM	WAS TBD 7:30PM		CLE TBD 7:00PM			MIN TBD 4:00PM
	7/5	7/6	7/7	7/8	7/9	7/10	7/11

"Everything Old Is New Again" and "Jazz Sampler"—Sunday nights at 9 P.M. and 11 P.M: The music of Broadway, Hollywood, and Tin Pan Alley, from Ira Gershwin to Cole Porter. Then stay tuned for the best of jazz with host Bill Farrar. Both of these programs are intended to embrace the listeners who've lost their beloved WQEW to the hands of Disney. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

The Written Word

Maggie Paley—7/7 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Book of the Penis.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Richie Havens—7/7 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading from *They Can't Hide Us Anymore* and a mini-concert by a man who actually performed at Woodstock. Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Scott Anderson and Douglas Century—7/8 at 7 P.M.: In conjunction with the "High Steel and Zinc" series, the authors, respectively, of *The Man Who Tried to Save the World* and *Street Kingdom: Five Years With the Franklin Avenue Posse* read from their work. Zinc Bar, 90 West Houston St. (369-5136); free.

Ken Foster—7/8 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his debut novel, *The Kind I'm Likely to Get.* Barnes & Noble 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Carol J. Binkowski—7/9 at 5:30 P.M.: Reading from *Musical New York: An Informal Guide to Its History and Legends.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Jonathan Ames and Vendela Vida—7/11 at 7 P.M.: Ames reads from *The Extra Man;* Vida reads from *Girls on the Verge: Debutante Dips, Gang Drivebys and Other Initiations.* KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Peter Gethers—7/12 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Gideon.* Barnes & Noble Upper West Side, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Lectures and Panels

"Chiaki Mukai: A Journey to the Stars"—7/8 at 6:30 P.M.: Japan's first female astronaut discusses her journey into space alongside Senator John Glenn. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $10.

"Surrealist Writing"—7/9 at 12 noon: A slide lecture on the Surrealist practice of "automatic writing" derived from theories that date back to the Renaissance. With Paul Werner. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3587); free with museum admission.

Tours

Historic TriBeCa at Twilight—7/8 at 6 P.M.: Explore the architectural wonders of New York's lower western frontier. Stops include St. John's Park, the Mercantile Building, and sites associated with architects Carrere & Hastings, McComb, and Bogardus. Meet at Bogardus Triangle, intersection of Chambers, Hudson, and West Broadway (439-1090); $10.

"When China and Italy Moved to New York"—7/8 at 11 A.M.: Visit Little Italy and Chinatown and explore the diverse cultures and snacks the area has to offer. Meet at the Republic National Bank at Canal St. and the Bowery (242-5762); $12.

Brooklyn Bridge and Brooklyn Heights—7/10 at 2 P.M.: An insider's tour of the inside of the bridge and the surrounding neighborhood. Meet at the northwest corner of Broadway and Murray St., at 253 Broadway, across from City Hall Park. (888-377-4455); $12.

Battery Park City—7/11 at 11 A.M.: A cool riverside stroll through Battery Park, the World Trade Center, the World Financial Center, and the new Wagner Park. Meet at Borders Bookstore, corner of Church and Fulton Sts. (935-3960); $15.

Greenwich Village Past and Present—7/11 at 2 P.M.: Learn the secrets of one of the city's most unusual neighborhoods, which has been the home of artists and writers since the eighteenth century. Meet at the Washington Square Arch. (969-8262); $10.

The Fulton Fish Market—Thursdays at 6 A.M.: Wind through the cobblestone streets of the market—one of the oldest businesses in the historic Seaport district—with a guide from the South Street Seaport Museum. For reservations, call 748-8590; $10.

Events

World Tibet Day—7/10 at 12 noon: On the birthday of the Dalai Lama, musical performances by Arlo Guthrie and others, speeches by activists and educators, and Tibetan food and arts such as Tanka painting, sand mandalas, carpet weaving, and calligraphy. Central Park's East Meadow, Fifth Ave. at 97th St. (718-641-1520); free.

"ASPCA Ice Cream Social"—7/11 at 1 P.M.: Gorge on Ciao Bella gelato as you view "Heritage of Care: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672); free.

Bastille Day on 60th Street—7/11 at 1 P.M.: Dancing, music, art, a raffle of two Air France tickets to Paris, and, *bien sûr,* French food. Runs from Fifth to Lexington Avenues; free.

Fleet Bank Harlem Summer Arts Festival—Through 7/31: Theatre, dance, music, literary readings, and a visual art exhibition celebrating African and African-American culture. Highlights include a walking tour of sites associated with Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston, performances of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Macbeth,* a symposium on Bach, Handel, and John Coltrane, and the Harlem Black Book Fair. Locations throughout Harlem; call 222-9347 for details and reservations.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration of the river that has been the economic lifeblood of New York City since the Dutch landed in what is now Battery Park, with dance, lectures, an ice-cream social, Richie Havens, and other musicians. At the waterfront near the World Financial Center. Call 528-2733 for details; admission is free.

Exhibitions

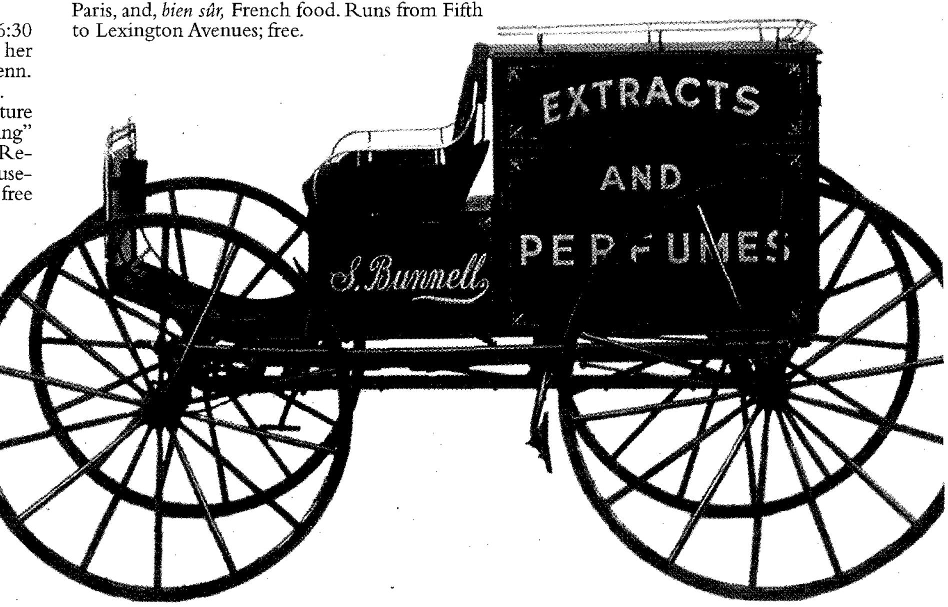
"Media Bites: The Cruel History of the Ben Stiller Show"—Through 7/18: Revisit the show that set the tone for hip on-air comedy in the nineties with stars Janeane Garofalo, Andy Dick, Bob Odenkirk, David Cross, and, of course, Ben Stiller. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

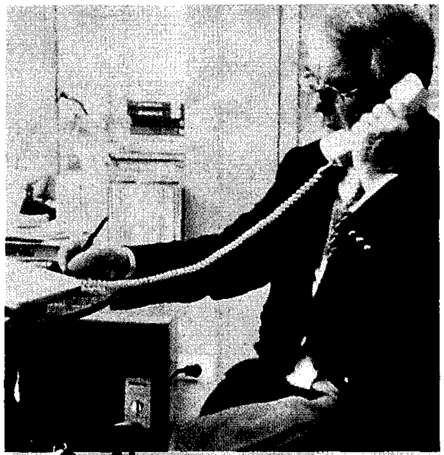
"Spots"—Through 7/31: For the twelfth year, the Society of Publication Designers will celebrate the often overlooked creative area of magazine design, the spot illustration. Over 1,400 illustrations were submitted in the 1999 competition, of which 120 were admitted into the show, juried by a panel of top editorial and communications professionals. Society of Illustrators, Museum of American Illustration, 128 East 63rd St.; free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"The Carriage Era in New York"—Through 9/10: An exploration of the obsolete but elegant method of transportation. PaineWebber Art Gallery, 1285 Sixth Avenue, between 51st and 52nd Sts. (713-2885); free.

On View **Before there were Ferraris, there were horse-drawn carriages. Check out what turn-of-the-century guys fetishized at "The Carriage Era in New York," at the PaineWebber Art Gallery. Eight historic vehicles will be parked there through September 10.**





On Air
Dunne Deal

In "The Trials of Dominick Dunne," premiering on Bravo July 8 at 10 P.M., the novelist and 'Vanity Fair' contributor confesses that he "was a detective in a former life." That would explain his obsession with the crimes of overprivileged types like Claus von Bulow, the Menendez brothers, and O.J. Watch for plenty of deliciously hostile snipes from Dunne's nemesis, L.A. defense attorney Leslie Abramson.

"Such Friends: The Work of W. B. Yeats"—Through 9/11: Books, manuscripts, photographs, correspondence from other literary figures like George Bernard Shaw, and drawings of Yeats by his father. The New York Public Library's D. Samuel and Jeane H. Gottesman Exhibition Hall, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

Sports

Rock Climbing—You'll never be able to keep your kids from climbing things this summer, but you can at least teach them to be safe about it. The Central Park Conservancy is sponsoring four sessions of rock climbing classes for children ages 9 and older, beginning 7/6 and 7/10. Two-hour classes take place every Tuesday at 3:30 and Saturday at 1:30 at the North Meadow Recreation Center in Central Park at 97th Street and focus on the fundamentals of climbing, such as knot-tying and belaying. Participation is free, and equipment (shoes and harnesses) is included. Call 348-4867 for reservations and information.

Active-Isolated Stretching—Stretching is one of those things everyone says is important but relatively few people ever actually do. Now you have one less excuse. The next four-week session of stretching classes, taught by Jim and Phil Wharton and sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club, starts 7/5. The 50-minute classes meet on Mondays at 6 at John Jay College, 899 Tenth Avenue, and Wednesdays at 7 at Pumping Iron Gym, 403 E. 91st Street. The fee is $60 ($50 for NYRRC members), and changing facilities and showers are available. Call Maximum Performance International at 799-7559 for further information. And if you pass this up and pull a hamstring later, don't say we didn't warn you.

Photographs: above, courtesy of Bravo; right, Robert Whitman.

in concert

Dancing and Kite-Flying at Wave Hill

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 6

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs Gounod's Petite Symphony in B-flat minor, Mozart's Serenade in C minor, R. Strauss's Serenade in E-flat major, and marches by Sousa. Robert Mann, conductor. *Naumberg Band Shell, Central Park (262-6927), at 7:30; free.*

Wednesday, July 7

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1, with pianist Emanuel Ax, and Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings. Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $20–$55.*

Saturday, July 10

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2, with pianist Emanuel Ax, and Dvořák's Symphony No. 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $20–$55.*

Sunday, July 11

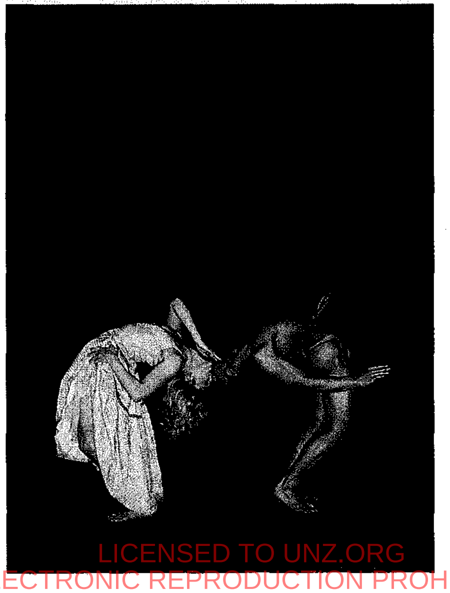
St. Bartholomew's Choir—Performs Vaughan Williams's Mass in G minor. William Trafka, conductor. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (378-0227), at 10:50 A.M.; free.*

Monday, July 12

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3, with pianist Emanuel Ax, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $20–$55.*

Previews
'Selection' Night

Far from being the wild romp one might expect from a collaboration between the fun-loving Pilobolus Dance Theatre and children's book author Maurice Sendak, 'A Selection' deals with somber subject matter. Set to music by Czech composers Hans Krása and Pavel Haas, both of whom died in concentration camps, the work follows a group of performers stranded in Europe during the Holocaust, and is one of three Pilobolus works premiering at this year's run at the Joyce Theater (see "Dance").



Festivals

Asia-Pacific Contemporary Dance Festival—Performances by Dance HK/NY, 7/5 and 7/6 at 8; Expressions Dance Company, 7/8 and 7/9 at 8; and Son Mu Ga-Zen Dance Company, 7/11 at 7 and 7/12 at 8. Through 7/15. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $24.*

Dances for Wave Hill—Outdoor, site-specific dance performances by Donna Uchizono Company and Amiel Malale Dance, and a work combining dance, kite-flying, and puppetry by Heather Henson and Marc Ricketts, 7/7 at 6:30 and 7/11 at 5. Festival runs through 7/25. *Wave Hill, Independence Ave. at 249th St., Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.*

Lincoln Center Festival 99—Presents the world premiere of the epic Chinese Opera *The Peony Pavilion*, staged by Chen Shi-Zheng, in six installments, 7/7 at 6:30, 7/8 at 7, 7/9 at 4 and 8:30, and 7/10 at 2 and 7. Through 7/25. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. (875-5928); $55.*

Dance

Kirov Ballet—Performs *Fountain of Bakchisaray*, 7/6 at 8, 7/7 at 2 and 8, and 7/10 at 2; two evenings of Balanchine works, 7/8 and 7/9 at 8; and *Giselle*, 7/10 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $15–$80.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Performs the premieres of *A Selection* and *Uno, Dos, Tray*, and repertory works, 7/5–7/9 at 8, and 7/10 at 2 and 8. Through 7/31. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Ea Sola Contemporary Dance—Performs the U.S. premiere of Sola's *Voilà Voilà*, which combines contemporary dance with traditional Vietnamese forms, 7/7 and 7/9 at 8, and 7/10 at 7. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928); $35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

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Kolker *continued from page 33*

Leslie Youngblood, the 79-year-old retired Navy commander who gave up his Cottages apartment in return for a check and a "comparable" rental apartment. He now lives in a sixth-floor one-bedroom on York Avenue. Instead of a vast garden, he has a view of Sotheby's.

"I despised those bastards and still do," Youngblood says of RFR. "I want nothing to do with them. I mean, what the hell—I had 625 square feet at the Cottages, and with the garden outside, I had another 200 square feet. In good weather with the door open, I could have 50 people in there. They gave me this mealy-mouthed promise: 'We're going to do everything we can to get you a comparable apartment.' I said, 'What do you mean? There's no such thing as this kind of garden apartment in New York City anymore!' "

FOR ALMOST TWO DECADES, THE JACK PARKER Corporation has all but ignored the hundreds of rent-stabilized apartments in its inventory. They were leftovers from the family-owned real-estate company's lucrative co-op conversions—anybody who didn't want to buy back in the late seventies and early eighties was allowed to stay and keep renting. About 400 of these rentals are in prime Manhattan neighborhoods. But last year, the company tried an experiment: Vice-president Robert Skolnick picked five tenants at random and sent them an innocuous letter about "exploring any options available" regarding their units. "Some of the rents we receive don't even cover the maintenance we pay to the co-op board," Skolnick says. "Any prudent owner would want to stop the bleeding."

Four of the tenants turned down buyout offers right away. But one elderly couple in a two-bedroom, two-bathroom apartment on the Upper East Side took the bait. After months of negotiations, they moved out of town in March, with Jack Parker picking up the tab. Skolnick won't divulge the amount of the buyout, but it stopped the hemorrhage: The couple's rent-regulated existence was losing the company $700 a month (or $8,400 a year) on maintenance and taxes—not even counting the potential market-rate-rental income.

Skolnick wasted no time sending letters to all his tenants. So far, three more have accepted buyouts. "This is a win-win situation," he adds.

It's a familiar formula to Kevin Singleton, general manager of Rockrose Development, whose 1,000 or so rent-regulated apartments make up about a quarter of its inventory. "We regularly talk to our regulated tenants about the possibilities of a buyout," he says. Between moving costs and other services, he estimates, tenants get between $20,000 and $50,000 to walk away.

In non-demolition situations, Aby Rosen also pays up to $50,000 to reclaim an apartment in RFR's inventory of 1,000 or so rent-regulated units. "We also pay relocation costs and moving expenses," he says. "With older people, we sometimes help move them into an old-age home."

The New York State Tenants & Neighbors Coalition surmises that a few thousand rent-regulated apartments are deregulated each year. How many of these spring from buyouts? Since neither tenants nor landlords benefit from publicizing settlements, the terms—even their existence—often remain private. "I don't do these deals without confidentiality agreements," says Robert Goldstein of Borah Goldstein Altschuler & Schwartz, one of the city's biggest landlord firms. "You don't want the tenant telling other tenants how much you gave—whether it's high *or* low."

Which means, quite possibly, that once rent regulation gives up the ghost in Manhattan, none of us will hear about it.

THE APPLICATION TO TEAR DOWN 823 PARK has languished in the halls of the state Division of Housing and Community Renewal (DHCR) for five years now. David Rozenholc has contested it from several different angles, forcing the developer to make many of his business records public. In May, a dozen of the tenants had the pleasure of watching Robert Manocherian squirm under cross-examination—as their lawyer all but accused him of falsifying documents to conceal his uncle Fred's involvement in the project. (Rozenholc still isn't really sure why Robert wanted to shield Fred this way.)

When your boiler is, at best, unreliable and your lawyer charges $300 an hour, a squirming landlord is only a modest consolation. In the past five years, tenants have been denied roof access and basement storage space; the aging lobby, just steps from East 75th Street, has grown shabbier. The façade's bricks are crumbling, leaving steel beams exposed to the rain. Mercia Bross, 71, has lived for 30 years at 823 Park with her husband, who is now fighting cancer. As the fight drags on, she's started thinking about the cost of a new apartment. "I'm worried," she says, "because prices are going through the ceiling."

"This is a kind of Homeric saga," says tenant-association co-chair David Redden. "My next-door neighbor is well into her nineties. She's lived here since the forties. This is not a game."

Rozenholc has not yet advised his clients to take money to leave. But if his track record counts for anything, down the road he could make these tenants very, very rich. "People think we're ripping off the capitalists?" he barks. "The truth is, we're not ripping them off enough."

kids

Fishing Line...Train Travel

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Play for All—Earlier this century, then–police commissioner Arthur Woods, bless his heart, used to fret about kids in this city who didn't have a safe place to play. He not only fretted, he did something: Vacant lots all over the city were set aside as playgrounds, and where that wasn't possible, traffic was rerouted from a couple of dozen city blocks to allow streets to do summer duty as volleyball courts, and places for kids to read, dance, wriggle, and play double Dutch. The Police Athletic League's **PLAYSTREET PROGRAM** is still going strong, and 200 supervised sites open for business in five boroughs this week. For information, call 477-9450.●

Late Plans—Artistically inclined teenagers with even a smattering of time on their hands could consider taking a short class at **PARSONS ACADEMY**. A three-day intensive drawing program, on 7/7, 7/8, and 7/9, runs from 11 to 6; still-life and figure drawing—in many media—is offered over a five-day period, from 11 to 3, beginning 8/23. 2 W. 13th St. (229-8933). The above courses are $130 and $125, respectively.

What's the Story—Professional storytellers pay regular visits to several **CENTRAL PARK PLAYGROUNDS** to enchant, intrigue, and generally thicken the plot around the swings and slides. To find out when and where, call 860-1370. The New York Public Library is also dispatching storytellers to the Hans Christian Andersen statue (near the entrance on Fifth Avenue and 72nd Street) Wednesdays in July at 11. And, of course, as always, stories are at the same statue Saturdays at 11 A.M. all summer long.●

In Cold Blood—A green iguana, a blue-tongued skink, and other exotica meet and greet at a free workshop about reptiles for *Homo sapiens* of all ages, 7/10 at 1. It's also possible to borrow a "discovery kit" at the same location—a backpack equipped with binoculars, a guidebook, maps, and sketching materials ideal for bird-watching in the Ramble. To borrow kits, children under 12 need to bring an adult; two forms of photo I.D. are required; available Tuesdays through Sundays from 10 to 4. Call 772-0210 to reserve. The Henry Luce Nature Observatory at **BELVEDERE CASTLE** (mid-park at 79th St.).●

Animal Attraction—Bring a snapshot of a pet adopted through the ASPCA, and not only do you get dessert at the **THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**'s Ice Cream Social—Fluffy and Fido become famous. As poster pets for the organization, appearing on its Website (http://www.aspca), they'll be doing their part. (The party is in conjunction with an exhibit of the ASPCA—which started as an offshoot of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.) 7/11, 1–3. Admission is free. Registration suggested (534-1672; ext. 257).●●

Golly Gee Whiz—A talented and remarkably professional group of kids ages 8 to 17—from all over the city—perform original musicals with a group called **TADA!** This production—set in 1939—is about a group of kids who raise spirits in a morose town called Happyville. 7/9 through 8/1; call for several matinee and evening times. 120 W. 28th Street (627-1732; www.tadatheater.com). $6 for kids under age 16 and $12 for adults.

Hook, Line, and Sinker—Plenty of adult Brooklynites remember participating in the annual Macy's Fishing Contest in **PROSPECT PARK** (until recently sponsored by Abraham & Straus). Not a lot has changed, but in the olden days, kids didn't have to attend a clinic called "Aquatic Resources Education and Stewardship in New York City" beforehand. And the fact that Parks Commissioner Henry Stern plans an interspecies smooch—before letting loose an extra-large carp into the deep—probably departs from tradition. Prizes are awarded for many categories of greatness, including catcher of the first fish, and catcher of the smallest fish. But catching the tagged (and kissed) carp wins the biggest prize. Bamboo rods, corn bait, and a generous dollop of know-how are doled out by Park Rangers. Limited to children 15 and younger. 7/9 and 7/10, and 7/13 through 7/17 from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Enter Prospect Park at Ocean and Parkside Avenues. Free parking; individuals can register on the day; register groups of ten or more in advance by calling 718-965-8954. For general information, call 718-438-0100.●●

All Aboard—The Everett Children's Adventure Garden—a spectacular twelve-acre haven of excuses for kids to dig in the dirt and see gross squirmers in a close-up look at a drop of pond water—is joined by another major family attraction. *America's Trains and Trees* is a 6,000-square-foot outdoor landscape where seven model trains steam through the Florida Everglades, the Great Lakes, and the Smoky Mountains, past Laura Ingalls Wilder's little house on the prairie and Helen Keller's Alabama digs. On view 7/6 through 9/12. **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is $6, $4 for seniors and students, $2 for children ages 2–12.

Cue

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Nick Meyer
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

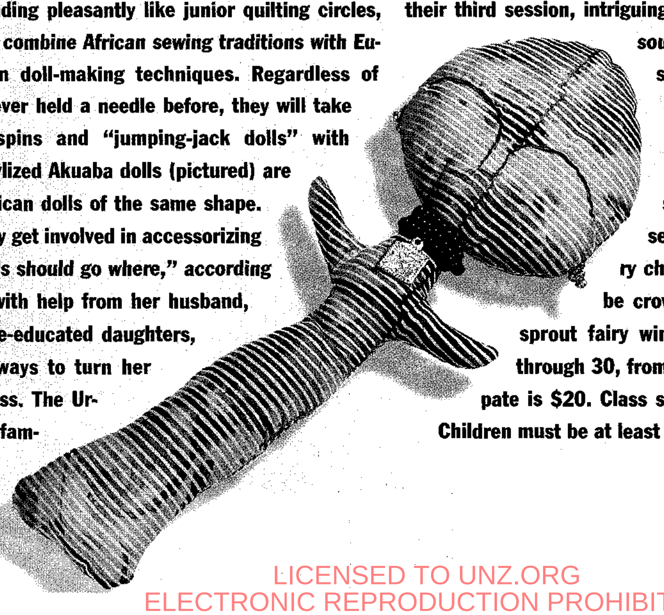
Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Instruction
Rags to Riches

Making greater demands on the hands and heart than on the mind, Lisa Curran, who leads four traditional doll-making sessions for children at the American Craft Museum, calls the process "meditative." Sounding pleasantly like junior quilting circles, *Summer Doll Club* meetings combine African sewing traditions with European and early American doll-making techniques. Regardless of whether participants have ever held a needle before, they will take home well-dressed clothespins and "jumping-jack dolls" with poseable arms and legs. Stylized Akuaba dolls (pictured) are much like wooden West African dolls of the same shape. Boys as much as girls "really get involved in accessorizing and figuring out which beads should go where," according to Curran. Ten years ago, with help from her husband, Robert, and their four home-educated daughters, Curran began looking for ways to turn her sewing hobby into a business. The Urban Doll Tribe, based in the family's Upper West Side apartment, sells her often-untraditional dolls and doll patterns to stores and craft fairs; and Curran frequently teaches her craft to both adults and children. The Topsy-Turvy doll, which Doll Club participants will make at their third session, intriguingly has two heads. As they were made on southern plantations, one face would be stitched into dark cloth; turned upside down with the skirt over the head, the doll revealed another face, this one white. Curran—a powerful, blonde, mahogany-skinned presence—has a more whimsical set of choices in mind for twenty-first-century children at play. Their Topsy-Turvy dolls will be crowned as princesses; upside down, they'll sprout fairy wings. The club meets on Fridays, July 9 through 30, from 10:30 to 12:30; the total cost to participate is $20. Class size is limited; to register, call 956-3535. Children must be at least 8 years old and accompanied by an adult.

BARBARA ENSOR



Photograph by Amy Freeth.

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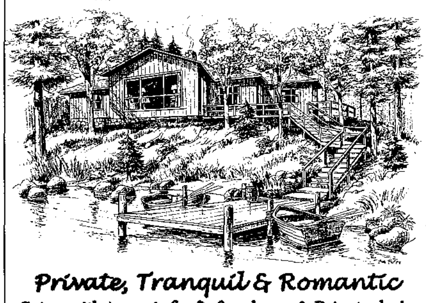

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Hamptons Wonder Woman—Wants worldly, warm, witty man, 55 plus. Love, friendship, future, the world. 8775✉☎

Don't Answer This Ad—If you've never heard of David Sanborn, Mark Rothko, Annabel Lee, Lina Wertmuller, Arnold presses or hard-eights. Handsome, muscular, artistic, successful businessman, Jewish, 48, 5'9 1/2", 175 lbs, never married, seeks nonsmoking, nonreligious woman, 30 plus, who speaks my language. Photo helpful. 8799 ✉ ☎

Bogart Seeking Bacall—Homer seeking Marg, latkes seeking sauce. Single Jewish male, professional, 35, 5'7", seeking Jewish female, 26-35, for world travel, movies in the park, outdoor adventure and sport and general mayhem. Prefer running trails to finger nails. Photo, note and copy of your coolest passport stamp. Must have sense of humor and know when to leave the makeup at home. 8908✉

Rare Opportunity—Beautiful, brainy blond, 36, recently available, slender, 5'6", loving, charming, accomplished in business, well-educated, the ultimate jewel for a CEO, 45-60, with a world-class lifestyle. 8747 ✉ ☎

Great Guy Seeks Incredible Woman—Very successful, hip, Ivy-educated physician, fun, extremely athletic, energetic, passionate, quick-witted, attractive (6'), very fit white male, late 30s, seeks single female, 24-38, for possible long-term romance. Loves world traveling, great food, sports, music and art. Will take you from black ties to black beaches. Please send returnable photograph. 8922 ✉☎

Handsome PhD Male—Financially secure, athletic and trim, who likes cultural events, walks in the country, romantic dinners and more. Looking for warm, sincere 40-42-year-old, about 5'4", who is looking for a long-term relationship. Photo/note. 8858 ✉

6'3", Professional Male, 45—Italian descent, healthy, secure, single, no dependents, athletic, humorous, enjoys life in all ways; travel, a big heart. Seeks female under 43 for friendship, romance, commitment, no games. Photo/note, home number gets reply. Let's touch base. 8827 ✉☎

Amber-Haired Equestrian—Sea-green eyes and slim figure - world traveler who enjoys skiing, theater and rock 'n' roll. Looking for a genuinely nice guy, 45 plus, who is financially and emotionally secure, to enjoy life's adventures. Photo/note. 8771 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Charming Teacher—50, Jewish (nonreligious), enjoys travel, movies, good conversation, dining out, etc. Seeks considerate, handsome, stable man, 50-55, 5'8"-6', for love and marriage. Note/phone/photo. 8819 ✉ ☎

Maybe You're Looking For Me?—Leggy, ultra-affectionate, upbeat, mischievous, pretty, sensual, creative, adventurous, successful, bubbly, single Jewish female, 39, 5'6", 125, new to NYC. Am I looking for you? You're a fun, kind, sincere, accomplished, fascinating, compassionate, sensitive, communicative CEO type - and a single/divorced Jewish male who's relationship-ready and has time for me. No fixer-uppers please. Photo appreciated. FunDamsel@aol.com 8838 ✉☎

Share My Summer—Tall, handsome, successful professional, 25, Jewish (generally observant), playful, self-aware, sincere and happy; seeks fun woman to hang out with and hopefully generate something special. Note/photo. 8915✉ ☎

Miss My Carrera...—But I'm a cute passenger. Petite, pretty redhead with great directional skills knows you are out there: a fabulous 45-55 male professional who took wrong turn to Happily Ever After. Please be honest, evolved, loving, giving and fun - because that's what you are getting, and more. Dads/kids welcome. 8883 ✉ ☎

I Love Summer Sunday Mornings—The garden at MOMA, beautiful spring days in Central Park, sunsets from my balcony, the sultry sound of Chet Baker. I hate not being able to share these things. I want a woman who is unique, romantic, classy, sensuous, with uncompromising values and grace. She is a cut above and not afraid to admit it. She is 25-35, model slim, strong-willed and won't settle. Some of my interests include dining, downtown, jazz and fashion. I am 42, green eyes, wavy hair, artistic, athletic, with a passion for all life has to offer. Photo. 8938 ✉☎

If You're A Mature Man—Who would like a bright, witty Upper East Side lady as a dinner partner... If you need a well-dressed lady to take to your friends' social events... If Bali and Bilbao are on your "must see" list... Send me a note and brag abut yourself. 8859 ✉

Wonderful Guy—Seeks fabulous woman. Me: tall, handsome (really), 50, very successful, easygoing, divorced, Jewish. You: very pretty, shapely, under 45, optimistic, love to laugh. Photo/note, please. 8793✉☎

Low-Maintenance/High-Octane—Attactive, slim male, 40 plus, loves sports, music, fun. Seeking athletic woman, pretty, educated, adventurous, 35-44. Are you ready!? Note/recent photo. 8907 ✉

Very Pretty, Slender Blond—JD/entrepreneur, looks 25, quality person, smart, sincere and sensual, seeks tall, handsome professional man, 30s-40s, with class, character, wit, kindness and a romantic nature. Sorry, but photo a must; will exchange. 8876 ✉

Redhead Seeks Honey—Are you excited by the possibility of meeting a passionate, smart, supportive woman? I'm beautiful, blue-eyed, 5'8", 40, Jewish, healthy and strong. Love my work, paint some, laugh a lot. Life is good and I want a sweetheart to share it with. You're intelligent, passionate and honest, and want to make an amazing home and family. I love exploring Manhattan and the countryside, walking on the beach at night. Let's do it together. Call or send note and photo. 8889 ✉ ☎

One-Eyed, Peg-Legged—Blue-bearded pirate looking for love. Well, actually I'm a single white man, 30, athletic, easy-going, funny, understanding and intelligent. I love music, movies, playing sports, cooking and exploring the city. I also have a good job (but I'm not rich). Seeking woman for fun and possible long-term relationship. Letter/photo. 8741 ✉ ☎

Green-Eyed, Slender, Sporty—Extremely pretty, PhD level (sweet, sensitive, sensuous), seeks athletic, adventurous, highly successful male, 39-50. 8773✉☎

Wall Street Analyst—36, Ivy, spends too much time at home watching Discovery Channel. Seeks smart, attractive, fun woman, 20s-30s, to explore the City/maybe more. 8927✉☎

Gay, Top Lifestyle—Good-looking, 60, white male, super-successful, seeking attractive, sophisticated, well-educated, 40s, for serious relationship. Photo. 8896✉

A July Night And You—Fair, very pretty blond, Manhattan, Christian background, 47, 5'6 1/2", 126 lbs, toned, size 8, stylish, sensual yet intellectual, former professional, now private income, travels, golf, no dependents, nonsmoker, upbeat, speaks Russian, stable and sane, no baggage (really), will send pix - seeks fit, likeable single gent, 52-65. Important: responder must be highly successful - business or professional. Note/photo. POB 57, New York, NY 10150

Slim, Pretty Woman—Of fire and feeling, seeks to light up blue-chip, educated male's life, 5'8" plus, 60s up, for sizzling affaire de coeur. 8800 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Intelligent, Active—Youthful 53-year-old lawyer, caring, Rubenesque, big smile whether she cuddles with her cats (rather cuddle with "you') or travels for fun and adventure; loves family, her two grown children, friends, hot dogs and champagne, community service, Nobu, movies, music and the arts, the outdoors (especially the water) and her BMW. Seeking not religious Jewish professional, businessman or king with good sense of humor, who still believes in love and values the above. E-mail: ThisF4Uaol.com or phone or 8846✉☎

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Superficial—Shallow, emotionally unavailable white male, 51, seeks bored, thin, neurotic 18-35 woman for meaningless long-term relationship. Space cadettes and couch potatoes especially welcome. 8830 ✉ ☎

Brainy Beauty—Blue-eyed, shapely, slim, gym-fit Manhattan artist/writer/art professional - vibrant, irreverent, multilingual adventuress with lush locks and wit - seeks one affectionate, verbal, handsome, trim, sophisticated, fit intellectual, 42-57, who has humor, healthy habits and at least one great long-term relationship. Photo. 8779 ✉☎

Gay White Male—45, handsome, 6'1", in gym shape, looking for a quality man, 25-38 years old, with a sense of adventure. Enjoy travel, museums, rock and roll, dining and fine wine. Please be straight-acting, have a sense of humor and a good heart. Note/photo, please. 8829 ✉

Have Everything I Need...Except You—Professional, handsome single dad, 42, 5'11", athletic and fit, financially and personally successful. Life is very happy and complete...only missing someone to share it with. You should be 30-40, single, attractive female who is honest, down-to-earth, loyal and family-oriented, fun-loving, love dining at Lutece or at Nathan's, watching a Broadway show or a Yankees game, reading a good book or a trashy newspaper...most of all being with the ones you love and doing anything or nothing. Note/photo/phone. 8910✉☎

"Glass Half Full" Kind Of Guy—A thoughtful, kindhearted, leading CEO, handsome, tender, 5'10", lean, 43, passion for working out, travel, humor. Seeks sincere, educated woman under 37 for forever. Phone/photo a must. 8937✉☎

Chiropractor Preferred—For magical relationship/share dream helping others heal. Pretty, loving, slender white female, psychotherapist, 30something, popular, seeks attractive, fit, kind white male. Holistic/spiritual. Respond now! 8933✉☎

Physically Fit, Athletic Male—34, MA degree, Yankee fan, seeks bright, petite, slim, single white female. 8701 ✉ ☎

Woody Allen's Wit—Marilyn Monroe's body. Caring, striking, vibrant, educated female, 50, seeks male. 8929 ✉☎

Classy, Sensitive Gentleman—39, handsome, 5'10", Jewish. Avid runner - loves theater, museums and travel. Seeks slim, pretty Jewish female, 28-36, with similar interests. Photo, please. 8906 ✉

Beautiful Italian-American Woman—Photographer, 54, seeks a man of similar age, with kindness, courage and passion, who can dine with a diplomat or eat on a dirt floor in India. He has a sense of humor and an artist's love of life. Please send snapshot and note. 8884 ✉ ☎

Super-Nice Guy—With a great sense of humor, extremely romantic, affectionate and caring. I'm a young 40, 6', 170, fun-loving, active, athletic, cute, love life and all it has to offer. Photo a must. 8930✉☎

gay.www.niceguy.com—Gay white male, 45, looks younger - honest, 5'11", muscular, handsome, masculine, very healthy, VP on Madison Avenue, less and less into gay scene, seeks fun, independent guy who doesn't follow the crowd, over 30, conscious, with brains and biceps, *for dating and soul mating*. Smokers, sissies and Republicans need not apply. All others, a note and photo. Thanks. 8864 ✉

Single White Male—Professional, 50, seeks female for relationship. 8784 ✉☎

Male Hotel Owner—40s, seeks female to relocate to FL or NJ. 8702 ✉☎

Handsome, Fit, Secure Professional—Single white gentle male (36, 5'11") seeks feminine/pretty soulmate, everyday commercial things are familiar to her; her sharp intellec, and spirited sensibilities engage her to the quality things in life, her passions are the artistic, social and athletic sites of Manhattan. Note/photo. 8942 ✉ ☎

Great Legs—Super-pretty, fit professional woman, 47, seeks smart, spunky, easygoing 6'-plus man. 8818 ✉ ☎

"When To The Sessions—Of sweet silent thought". Let's finish what Shakespeare started. Psychologist, rugged looks, tall, exceptional intellect, late 50s, fitness of much younger man, divorced, long marriage, adult kids. Seeks successful, very bright, very feminine, attractive woman of traditional values, 35 plus. Warmth, nurturing, great wit essentials in both of us. Photo and bio/note, please. Will reciprocate. Prefer (914), (201), (203) or adjacent. 8743 ✉ ☎

Palm Beach Physician—Jewish male, 42, Sylvester Stallone look-alike, 6', fit, never-married, kind, various interests, above-average in most respects, cerebral, a bit shy, searching for slender, refined, very feminine young lady, any nationality, relocatable. Hope for friendship eventually leading to "happy ever-after" with a wonderful young lady. Photo/note. 8899✉☎

Very Good-Looking—Blue-eyed New Jersey businessman, early 40s, dark hair, just under 6', athletic, in great shape, fun, thoughtful, responsible, romantic and financially secure. I'm looking for my sweetheart. She is a warm, intelligent, pretty, trim, fit, family-oriented Christian/Catholic woman who would like to have lots of fun this summer, fall in love in the fall, and maybe be married in the spring of 2001. Please send recent photo/letter/phone. Thanks. 8863 ✉

Handsome Male—6'1", athletic build, financially secure, well-educated, 43, Manhattanite, equestrian lifestyle, seeks previously married, attractive blond, Christian gal who enjoys both town and country life style, the arts, Italian food, fine wine, romance. Recent photo a must. 8917✉☎

Curvy, Green-Eyed Beauty—With great legs, glamorous career and warm, fun-loving, outgoing personality, seeks witty, upscale, outstanding, sensational, secure, lovable and happy man, 45-55. 8839✉☎

Thousands Of Asian Singles—In the city and we still haven't met. Are you hiding or am I just unlucky? You can make this 30s, handsome, successful Asian male and his mom happy. Note/photo. 8786✉☎

Elegant Indian-Catholic Professional—39, looks forward to meeting a warm, caring professional gentleman (35-45) who is well-traveled, comfortable with different cultures and enjoys the arts (books, theater, opera, ballet). 8791 ✉☎

Stop Here For Real Caring, Romance—Jewish male, 41, 5'11", trim, handsome, accomplished, passionate doctor, creative, warm, incurably romantic, with heart and soul. Enjoys film, music, sports, and sharing it all. Seeking an attractive Jewish woman with insight, character, humor and passion for life's adventures. Photo/note. 8831 ✉ ☎

New York Brain - California Heart—Ready to share life's ups and downs with the special man I have yet to meet. I am 37, 5'9", with blue eyes. I own my own company. I am very creative and multifaceted. I love all the arts but am open to new ventures. Looking for single white male, 34-42, must be at least 5'10" and in charge of their life. Must be financially secure. Limited baggage accepted. Please enclose photo, note and phone. 8905 ✉

Rocky Mountain Aphrodite—Invites you to plan winter skiing now! Cuddly, passionate, well-educated, well-traveled, very cultured and sportive, single white female looking for nonsmoking soulmate, 45-60, for long-term relationship/sybaritic living. Letter/photo, please. 8726 ✉ ☎

Tall, Fit, Handsome, Successful—Jewish, 36, 180 lb, Russian-born, world-traveled PhD seeks extroverted, funny, confident, professional, Jewish, 23-33 lady to share wit, style, adventure, romance. Note/photo, please. 8893 ✉

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Pretty, Slim, Elegant MD—36, loves theater, opera, jazz, literature, travel. Seeking handsome, cultured, successful professional man, 33-46, emotionally secure, with similar interests, for committed relationship. Note/photo a must. 8916✉

Thoughtful, Romantic—5'8", slim, fit, 50 and divorced, enjoys city and shore, comfy in jeans or gowns. Seeks thoughtful, classy, optimistic guy. Note and photo, please. 8810 ✉ ☎

Back On East Side!—Is there anyone out there? Waspy, fair-haired, athletic 40-year-old, successful business owner, seeks slim, happy, good-natured, pretty female who enjoys dinners, shows, travel. Photo, please. 8913 ✉

Can Look At Life—Laugh and take it on the cuff. Successful, slim, pretty, independent, soft, stylish, divorced Jewish female, 45. Beautiful, big dark eyes and a refreshing realness. Known for great one-liners. Prefers anything to winter - will cross-country or build a snowman. Loves sports, baseball games. Adores movies, gadgets, computers, bookstores, Australia, relaxing outdoors, golf, milk chocolate. Good business mind. Flexible and giving. Seeks educated, thoughtful, fit, pleasant-looking, financially stable man, 40-55, 5'9" plus. Humor: important. 8813 ✉☎

Svelte, Stylish Beauty—With Ivy degrees and high net worth, 39, seeks outrageously intelligent, seriously wealthy, old-fashioned romantic gentleman, 45-69. Photo/note (will exchange). 8871 ✉

Englishwoman—60, Jewish, nonreligious but culturally connected; widowed, not yet heart-free, avid traveler (work permitting). Loves books, classical music, movies, theater, dogs. Looking for friendship with laughter, talk and sharing. 8735 ✉ ☎

LI Professional—6', light hair, light eyes, 40s, athletic, enjoys travel, outdoor activities, dining out, fireplace evenings, and love life. Looking for happy, professional, sincere woman, at least 5'3", slender, who wants to enjoy life. Note/photo. 8921 ✉ ☎

Appealing, Instantly Likeable—Goodhearted, slim, pretty Jewish woman. Very young-looking 46. Good taste, pleasant, elegant style. Dry ironic humor, subtle whimsical side. Lives full-textured life. Bright, appreciative, real. Enjoys theater, art, movies, travel, spectator sports. Seeks educated, attractive, financially secure man, 5'8" plus, 44-55. 8811 ✉ ☎

Soulmate Search—Intelligence, loyalty, integrity, sincerity, traits I possess, are primordial attributes to the woman I am looking for. This sophisticated and cultured Manhattanite who loves Lincoln Center, the theater, fine dining and excursions to beautiful places, is 48, 6'1", 195 lbs, once-married, ex-marathoner and a relatively successful entrepreneur. Please be very attractive, slim, 30-40, affectionate, caring, and join this financially secure, handsome, Caribbean-born, trilingual, distinguished-looking man with greying hair, hazel eyes, cafe-au-lait skin, for a fairy-tale life of passionate bliss. Note/photo/phone. 8765 ✉ ☎

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Strictly Personals

"Send Me Someone To Love"—Pretty, honey-brown African-American female, self-employed professional with 1960's values, financially and emotionally secure, seeks a wise and affectionate male partner (40-56) who also loves his work. Single dads okay. 8888 ✉☎

Hope And Desire—Pretty blond psychologist, intellectual and fun-loving, seeks male partner, 53-66, for an amazing afternoon of our lives. 8792 ✉☎

Are We A Match—Never-married Italian female, 43, brown-eyed brunette, kind, thoughtful and generous, enjoys dining, travel. Seeks white professional man, 39-52, nonsmoker. LI only. 8840 ✉☎

Full Of Life—Very attractive, petite, sexy, warm, fun, honest, intelligent white female seeks handsome, successful, fit, easygoing, caring white male, 48-55. Note/photo. 8715 ✉☎

Tall, Dark, Handsome—Intelligent and humorous, 28-year-old Latin male (Ivy-educated/Wall Street professional), seeking beautiful, voluptuous, sensual Latin, Asian or white female, 24-40, who is attractive on the inside as she is on the outside. Note/photo (will exchange). 8860✉

Witty Jewish MD/Artist—5'9", mid 40s, seeks lithe, sophisticated professional female, 32-39. Love exotic travel, nature, music, water, exercise, good coffee. I stop for animals and kids. Would like to come home to a home. Photo please. 8881✉

Attentive Man—Tall, handsome, 59, seeks intense, passionate, romantic Manhattan woman, 45-50. Recent photo. 8912 ✉☎

Plastic Surgeon—38, Jewish, 5'9", attractive, sophisticated, seeks slim, well-educated professional woman with sense of humor, for life. Photo/note. 8845 ✉☎

Divorced White Female—NJ, 50, attractive. Looking for great guy, 48-65, for long-term relationship. A sense of humor a plus. Interests: movies, dining, the arts and spectator sports. 8880 ✉☎

AAAA—Affable. Accomplished. Assured. Available. Handsome and youthful 54, 6', very successful entrepreneur with varied interests, seeks that very special female counterpart to share "the good life". If you are very pretty, slim, 37-47, caring, like to laugh, travel, are adventurous and "centered", please look no further. Photo a must. 8874 ✉

Single White Male—Ivy professional, tall, mid 40s, seeks attractive Asian woman for adventure. Sincere inquiries only. Photo. 8903 ✉☎

Handsome, Athletic, Successful—Blue-eyed professional, Christian, 34, 6'4", enjoys conversation, cooking, shopping, picnics, museums, movies and dancing. Seeks professional female. 8713 ✉☎

Let's Ride!—Attractive, intelligent Jewish female, 29, seeks (914) or (203), upscale professional with a Harley or BMW, to ride away the summer days. 8759✉☎

Very Pretty Lady—Tall (5'7"), slender, athletic, college-educated, affluent, Christian, nonsmoker - loves sports, movies, opera, fine dining. Seeks gentleman, 55 plus, who is considerate and good-natured, and would mesh with the above. Note/phone, please. 8890 ✉

Looking For A Man, 60-70—Who appreciates class, brains and joie de vivre. You'll find that special lady in this petite redhead - lover of arts with a great sense of humor. Photo/note. 8901 ✉

Unique, Divorced Jewish Man—Handsome, athletic, sensual, independent, very intelligent and highly successful entrepreneur, seeks exceptional woman for real intimacy. I'm 50 but look 40 (really), have great energy, sense of humor, emotional and intellectual depth, and varied interests (ideas, arts, business, politics, religion, psychology). I'm a great listener, an introspective extrovert, and am well-traveled inside and out. I seek a Jewish woman (32-47) who is adventurous, highly attractive and with a well-developed inner life. Please, a photo and note telling me what you think about, what you read and who you are. 8820 ✉☎

Pretty, Petite, Spirited Blond—Professional LI woman seeking an educated, energetic, unencumbered nonsmoking male, 50-60, who loves sports, theater, movies, dining out, traveling. Include photo/note. 8900 ✉

Blond, 40, Female—In fabulous physical shape. Creative director, speaks seven languages, seeks male of compassion, passion and intellect, for life's joy and serious long term relationship. Note and picture a must for reply. 8941 ✉

Summer Is Here, But Where Are You? Single white man, 28, 5'10", 180, brown hair/eyes, who is funny, fit, handsome, successful, is seeking a single white female, 25-30, who is pretty, in good shape, confident and looking for someone special to share this summer and beyond. 8925 ✉

Class Act—Attractive, witty Jamaican lady, heart in the '60s, head in Y2K. Enjoys travel, theater, dancing, fine dining, long walks. Seeks tall, attractive, successful male, 50-60, to share good times and monogamous relationship. Note/photo/phone. 8914 ✉☎

Wanted: Quality Professional Man—For this fun-loving, Jewish, 42-year-old widow, professional, petite, energetic live wire who is seeking a long-term relationship. If you are 40s-55, nonsmoker who loves to laugh and have a good time, please send photo and note. 8867 ✉

Extraordinary Widowed Woman—Seeks widower, late 50s-60s, who wants to make a wonderful and joyful new life with a very special, elegant, pretty, slender Jewish woman. We're kind, intelligent, thoughtful, dignified, accomplished, down-to-earth and have the means to live life to the fullest. Photo, please. 8936✉

Gay Woman Of Substance—42, pretty, slender, grounded, intense, successful professional who likes to cook, run and have long talks in dark cafes, seeks simpatico, career-oriented woman who is perceptive, evolved, warm, smart, pretty, quick-witted and fit. Note/photo appreciated. 8894✉☎

All The Female Virtues—Plus a few I invented. Lovely media type, 40s, self-employed, deliciously smart, lively body, grace under fire, great friend. Seeks partner with all the guy virtues. 8804✉☎

Looking For A Good Guy—I am a city girl, very attractive and thin/Who, more importantly, has a good heart within. Golf, tennis and skiing I like; movies and theater as well/Seeking a 45-60-year-old, nonsmoking man, generous, kind and really swell. A lover, a partner, best friend, too/If this sounds right, the man could be you. A note and recent photo you should send/You never know how this may end. 8729 ✉☎

Looking For Partner, Lover, Friend—Tall, thin, extremely fit, attractive woman in 40s, looks 30s due to healthy lifestyle and exercise. Looking for man, 40s-50s, intelligent, passionate, down-to-earth, secure with who you are. Please take a chance and respond. Who knows what might be waiting for us? Photo appreciated. 8803 ✉☎

Hockey Player—Musician with a passion for life and love of the performing arts. Seeks woman for long term based on ardent friendship. Photo and music clips at www.pioneeris.net/zedman44. Single white male, 33. Athletic build. Note with photo preferred. 8844 ✉

An Intelligent And Beautiful Woman—Is looking for a sensitive man who has a sense of humor and a passion for life, 35-45. Note and photo. 8886 ✉

Gorgeous, No Doubt About It—Svelte, nice figure, Sophia Loren cheekbones, big dark eyes, long legs, dark blond, 42. Sensual contemporary style. NYC born and bred. Successful, down-to-earth, romantic. Smart, very visual, physical, dynamic, with fun, warm heart, adventurous streak. Passionate about living. More interested in people/culture than museums. Enjoys live theater, movies, celebrations, swing dancing, double entendres, travel. Plays squash, getting better. Seeks bright, confident, financially secure, genuinely attractive man, 5'9" plus, 38-52. 8809 ✉☎

Sweet, Sensitive—Very pretty Ivy PhD, 35, 5'3", thin, fit, stylish redhead - loves arts, outdoors, horses and babies. Seeks intelligent, kind, attractive man who is ready for marriage and kid(s). 8767 ✉☎

Mensch With An Edge—45, 5'9", handsome, gym-fit, creatively romantic, casually refined with NYC/NJ lifestyle. Passions include outdoor activities, fitness, fine wine, jazz, golf and stimulating conversation. Seeking a slender, sultry siren who shares my passions, has her own to share, and who is emotionally available. Photo and note, please - or e-mail to MnschwEdg@aol.com 8725 ✉☎

Widowed—White Christian man, well-groomed, cultured gentleman residing on the North Shore - active/successful businessman, Renaissance man. Looking to share a quality life (fireside chats, etc.), travel, dine and dance with an independent, attractive, slim Christian woman with similar interests and background, 45-55 (well-dressed and pays attention to detail). Note/recent photo please! 8727✉☎

Feminine, Lovely, Refined, Fun—Loves life, arts, nature, travel. Seeks vibrant, caring Jewish man of integrity, 65 plus, to share sweet pleasures. 8857✉☎

Early 60s, Divorced—Italian-born, nice-looking, east Manhattan, too long alone. Wish to meet a nice, romantic, tall Catholic man, even if only for friendship. 8816 ✉

Looking For My Last Blind Date—Single white female, 33, pretty and fit professional who loves to laugh, seeks tall, handsome, single Jewish man with intelligence, wit and zest for life. Photo, please. 8719 ✉☎

Truly Attractive—Bright, warmhearted, fun and laughter-loving, slim, Jewish professional female. Unencumbered. Seeks cute/handsome, sincere professional guy, 40-50, for friendship leading to meaningful romantic relationship. Enjoys beach, music, dancing, film, the arts, lots more. Photo/note, please. 8801 ✉☎

Pretty, Petite Publisher—With great smile, loves hiking, photography, Asian art, life. Seeks romantic, passionate, intelligent, single Jewish man, 40-50, for magical life. Photo/note, please. 8836 ✉

Jewish Blond Babe—39, loves baseball, beer and Broadway, movies and Manhattan; busy career and hasn't met the right guy. He is Jewish, successful, smart, nice-looking, fit, funny, 28-45, lives in and loves NYC, just hasn't met the right girl. Photo/note/e-mail address. 8848 ✉☎

Comedy Drama Of Middle-Aged Love—Scheduled for a long run. Leading lady is 5'2", 52, shapely, (914). Leading man must be able to handle multifaceted role with finesse, intelligence, passion and generosity of soul. 8781 ✉☎

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Manly Good Looks—Single, mature, Jewish, successful business exec, 5'10", hazel eyes, fit, virile and seeking an earthy, vibrant, sensuous younger female for all the right reasons. Photo and frank response. 8918 ✉ ☎

A Sure Thing—Very attractive white male, 37, with herpes (infrequent), who is romantic, affectionate, adventurous, intelligent, loyal, congenial, seeks very attractive, slender, accomplished female for friendship, possible long-term relationship. Age not important. 8745 ✉☎

Are You The One?—I'm a nice, down-to-earth Jewish guy, late 30s, successful sports writer, seeking my future - any single woman who's caring, nice-looking, 25-36, nonsmoker, enjoys dining, sports, renting movies, walks, talks, and a loving relationship. Photo/note/phone. 8678 ✉☎

Beautiful, Classy, Green-Eyed Blond—Just arrived from Boca Raton, FL to CT, Jewish - seeking intelligent, upscale, handsome GQ-type gentleman, 30-40, 5'9" up, polished professional type, financially secure, stable, for marriage, family, children. Recent photo/note a must. 8728✉☎

Upbeat, Pretty, Slim—Widow with many interests seeks accomplished, fit partner (50-60ish) for lasting love story. 8703✉☎

Would Having Glorious Fun—In Manhattan be of interest to a woman, 50-60? Photo/note desirable. 8919 ✉

Joie De Vivre Woman—Sensuous, attractive, eclectic, Jewish, seeks emotionally/aesthetically evolved male, 55-60s, for loving relationship. 8657✉☎

5'2", Eyes Of Blue—And looking for you. Massachusetts farm gal has morphed into NY litigator. Curvaceous, pretty, intelligent and warm woman - seeks man, 48-58, who enjoys long walks, foreign travel, good conversation, laughter and home-cooked meals. 8895 ✉

Therapist With Soul Of Artist—Hazel-eyed beauty seeks fit male, 38-50, to share passion for life, love, arts. 8898 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Petite Blond—28, Catholic, nonsmoker, 5'3", 112, enjoys golf, theater, travel. Seeks kind, attractive professional male, 29-35, with great sense of humor. 8932 ✉

Tall, Pretty Blond—Enjoys running, skiing, reading and art, 35. Seeks nice, preppy guy, 33-45, with similar interests, to share companionship, romance, maybe a game of golf. Note/photo, please. 8824 ✉

My Essential Values—Caring, terrific sense of humor, being there for each other. Nonessential - GQ looks and being CEO. Attractive Jewish professional female, nonsmoker, seeks gentleman, 46-54, for committed relationship. Photo/note, please. 8731 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Jewish Doctor—Seeks smart, successful man, prefer Jewish, late 30s to early youthful 50s, for marriage and possibly children. Must be well-dressed, fit, equally driven, with edge and artistic bent, very social, enjoys tennis, exotic travel and skiing. 8736 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome Mensch—Art director, 49, seeks tall, Jewish lady soul mate, 40-50, for life's celebration. Photo. 8761 ✉☎

Beauty And Brains—Voluptuous Italian lady lawyer seeks tall, handsome, successful NY/NJ man, 35-45. 8823✉☎

Male, 44—Sensitive, intelligent, emotionally mature, great sense of humor, seeks a woman with similar qualities. 8928 ✉

Radiant Personality—Elegant, fashionable, attractive, white, petite brunette, 40. Recently divorced, with one terrific child, financially secure. Looking to meet handsome, semi-tall, fit, educated and successful Prince Charming. I'm well-traveled, successful in business, fun and very outgoing. I love the Berkshires, Hamptons, exercise, dancing, biking, tennis, theater, good food and good friends. If you're that special person who's willing to learn, grow and laugh together while enjoying the best life has to offer, contact me. 8821 ✉☎

Dynamic Landscape Architect—Sincere, financially secure male, fun, Jewish, 47, nonsmoker - enjoys golf, tennis, flying, boating, travel. Seeking like female. 8797 ✉☎

Pretty Woman, Teacher—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 8665✉☎

Cute Woman—50ish, seeks sincere man for dining out, movies. 8851 ✉

Strikingly Masculine—Handsome, fit (5'11", 160 lbs, brown hair, brown eyes), charismatic and romantic man, age 50, would love to show you off and indulge in you. Very successful senior executive of a leading corporation looking for someone very special to share exciting, romantic and fun times. From the secluded beaches of Maui to the glamour of Paris, to the excitement of LA and Vegas and quiet evenings in New York are all there for you to share with me. You should be beautiful, sexy and romantic, with a magnificently defined, toned body, with long hair and beautiful face. You should be between the ages of 32-40 and unencumbered by a need for pregnancy. I love eloquence, soul, mystery and emotional intelligence; if you possess these qualities, I'd love to spoil you. Photo, please. 8853 ✉ ☎

Refined Beauty—Seeks gentleman of substance who enjoys fine dining, golf, tennis, travel, the arts, 45-55. Photo please. 8891✉

Dear Mr. Boomer—Are you looking for love? Me too. I'm pretty, petite, writer/teacher and like music, dance, Central and national parks, swimming, sailing, reading, meditation, children, family, friends, laughing, life. Please be about 50 years old, considerate and happy. 8861 ✉

Charming, Sincere—Jewish social worker, pretty, warm, fit, 5'8", late 30s. Loves outdoors, friendship, NYC, travel, animals, films, the gym, good conversation. Seeks intelligent, single Jewish male professional, 37-49, kind and communicative, for committed relationship. 8794 ✉ ☎

You're The Man—Who's made life on your own terms, full of love and energy, creative, open-minded, compassionate, and ready for a serious relationship with this lovely, spirited, smart, unusual, multifaceted woman- performing artist, early 40s, 5'9", slim, fit and ready for love. Note/photo. 8923 ✉ ☎

Accomplished, Active—Asian lady, under 55, sought by highly successful, athletic PhD, mid 50s, for serious, caring long-term relationship. 8730 ✉ ☎

Italian Zest—Accomplished, smart, witty and, yes, very pretty. Class, style, flair, yeah, yeah, yeah. Petite, poised and ready for a suitable steady. 60ish, please. Romantic overtures welcomed. Ciao for now. 8849 ✉ ☎

Experts Advice on 2nd Dates

Tammy Korol

Don't propose!

Make sure you both leave your second date with your self-esteem attached. If you're a tournament level tennis player, a scratch golfer...don't totally cream the other person on the 2nd date!

Nancy Kirsch

Don't ask your date questions about their exs or about someone they have currently or recently dated/been dating. Although you may be curious, it's awkward and it makes you look insecure.

Heather Smith

Michelle Brown

Don't start talking about your best friend's wedding and how you want their florist to do your wedding flowers as well.

Lisa Starr

Make plans while you are still on the first date. Remember to exchange phone numbers. (Making plans doesn't include holidays and special occasions - take it slow!)

Don't expect a third date. Concentrate on this one!

Amy Israel

Above: It's Just Lunch Directors share their thoughts on dating.

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Lawyer's Labor... of Love?

Daniel Dolan, President & CEO It's Just Lunch! Inc.

In 1997, Daniel Dolan made a big decision....and a big career switch. The Harvard Law School graduate left a partnership at the blue-chip international law firm of Winston and Strawn to become President of....no, not a bank. Not an investment firm. Not even close. Mr. Dolan took over the reins at It's Just Lunch!, the national dating service for busy professionals.

"It's not the most conventional career shift," Mr. Dolan cheerfully admits. But, he says, "It's kind of a dream job."

The 37-year-old Mr. Dolan heads up It's Just Lunch! Inc., a Chicago based dating service with offices in 28 cities and additional offices planned in Europe this year. The upscale service arranges lunch dates for well-educated professionals in a civilized and discreet manner. "When I first heard of the company, I thought, this makes logical sense," Mr Dolan said. "Working at a law firm or investment bank and being totally focused on the partner track, who has time to date. It makes sense to hire someone to do all the work".

After retiring from Winston & Strawn, he began pursuing an MBA at the University of Chicago....and a new career. Mr. Dolan was looking to join a small, but established company with growth potential. He joined It's Just Lunch because the company's founder was looking for an experienced person to help expand the concept, both nationally and internationally. Although the Founder did a great job selling Mr. Dolan on the company's philosophy, what convinced him this was the opportunity he was looking for was the discovery that many of his co-workers and clients had been using the service for years.

Mr. Dolan looks like he is having a blast. "Yes, my friends are all jealous," he laughs.

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Give Good Hug?—Me too! Let's meet if you're a bright, soft-spoken, fit, very attractive, single white professional female, 36-46, who likes the arts, travel and politics. I'm a successful, worldly, single white professional male, early 50s, who enjoys the same. The woman I seek also is easygoing, unpretentious, caring, vibrant and funny. Recent photo, please. 8679 ✉☎

Genuine NY Female—Seeks male, 38-47, for mixed doubles partner, lifetime match of fun. A great sport, loves black diamond trails, classic Benz, suits up in jeans or Armani with first seed looks. 8904 ✉☎

Good-Looking, Successful—Romantic gentleman living in Greenwich, CT, seeks pretty, slim, classy woman (30-45) to share good times and hopefully long-term relationship. Interests: outdoor activities, travel, theater, dining out, quiet times together. Note/photo/phone. 8714 ✉☎

Lovely, Blue-Eyed Lady Doctor—Very pretty, interesting, eclectic - somewhat ticklish but otherwise normal - seeks bright, confident, romantic "soul mate" (single white Jewish male, 40-50) for magical flight through wondrous life. Note/photo, please. 8843 ✉

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American Airlines, JFK, Tues, 6/15—About 6:45pm. You gave me a warm, friendly smile. I smiled back but was hurrying to my cab. Might there be more? 8879 ✉

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Sensual, Pretty, Japanese—Devoted, seeks generous, warm male, 45-60, in great shape. Photo. 8798 ✉ ☎

Casting For You—Successful Real Estate Investor, 36, Jewish, 5'2", with blond hair and hazel eyes. Searching for a petite, stylish, fun, Jewish female to join me, golfing, skiing, traveling and maybe even fly fishing. Note/photo. 8940 ✉

English Import—Very attractive blond female, slim, smart, sexy, charming and affectionate, 5'6", late 40s - loves music, movies, travel, the Times, and life in general. Seeks tall, successful, loving man to share and enjoy life, laughter and the pursuit of happiness. 8774 ✉ ☎

Pretty And Petite—Educated Jewish female, 62. Note/photo/phone. 8873 ✉

Are We Right...—Pretty, leggy 5'7", slim, sensuous, blond, blue-eyed Jewish female, classy, Ivy-educated Manhattanite, seeks to connect with a 50-plus man for culture, conversation and more. 8805 ✉☎

Sweet, Attractive, Classy—30s, 5'5", 120 lbs, secure professional, single, white, healthy lady. You: similar, decent, smart, man. POB 250375, NY, NY 10025-1536

Pretty, Witty PhD—Warm, smart, upbeat, Jewish, tall, svelte, fit. Seeks man with character, depth and humor, active, tall, fit (30s-40s). Photo. 8826 ✉☎

Are You The Perfect Man For Me?—I'm 53, very pretty, bright, vivacious, independent, secure, multifaceted, fit, fun, Jewish, with wit, warmth, class. 8911✉☎

Animal Lover—23-year-old female, educated, love to laugh. I'm 5'7", financially secure. I'm down-to-earth. I love romance, nature, dogs and music. I seek a professional who is stable, kindhearted, sincere, and is funny and loves to laugh, 25-33. Note/photo, please. 8868 ✉

Tall, Single White Male—6'4", blond, handsome, nonsmoker, smart, funny, articulate, successful, 37, in search of optimistic, warm, attractive white female. Note/photo/phone to: POB 561, New York, NY 10274

If You Are A Petite, Slender—Healthy, professional, financially secure, sportif lady under 57, this athletic, highly successful PhD, 5'11", 50s, traveler, would like to hear from you. 8787 ✉ ☎

Chances Are—You don't want to pass up this opportunity. Attractive, successful, divorced Jewish male, mid 40s, down-to-earth, even-tempered, with great sense of humor, seeks mid 30s-mid 40s Jewish gal with class, character and substance, to explore the endless possibilities. Photo preferred. 8878 ✉ ☎

Tall, Blond And Very Attractive—Successful professionally, with a wide range of interests. Seeking a man, 48-58, who is also accomplished, intellectual, capable of intimacy and, like me, is passionate about hiking, biking, the arts, music, travel, great restaurants and Italian cooking. Would also like someone who can kick back and relax. Note/photo appreciated - but will also respond to phone messages. 8671 ✉ ☎

Professional Man—52, young in heart and spirit, 6', very trim, salt-and-pepper hair, Upper East Side, financially secure. Likes theater, concerts, modern dance, reading, walks in the park and time spent with friends and a special partner sharing happy thoughts and good conversation. Seeks attractive woman with substance, integrity and sexy demeanor to share those happy thoughts and good conversation. Photo appreciated. 8939 ✉

Adventurous, Fun-Loving, Intelligent—Sensitive and sincere Manhattan woman with diverse interests. Marriage not a priority. Searching for a male counterpart, 60-70, to share a mutually satisfying relationship. Nonsmoker. 8854✉☎

Spiritual, Sexy, Intelligent—Divorced Jewish male, 44, 5'11", NYC business owner with a warm heart and quick wit. I'm a sensitive, caring soul with a tremendous degree of personal magnetism that lights up the people in my life. Seek "special woman" who is beautiful inside and out. Note/photo. 8924 ✉

Yellow Rose Of Texas—Transplanted to NYC. Jewish female, 54, petite, attractive attorney, looking for professional man to share theater, dinners, museums, and nagging my adult kids. Photo. 8721✉☎

Special Delivery—Me: female, Jewish, Manhattanite, 50, fun-loving, attractive, romantic, humorous, generous and honest. You: classy, successful, cultured and passionate. We: desire fun, have shared interests, and seek the possibility of a loving and lasting relationship to develop. Note/photo/phone. 8931 ✉ ☎

Physician/Marathon Runner—Early 40s, financially secure, hopelessly Democratic, funny, sincere, and above all, honest, would like to meet an attractive, caring and warmhearted female to be my best friend and marriage partner. I enjoy theater, travel, movies and long country walks, but need someone with whom to share these simple pleasures. 8872 ✉

Multidimensional Lady—Vibrant, slim, attractive Jewish professional seeks romantic best friend. I'm stable, upbeat, affectionate. You're a smart, successful, confident, gentle man, 58-66, wanting fun, love, laughs and companionship. 8666 ✉ ☎

Striking Brunette Widow—40, petite, vivacious, adventurous, creative, own business, seeks handsome, fit, active, established man, 37-48, who wants to share his life with a quality person. Letter and photo appreciated. 8866 ✉

Classy, Beautiful Lady—Early 40s, MD, divorced, Jewish - European-born, seeks high professional man, 45-55, with brains and sense of humor, to enjoy life. 8825✉☎

I'll Make You Laugh—Make you feel, make you think. 38, Jewish male, unique blend of deep intelligence and an artist soul. Warm, generous, great sense of humor. Creative, compassionate, fun, refined artistic taste. Model looks and fit. MD, writer, very successful. Emotional, psychological, intellectual and soul growth is most important to me. Seek a woman who is intelligent, artistically inclined, warm, caring, naturally very pretty and fit, playful, intriguing, sexy, stylish, kind, who is psychologically/emotionally aware and real, to experience the meaningful things in life forever. Photo/note. 8833 ✉

Good-Looking Jewish Male—43, enjoys sports, music, travel, children. Seeks pretty Jewish female, 34-37, for serious commitment. Photo and note. 8935 ✉

Beautiful, Bright Blond—29, 125, lives in LA, loves NY, seeks sincere, very successful, intelligent, 5'8" plus, 38-plus man wanting adventure, love and marriage. Photo/phone. 8842 ✉ ☎

Single White Male—41, PhD, caring and honest, looking for a committed relationship. Would welcome bright, attractive woman, 30-41, to share music, movies, novels and romance. Must like short men. 8887 ✉

Hot Summer In NY—Is no place to be without this funny, tall, dark, handsome, affectionate, successful, 40s Jewish businessman. Marriage-minded, 30s? Respond now. Photo essential. 8847 ✉

Hi There—I'm a tall, thin, semi-amusing, iconoclastic real estate developer, 51. A runner, reader, meditator. Seeking a bright, professional, 40s female friend plus. 8902 ✉ ☎

Cute, Petite, Slim—Jewish woman, 41, financially secure, published author, looking for a man with integrity. Game players need not apply. Note/photo. 8934✉

Adventurous Traveler—Male, 40, loves sports, Woody Allen, folk music and coffee shops. Seeks attractive, slightly neurotic woman for relationship. Photo. 8783 ✉☎

Very Pretty Brunette—Great figure, 38, warmhearted, fun-loving, seeks handsome male, well-built, 5'9" plus, athletic, family-oriented, intelligent, with great sense of humor. Phone/photo a must. 8882 ✉

Upbeat, Upscale, Upcounty—Petite, blue-eyed brunette, (914), 50, bright, shapely, seeks witty, kind, educated man to 65, for Chapter Two. No Gershwin/Szechuan fan ignored. Note/photo. 8841 ✉ ☎

Unique Upbeat London Lady—Young 40s, Jewish, lovely and lithe, seeks her man. ukladee@aol.com 8943 ✉ ☎

Pretty Woman—Curvaceous, vivacious, seeks fun-loving man, 35-50, with whom to share romantic interludes. 8909✉☎

Good Girls Are Hard To Find—Beautiful, sweet, sexy blond, 29, wholesome and pure on the inside - but you would never know it from the outside. You are extremely successful (MD/JD/MBA type), intelligent, kind, Jewish, 30-37, and want a forever romance with an old-fashioned yet knockout-looking girl. 8796 ✉ ☎

Look! Up In The Sky!—Is it married? Is it gay? No, it's...Singleman! Mild-mannered recruiter at a metropolitan search firm (35). Handsome! Adorable! Jewish! Muscular! Singleman! Able to leap StairMasters in a Single bound. I can see through lead, but I'm not seeing a bright, articulate, beautiful woman (26ish-30esque). Wonderwoman, join me in the quest for truth, justice and brunch on the Upper West Side. A photo (preferably of yourself) would be nice. 8629 ✉ ☎

Fetching Woman, Paris-Born—Ivy-educated. In jeans, jeep and Hermes scarf during the day; long legs, short skirts at night to enjoy art, concerts, theater, good food and conversation. Love traveling, riding, water sports and reading. You are tall, 45-55-year-old, nonsmoking man, open to possibilities, with tender heart, wit, flair and photo. 8832 ✉ ☎

Divorced, Nonreligious—Jewish-flavored math professor, 69, 5'9", NYC, two children, Ivy League, bookish, seeks woman, 59-71, to share life of the mind. 8855 ✉

Seeking Successful Asian Man, 57-69—For affluent, attractive, easy-to-be-with, talented white female, 59. 8737 ✉ ☎

Quest For Magical Package—Jewish male, 40s, successful, funny, enjoys film, gym, quick wit, stimulating conversation, restaurants. Seeks female counterpart, 30s-40s, who is attractive, fit and has a good heart. Photo/note please. 8926✉

Successful Media Professional—56-year-old widower seeks sensitive, caring female, 45-55. Enjoys sports, travel, theater and intimate conversations over good food. Seeks companion and best friend with possible long-term relationship. 8674 ✉ ☎

Interested In Having A Child?—Attractive Italian woman, 37, 5'5", 127 lbs, brown hair and eyes, with interest in having a child. In search of handsome, healthy, white, financially supportive man, 37-45, 5'10" plus. Nondrinker, nonsmoker, with same interests, for committed relationship. Phone/photo/note a must, please, for reply. 8885 ✉ ☎

Happy, Pretty—(203)/(914) professional, Jewish, 46, terrific grown-up kids, ready to live again and looking for co-conspirator with similar life. 8870 ✉ ☎

Dark Eyes, Long Legs—Quick wit, warm heart. Very pretty Jewish female, 37, 5'7", spirited, sophisticated, well-toned and well-traveled, seeks dynamic, athletic, culturally literate male counterpart who is ready for marriage and family. 8754✉☎

Mathematically Inclined Man?—Stop there! Do you also enjoy hiking, fishing, roaming through bookstores, baseball, the simple things in life and having fun in general? Are you kind, unpretentious, and want children? Then this slim, athletic professional woman, 41, 5'5", shoulder-length brown hair, blue eyes, would like to meet you. Photo/note. 8837 ✉

Petite Blond Model—With MBA. Gentle yet self-assured. Grace and beauty, elegance and style. I'm seeking a 42-48-year-old professional who is interested in a committed relationship. A relationship that would consist of mutual love and respect, mutual growth, peace and serenity. Photo and note, please. 8814 ✉☎

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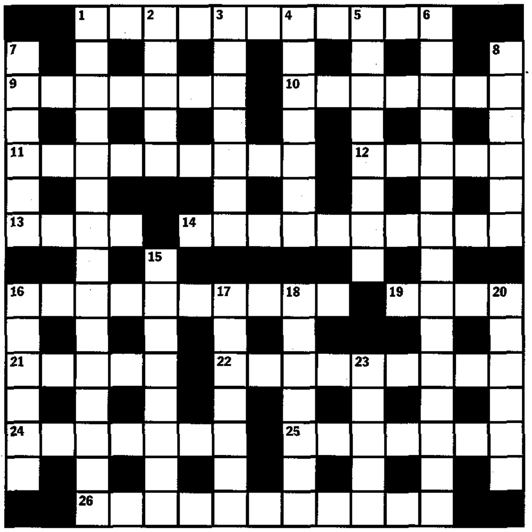
ACROSS

1 Do I charge MP for new analysis of community's statistics? (11)
9 Weep, almost too old to make a 15th anniversary! (7)
10 Pickpocket cases woman going round ancient monument. (7)
11 One who swindles a Greek character—the vendor. (9)
12 One may extravagantly praise obscure book. (5)
13 According to the Met, E is making something of a come-back. (4)
14,16 A prayer I have, revealing profit secured in union negotiations. (10,10)
19 The colour of some fancy ankle-socks. (4)
21 The bard's Lancelot is good—tearaway losing his head! (5)
22 Starts to smoke a joint? One should advertise hidden dangers. (9)
24 Helium and nickel found in strange and rare substance. (7)
25 Duck and dive? (7)
26 Specific date in ad, capitalised. (4,2,5)



DOWN

1 Effect of the Sun lifting excessive charges? (8,7)
2 Repetitive rhythm in the distance. (5
3 I go all out to trap European scientis accused of heresy. (7)
4 About to be dressed in a quiet friend's clothes. (7)
5 Book awkward footballer. (8)
6 Start to cope with tummy-ache and groin strain? It used to be taxing. (9,6)
7 One may be frozen out, after eavesdropping. (6)
8 The Spanish stay up, prepared to eat. (6)
15 Flower featured by coin circulating i oriental state, mostly. (8)
16 Can technique make a film star? (6)
17 Lily has a bit of a job—mule not getting up. (7)
18 Annoyingly consistent in the ratings. (7)
20 Write up, and be cutting, citing beneficiary of nepotism? (6)
23 Volunteers to host a representative i Florida bay? (5)

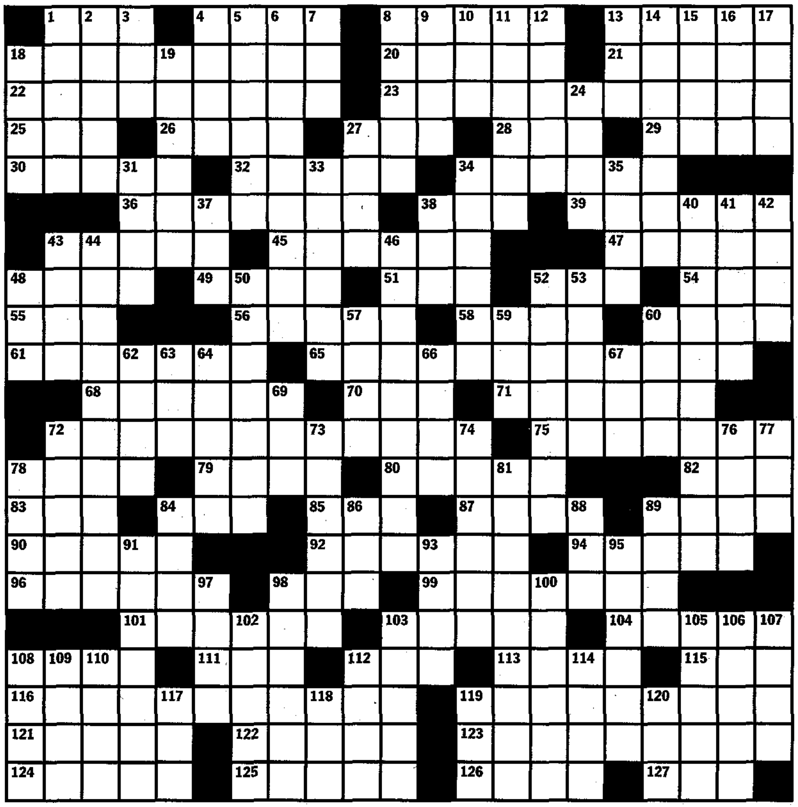
'Reference Work': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

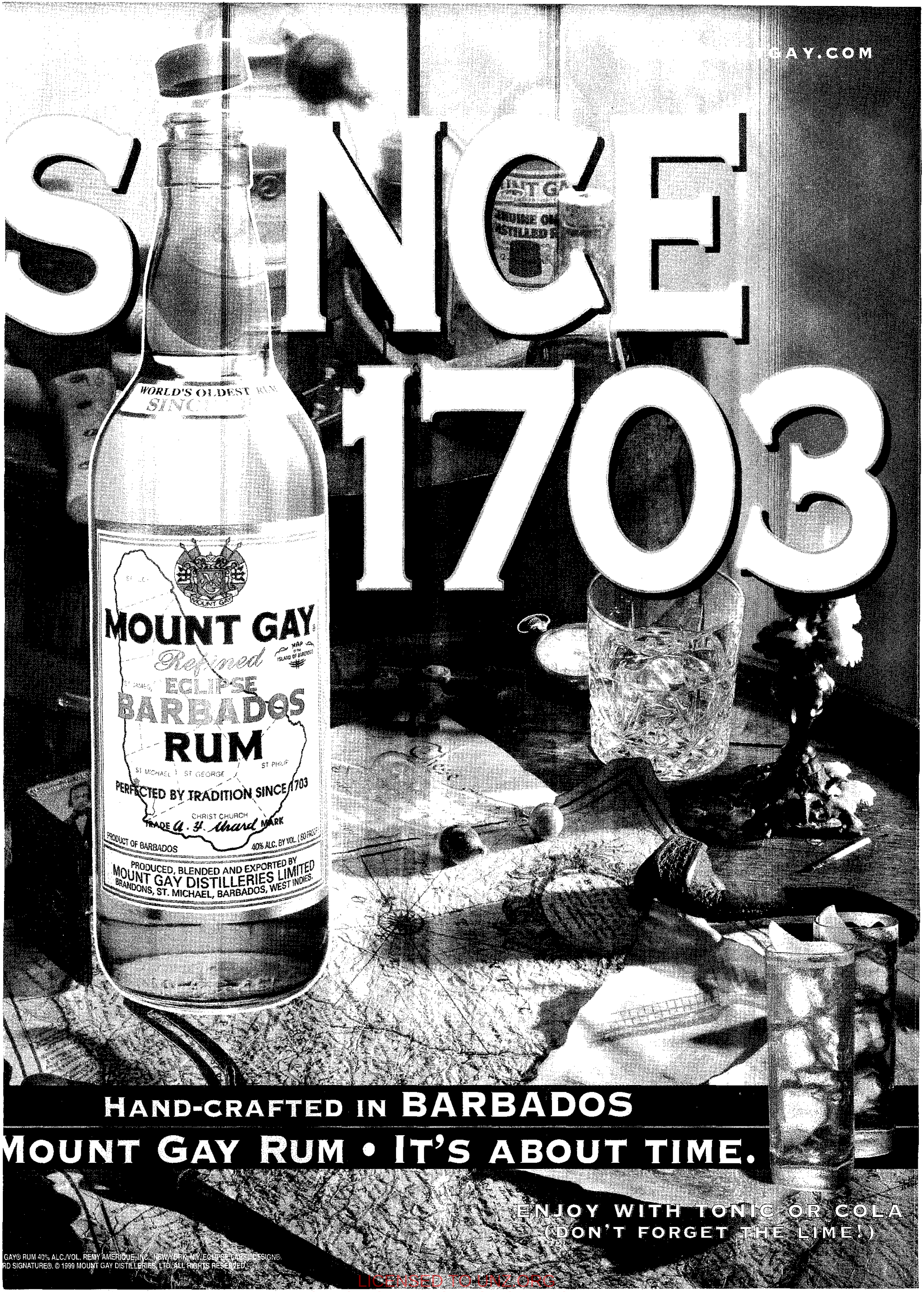
1 Marijuana
4 Algae extract
8 Jokes and such
13 Mennonite sect
18 Refer to puzzle title
20 "—— Mio"
21 Hawaiian veranda
22 Refer to 119-Across
23 Refer to 44-Down
25 Parking field
26 "Damn Yankees" temptress
27 Lbs., e.g.
28 Socialize
29 D-day landing beach
30 Shoplift
32 Baking potato
34 Surface sheen
36 First month, in Brazil
38 He's a Hur
39 Certain Oklahoman
43 Antarctic Cape
45 Fill the cargo space
47 "The world —— much with us": Wordsworth
48 Use a swizzle stick
49 Bantu tribesman
51 Tolkien tree creature
52 Mach 2 plane
54 Prince Valiant's son
55 Sinbad's bird
56 They smell
58 "I can't believe —— the whole thing!"
60 Feminine suffix
61 Best possible
65 Refer to puzzle title
68 East and West island groups
70 Maiden-named
71 Bowlers' almosts
72 Refer to puzzle title
75 Sparkled
78 Trait carrier
79 Slangy ending for switch or sock
80 Playwright's opus
82 Belfast rebel gp.
83 Lib cause of the '70s
84 Worker's I.D.
85 Zuyder or Tappan
87 With which to kiss
89 Chem., geol., etc.
90 Succinct
92 Of Peru's mountains
94 Crop up
96 Vote aye
98 Exist
99 Small curl
101 Afloat
103 Baffling problem
104 Under: poetic
108 Capital on a fjord
111 Winning tennis serve
112 Ralph Kramden's vehicle
113 John O'——, "Pal Joey" author
115 Pizza
116 Refer to 18-Across
119 Refer to puzzle title
121 Broadway awards
122 Fabric thread
123 Refer to puzzle title
124 Traverses the pool
125 Refer to 65-Across
126 Brewery oven
127 Shortchange

DOWN

1 Cockpit occupant
2 Speechify
3 Sleuth, informally
4 —— time (never)
5 Hockey defender
6 Armor-plated mammal
7 Kin of pumpernickel
8 Refer to 14-Down
9 G.I. hospitality centers
10 N. Afr. land
11 Mose, in a song
12 Send payment
13 —— carte
14 Refer to puzzle title
15 Monogram component: abbr.
16 Yemeni capital
17 Peak stock price
18 Embassy license-plate abbrs.
19 Wine depository
24 Go offstage
27 "Stop, Dobbin!"
31 Partly open
33 Awaken
34 Kind of ulcer
35 Night, in Nice
37 Pince-——
38 Sweet roll
40 Refer to 72-Across
41 Main artery
42 Fourth little piggy's share
43 On the summit of
44 Refer to puzzle title
46 Came down
48 No-seats sign
50 Reverse former knowledge
52 Temporary fill-in
53 Flower part
57 Sicilian resort
59 Capp and Capone
60 Adam's address
62 Apropos of
63 1550, Roman-style
64 Helpers
66 Period between birthdays
67 Joseph Lincoln's "Cap'n"
69 ——-mo (replay effect)
72 "If I —— Rich Man"
73 "Amadeus"
74 Port near Dunkirk
76 Albany-to-Buffalo canal
77 Govt. lawyers
78 Fetches
81 Hiawatha's wife
84 "Did you ever —— lassie?"
86 Compass letters
88 Mineo who played Krupa
89 Location
91 Refer to 123-Across
93 Greek god of love
95 Soprano Scotto
97 Jazz great Getz
98 Blood deficiency
100 Munches grass
102 "Wabash Cannonball singer Roy
103 Contented meows
105 Monkey business
106 Traffic snarl
107 Not his
108 Makes a choice
109 Exhibition
110 Burt Reynolds's ex
112 Borscht base
114 Take a break
117 Double curve
118 English channel
119 Car of a '64 pop hit
120 Harbor boat, for short



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page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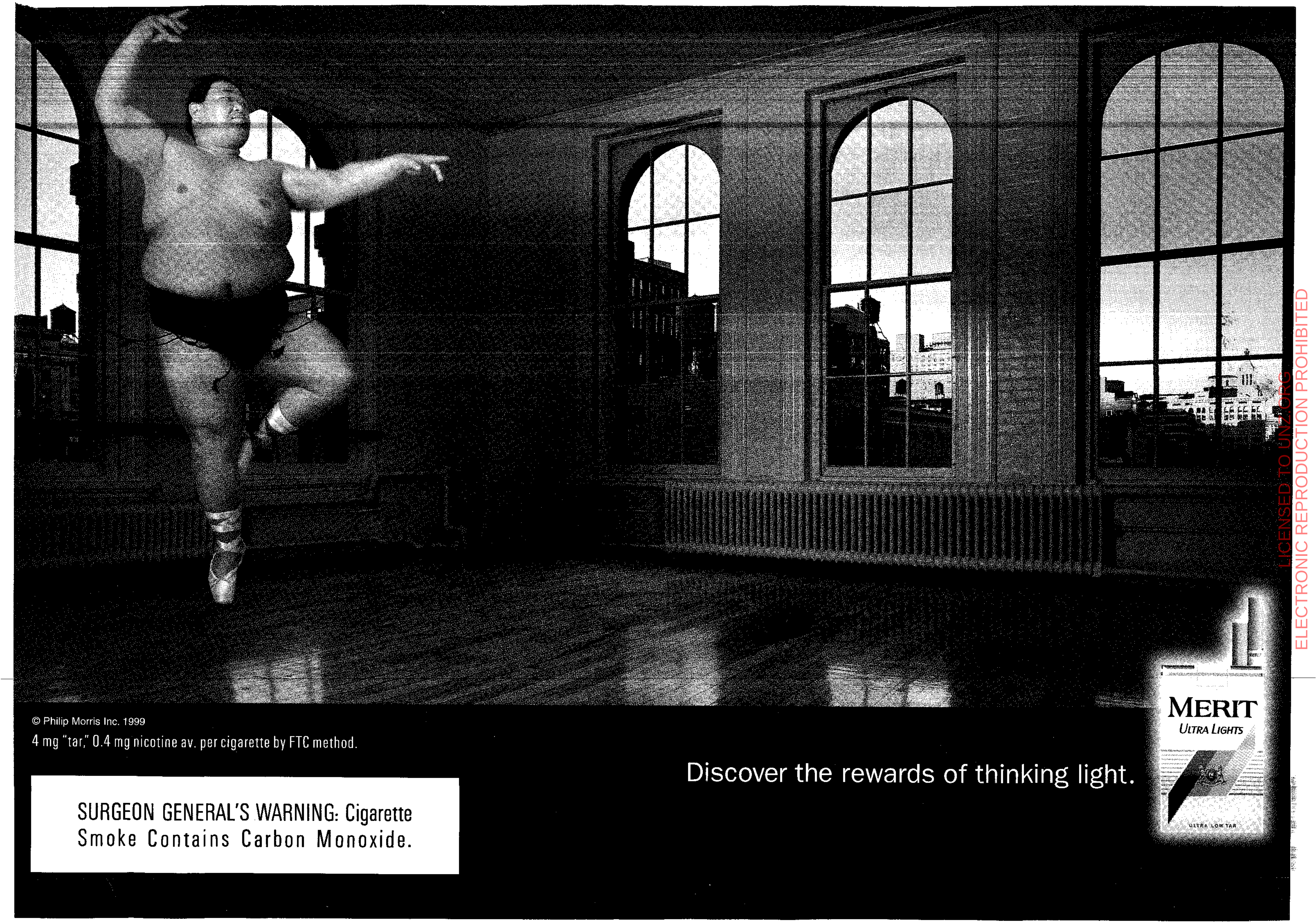
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